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OCTOBER, 1915—JUNE, 1916

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THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

VOL. XXIII

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No. 1

EDITORS:

MILDRED CONSTANCE SCHMOLZE

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CONRAD'S GENIUS IS FOREIGN TO THE MOST ADVANCED ENGLISH TRADITION

MILDRED CONSTANCE SCHMOLZE

It is with the feeling of "fools rushing in" that I take up the subject of "Joseph Conrad." One always hesitates before writing about a living author—it is as a rule a daring and a dangerous thing to do. Public opinion is still wavering between a favorable and an unfavorable decision; there are no efficient manuals of criticism from which to take one's cue. Particularly is this true in the case of Mr. Joseph Conrad. To the reading public at large he is still practically unknown. Whether this is due to some innate lack of comprehensive ap-

preciation on the part of the public or to some basic fault of Mr. Conrad's own, is as yet difficult to determine. Personally I hold with the former point of view—yet perhaps we Americans are more fitted, by virtue of the mingled elements of our nationality, to understand his curiously complex genius. Certainly English critics have avoided him with singular persistence. In the twenty years that have elapsed since "Almayer's Folly" was first given to the world, there have appeared only half as many noteworthy English criticisms. Is it because these self-imposed arbiters of English literature feel and perhaps resent the truth of Mr. Richard Curle's statement which stands at the head of this paper, viz: "Conrad's genius is foreign to the most advanced English tradition?"

Before discussing this further, we must have an exact understanding of what "English tradition" is. It is an evanescent, elusive and yet an undeniably existing thing. I have searched in vain through volumes of belles-lettres for a good definition and have at last patched together a heterogeneous mosaic of my own—from a word taken here, a phrase culled there and ideas gleaned everywhere. To begin with, English tradition has certain demands—one or all of which have been inevitably conformed to by all of our latter-day writers of note.

First of all then, English tradition asks for ideas—ideas new and original if possible, but always forceful, energetic, and expressed with scintillating brilliance. Failing these, or often in conjunction with them, it wants a problem—a big problem—how to manage the world or one's own wife. And then sometimes when we are wearied of solving problems, tradition allows us deep quiet pictures of life—heart-warming and restful. Next we have come to look for a definite personal element in our reading. The characters in our novels must be reflections or perhaps photographs of the authors themselves. If we do not get this we ask for "types"—characters in which we may recognize ourselves, our friends, our social world. In the third place, English tradition demands "love"—a "heart interest" as the drama-world calls it. Be it ever so over-emphasized, it is neverthe-

less the thing—tradition demands it and you and I pay for it. Romance, too, has its place—the highly improbable and exciting adventure into which Anthony Hope leads us—and from which he skilfully extricates us at the end of the three-hundredth page. But above all, first and last, the author must be imbued with a strong sense of English insularity. The patriotic Briton only wants to know the things that will help him to be more departmental. Insularity is an unsatisfactory term for an undefinable something that is an integral part of the English nation—it is really what they are. If an author wishes to stand for true English tradition, he must also represent the best side of English insularity. I think Mr. Galsworthy and George Bernard Shaw represent this better than anyone else and perhaps this explains why they are so influential.

If Mr. Conrad's genius is "foreign to modern English tradition" he must of necessity violate some or all of its basic principles. No one who has ever read "Lord Jim," "Nostromo," or "Youth" will deny that there is something different about them—that the books are decidedly un-English. In the mere matter of technique there is a vast difference between them and the novels of George Meredith for example. In the first place, Mr. Conrad disregards every known rule of short-story writing when he so chooses, in spite of the fact that he learned his craftsmanship from such a consummate master of the art as Henry James. At times he follows absolutely no logical development in his story, "Almayer's Folly," "An Outcast of the Islands" which logically precedes the former, and particularly "A Personal Record" illustrate this. In the last-named book, he skips about in different periods of time in a most extraordinary fashion, probably never employed before in an autobiography. In "Lord Jim" too, we have the story opening at the trial, a point that really occurs when a third of the book is over. There is a long period of retrogression in which the events of Jim's former life are explained and the reason for the trial made clear. Then the story goes on and soon we have a complete picture of Man Jim's new power and affluence; and then again we are taken back over the intervening years and given the details of his rise in Patusan.

Secondly, Conrad sometimes displays a lack of the sense of proportion. The classic example of this is again "Lord Jim" in which one man is made to tell the whole of that superbly constructed story. When we realize that "Lord Jim" has been built up paragraph by paragraph, sentence by sentence, almost word by word, and that it would be marred and incomplete if any phrase were missing, then we see the utterly absurd inconsistency of the plot. Mr. Richard Curle, an enthusiastic admirer of Conrad, has defended this method by pointing out that it gives a better perspective, greater realism, and the opportunity for colloquialism. But that need not concern us. We are not criticising Mr. Conrad's technique but simply proving that it is not English. I think I may be justified in adding that no English writer would have done likewise.

In the third place, there are at least two cases in which there are neither any cut and dried heroes or heroines or any definitely labelled plot. "Typhoon," the first of these is really, as its name implies, nothing more than a description of a storm—a typhoon in the China Sea. One could scarcely call Captain Mac Whirr a hero, although he is one of the most definitely drawn of Conrad's men, and it is difficult to place James Wait, the nigger of the "Narcissus" in that category. Besides the "Nigger of the Narcissus" is almost sans plot. The story hangs together by only the slightest of threads—the simple tale of one sailing voyage with some unusually interesting people on board.

One might also say that the entire range of Conrad's subject matter was foreign. He is not a man of ideas—the first and foremost requirement of English tradition. The school of ideas has trained such brilliant pupils as Shaw, John Galsworthy, H. G. Wells, and Sir Arthur Piner. Not by any possible stretch of imagination could Mr. Conrad be included in their scope. Contrary to most modern writers, he never even attempts to cross the borders of Shavianism. He is not interested in setting the world aright: sociology, eugenics, the minimum wage, imperial federation, and socialism have no place in his books. But it must not be reckoned from this

that his work is passive. He has a force that is dynamic and a vigorous restlessness that his readers cannot help but absorb. He never creates an atmosphere of unhurried calm—the quiet homeliness of Arnold Bennett's "Five Towns" and the leafy seclusion of Eden Philpott's green Devonshire lanes are worlds, rather than leagues, apart from the dark jungle of Patusan or the wave-washed coast of the Isabels.

Yet the latter are just as real—just as convincing. When we find a man who can make us feel at home in a tiny Malayan village on the outskirts of the world, who can make us actually believe in a Richard-Harding-Davis South-American Republic, then we know that we are face to face with a master realist. Yet his realism is essentially un-English. He does not depend for its creation upon a mere portrayal of facts and scenes—be that portrayal ever so vivid. I am not criticizing this method—it has been used with the utmost artistic success by John Galsworthy. Conrad's method is infinitely more subtle. He makes his realism by creating a faultless atmosphere. Indeed he is what is known as an atmospheric writer—each novel or story has its own definite atmosphere in which the plot and characters themselves are distinctly saturated. This is sometimes created by a mysterious spirit pervading the whole book but more often by bits of perfect description. In "The Secret Agent," one of Mr. Conrad's rare stories with London settings, the sordid atmosphere of the whole underworld of anarchy is given in a tiny picture of Verloc's shop in Soho.

"The window contained photographs of more or less undressed dancing girls; nondescript packages in wrappers like patent medicines; closed yellow envelopes, very flimsy and marked two-and-six in heavy black figures; a few numbers of ancient French comic publications hung across a string as if to dry; a dingy blue china bowl, a casket of black wood, bottles of marking ink, and rubber stamps; a few books with titles hinting at impropriety; a few apparently old copies of obscure newspapers badly printed, with titles like "The Torch," "The Gong"—rousing titles. And the two gas jets inside the panes were always turned low, either for economy's sake or for the sake of the customers."

To me, Mr. Conrad has achieved his atmospheric triumph in his short story "Youth." I am well aware that Mr. Curle and Mr. Galsworthy disagree with me, yielding that claim to

the "Secret Agent." Mr. Curle has said of "Youth," "Take for example his story 'Youth' and contrast it with Hudson's 'The Purple Road.' Essentially they are both concerned with the same idea—the glamour and romance of youth; but I can quite understand people asserting that Hudson's story does give the feeling of youth whereas Conrad's story gives only a philosophic dream of what youth ought to be." I am perhaps viewing the matter through the romantically rose-colored glasses of youth itself, but to me the story is the incarnate essence of youth. There is a magic about it—the magic of deep-stirred longings and unfulfilled desires. Let me quote two passages which will perhaps explain my meaning. The second is a very famous one—the first I think is hardly well-known.

"And this is how I see the East. I have seen its secret places and have looked into its very soul; but now I see it always from a small boat, a high outline of mountains, blue and afar in the morning; like faint mist at noon; a jagged wall of purple at sunset. I have the feel of the oar in my hand, the vision of a scorching blue sea in my eyes. And I see a bay, a wide bay, smooth as glass and polished like ice, shimmering in the dark. A red light burns far off upon the gloom of the land, and the night is soft and warm. We drag at the oars with aching arms, and suddenly a puff of wind, a puff faint and tepid and laden with strange odours of blossoms, of aromatic wood, comes out of the still night—the first sigh of the East upon my face. That I can never forget. It was impalpable and enslaving, like a charm, like a whispered promise of mysterious delight."

"When I opened my eyes again, the silence was as complete as though it had never been broken. I was lying in a flood of light, and the sky had never looked so far, so high, before. I opened my eyes and lay without moving. And then I saw the men of the East—they were looking at me. The whole length of the jetty was full of people. I saw brown, bronze, yellow faces, the black eyes, the glitter, the colour of an eastern crowd. And all these beings stared without a murmur, without a sigh, without a movement. They stared down at the boats, at the sleeping men who at night had come to them from the sea. Nothing moved. The fronds of palms stood still against the sky. Not a branch stirred along the shore, and the brown roofs of hidden houses peeped through the green foliage, through the big leaves that hung shining and still like leaves of forged metal. This was the East of the ancient navigators, so old, so mysterious, resplendent and sombre, living and unchanged, full of danger and promise. And these were the men. I sat up suddenly. A wave of movement passed through the crowd, from

end to end, passed along the heads, swayed the bodies, ran along the jetty like a ripple on the water, like a breath of wind on a field—and all was still again. I see it now—the wide sweep of the bay, the glittering sands, the wealth of green, infinite and varied, the sea blue like the sea of a dream, the crowd of attentive faces, the blaze of vivid colour—the water reflecting it all, the curve of the shore, the jetty, the high-sterned, outlandish craft floating still, and the three boats with the tired men from the West sleeping, unconscious of the land and the people and the violence of sunshine. The East looked at them without a sound. I have known its fascination since: I have seen the mysterious shores, the still waters, the lands of brown nations, where a stealthy nemesis lies in wait, pursues, overtakes so many of the conquering race, who are proud of their wisdom, of their knowledge, of their strength. But for me, all the East is contained in that vision of my youth. It is all in that moment when I opened my young eyes on it. I came upon it from a tussle with the sea—and I was young—and I saw it looking at me. And this is all that is left of it! Only a moment; a moment of strength, of romance, of glamour—of youth!”

Perhaps it is in his character drawing however that Conrad proves himself most alien. His men and women are not familiar types nor yet personal photographs of himself. In fact although every page is stamped with his persuasive personality, there is no real personal element contained in them. These statements sound paradoxical but each is literally true. By “personal element” I mean that which we have learned to look for in the novels of Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Barrie. Conrad always considers his characters from an impersonal point of view—quite detached from himself. I know that here again I am differing from authoritative critics who hold Marlow, the narrator of “Lord Jim,” “Youth,” “The Heart of Darkness” and “Chance” to be Conrad in disguise. But I still maintain that he is at all times strictly impersonal and has never associated himself with any of his characters. Because of this and because he is a foreigner, he has been able to keep himself free from the taint of English insularity. Where can we find better portraits of the Departmental Briton as he really is than in Captain Mac Whirr, Captain Linward, Mr. Baker and Inspector Heat? They are very real living human beings as are all of Conrad’s men. Many of them are direct transcriptions from life as Almayer, James Wait, and Stein, the butterfly hunter of “Lord Jim.” Lord

Jim himself is one of Conrad's most perfectly drawn men and so are Nostromo and Captain Anthony. But the book "Lord Jim" is just—Jim; while Gian' Battista (Nostromo) is just one of a fascinating ring of characters in "Nostromo"—Charles Gould, Dona Emilia, Dr. Monygham and the old Garibaldino Viola; and in "Chance" Captain Anthony must share the honors with Flora de Barrol. Of the three men Gian' Battista is assuredly the most fascinatingly complex; Captain Anthony, the most popularly attractive and (to me at least) Lord Jim, the most interesting. But Conrad never makes the mistake of sedulous followers of English tradition, the mistake of allowing one great figure to overshadow the story. I believe it is Mr. Chesterton who has said somewhere "Dickens' characters are perfect as long as he can keep them out of his stories." Conrad's characters are always very much in the story; they are absolutely subordinated to its unity, and hence he has achieved a unified novel that has but rarely been seen before.

We have but one thing left to speak of—Conrad's treatment of love and romance and how it differs from the prescribed usage of English tradition. In the first place, we must almost formulate a new definition to explain his romance. It is that curious combination of enthusiastic optimism and fore-doomed pessimism that is possible only to the Slavic mind. Mr. Richard Curle in writing of Conrad's romantic spirit has said: "It is not the mere spirit of improbable adventure but a sort of philosophy impressing itself with ardour and pessimism upon the splendor and darkness of the world. Romance as the last work of realism is an uncomfortable idea."

As for love, well it has its place in Conrad's stories and very properly he keeps it in its place. "Love is a sickness," to quote Mr. Curle again, "that has affected nearly every writer of our time with a fatal loss of the sense of proportion." It has not been allowed to predominate in any of his novels with the possible exception of "Chance" in which the silent passion of Captain Anthony for Flora is the main thread of interest in the story. But this is hardly surprising

as "Chance" is perhaps a slight concession on Conrad's part to the demands of English tradition.

Since Conrad is in his manner, range and style entirely alien to modern English tradition, it must of necessity follow that he stands for some "tradition" of his own. Perhaps it may be called a "continental" or Slavic-French tradition. He certainly partakes of the essential qualities of both. His style has been largely developed under French influence—particularly that of Flaubert and Guy de Maupassant. Like them, he has a passionate love of the one and only word. It is this that makes his descriptions so realistically beautiful. I am quoting two perfect specimens below—the first, the passage of the pilgrim ship "Patna" from "Lord Jim," and the second, the picture of a Malayan daybreak from "An Outcast of the Islands."

"A marvelous stillness pervaded the world, and the stars, together with the serenity of their rays, seemed to shed upon the earth the assurance of everlasting security. The young moon recurved, and shining low in the west, was like a slender shaving thrown up from a bar of gold, and the Arabian Sea, smooth and cool to the eye like a sheet of ice, extended its perfect level to the perfect circle of a dark horizon. The propeller turned without a check, as though its beat had been part of the scheme of a safe universe; and on each side of the Patria two deep folds of water, permanent and sombre on the unwrinkled shimmer, enclosed within their straight and diverging ridges a few white swirls of foam bursting in a low hiss, a few wavelets, a few ripples, a few undulations that, left behind, agitated the surface of the sea for an instant after the passage of the ship, subsided splashing gently, calmed down at last into the circular stillness of waters and sky with the black speck of the moving hull remaining everlastingly in its centre."

"The smooth darkness filling the slutter-hole grew paler and became blotely with ill-defined shapes as if a new universe were being evolved out of sombre chaos. Then outlines came out, defining forms without any details, indicating here a tree, there a brush; a black belt of forest far off; the straight lines of a house, the ridge of a high roof near by. Inside the hut, Babolatchi, who had lately been only a persuasive voice became a human shape, leaning its chin imprudently on the muzzle of a gun and rolling an uneasy eye over the reappearing world. The day came rapidly, dismal and oppressed by the fog of the river and by the heavy vapors of the sky—a day without color and without sunshine; incomplete, disappointing, sad."

His irony and sardonic humour are also largely French—learned probably from Anatole France though some of it can

be traced to the Russians Anton Tchekoff and Turgenieff. But the greatest debt he owes to Slavic tradition is his inherent mastery of psychology. He is the possessor of a strangely clear insight into the hearts and minds of other men. His characters are always struggling with big problems yet so perfect is his comprehension of the intricate workings of the human brain that he never makes a mistake in working them out.

One other peculiarly foreign trait I have to speak of and then I have finished. This is Conrad's overwhelming love for the sea. I do not think it would be possible for any English writer to be so imbued with its spirit as to give us the definite impression of its mysterious fascination that he does. Nowhere else except in Strindberg's "By the Open Sea" and some of Ibsen's plays have I ever felt this before. There are some hauntingly beautiful descriptions of the sea in Pierre Loti's "Pêcheur d'Islande" and "Mon frère Yves" yet they lack the subtle suggestion of poetic symbolism with which Conrad endows his.

"The declining moon drooped sadly in the western board as if withered by the cold touch of a pale dawn. The ship slept. And the immortal sea stretched away, immense and hazy, like the image of life, with a glittering surface and lightless depths; promising, empty, inspiring—terrible." (The Nigger of the Narcissus.)

"The sea, perhaps because of its saltness, roughens the outside but keeps sweet the kernel of its servants' souls. The old sea; the sea of many years ago, whose servants were devoted slaves and went from youth to age or to a sudden grave without needing to open the book of life, because they could look at eternity reflected on the element that gave the life and dealt the death. Like a beautiful and unscrupulous woman, the sea of the past was glorious in its smiles, irresistible in its anger, capricious, enticing, illogical, irresponsible; a thing to love, a thing to fear. It cast a spell, it gave joy, it lulled gently into boundless faith; then with quick and causeless anger, it killed. But its cruelty was redeemed by the charm of its inscrutable mystery, by the immensity of its promise, by the supreme witchery of its possible favour." (The Outcast of the Islands.)

Somewhere, in an essay on modern fiction I believe, Conrad has set down what he believes to be the principles of story-writing. It is in a sense his literary creed and I am quoting it below. Perhaps it may help us to understand more clearly the strange complexities of this man's genius.

"It is only through complete unswerving devotion to the perfect blending of form and substance; it is only through an unremitting never-discouraged care for the shape and ring of sentences that an approach can be made to plasticity, to color; and the light of magic suggestiveness may be brought to play for an evanescent instant over the common-place surface of words; of the old, old words, worn thin, defaced by ages of careless usage. The sincere endeavor to accomplish that creative task, to go as far on that road as his strength will carry him, to go undeterred by faltering, weariness or reproach is the only valid justification for the worker in prose. And if his conscience is clear, his answer to those who, in the fulness of a wisdom which looks for immediate profit, demand specifically to be edified, consoled, amused; who demand to be promptly improved or encouraged or frightened or shocked or charmed must run thus: My task which I am trying to achieve is, by, the power of the written word, to make you hear, to make you feel—it is, before all, to make you *see*. That—and no more, and it is everything. If I succeed, you shall find there according to your deserts, encouragement, consolation, fear, charm—all you demand; and perhaps, also that glimpse of truth for which you have forgotten to ask."

BRANCHES

INEZ HOWARD KNEIFEL

"I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in."

There grows a tree with wide spreading branches; a tree taller than an oak, more spreading than a chestnut; and more slipperly than a poplar.

One bright, sunny day came three boys and two little girls to this tree; and they all decided to climb. They looked up and spontaneously thought (for the minds of great people run in one channel).

"How I should love to climb up in the tree,
Up near the sky so blue!
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!"

"I shall go first," said Shakespeare, for he was the oldest one of the boys.

"I shall choose the spot I like, and climb the limb I choose."

Then he easily crawled up the big tree trunk and over to a stout low branch. He went to the end, to a place where the sun shone directly over his head. The birds, too, had chosen this spot; and they all flocked around him, as he sat there thinking

"Tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

"Come up, now, Alexander, please," he called down to the ground. And a little cripple boy started. With teeth clenched together, he arrived at a little nest on the edge of a short, straight limb that grew from the trunk at an angle of forty-five degrees, while he murmured to himself

"In spite of pride in erring reason's spite,
One thing is clear, whatever is is right."

And he settled back with a sigh of relief in the little round nest of a rhymed couplet.

"I now invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That in no middle flight intends to soar;
Above the Aonian Mount, while I inspire
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,"

and so saying, Milton started up the tree. Nor did he turn to right or to left; but straight up a vertical, slippery branch, until he came to the top of the tree. Away from all humanity he sat, and, closing his eyes to this earth, he thought of Satan left below.

"Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he, with his horrid crew
Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf
Confounded, though immortal."

The two little unknown girls looked in awe and admiration at the big, brave boys.

"O, let's stay here below; or—no; lets go away," said one little unknown in terror. But the other turned away from her playmates and started to climb. She looked up at Pope, as he sat alone in the tight rhymed couplet; and shocking the proper little cripple so that he nearly tumbled out of his nest, she called up,

"Let's you and I go our way,
And we'll let she go sh'isn."

A SONNET

ELLEN BODLEY JONES

Here, at my attic window, as I sit
And watch the people passing far below,
Before the distant street lamps have been lit,
Which twinkle faintly through the falling snow,
The soft, gray pigeons from their neighboring cots
Are flying 'round me. Lighting here, now there,
They brush the snow flakes from the chimney pots
And leave the tiles a-gleaming wet and bare.
You have a fixed abode, you do not strain
For each day's bread, and yet—at last, you fall
Unknowing of the love that conquers pain,
Unknowing of the God who rules us all.
With you, my prayers of praise to heaven rise;
My garret home! It is my paradise!

COIN OF THE REALM

NELL BATTLE LEWIS

The little Southern town lay breathlessly still under the scorching heat of midsummer noon. In the elms bordering "Main Street" the "July-flies" shrilled their harsh and discordant songs. The hot dust lay like fine powder, six inches deep. From behind a back-yard fence came the "scrush-a-scrush-a" of clothes in the process of being laundered as they were pushed down a wash-board. But the "dark-complected" lady behind the wash-board under consideration suddenly stopped her labors in behalf of better sanitary conditions, and crossed the yard, and leaned upon the fence.

"Whar yer gwine, Brer Johnson?"

The old negro man thus accosted stopped in his leisurely amble down the street and rested the axe, which he had been carrying, on the ground.

"Ain't gwine no whar: done bin whar Ah gwine," he responded.

"Wel' den, whar yer bin?"

"Up ter Mis' Jinny Mason's. Ah bin choppin' wood fer 'er all de mawnin'. Ah 'clare ter gracious, Ah sho is sorry fer Mis' Jinny. Dat 'ere w'ite 'oman jes ez po' ez er snake. She ain't got scarcely 'nouf fer ter keep body an' soul tergether. An' wid dat li'l' cripple chile too! Ah don't know how come dat crazy ole man Page, dat one dat is er cousin, don't giv' 'er some er all dat money er his'n, dat he got hid erway som'ers in dat shack whar he live in."

"How you knows ole man Page got all dat money? Is yer ever seen hit?"

"How does Ah know? Don't ev'ybody know 'bout de money he got! 'Fo' de war, de Pages wuz de riches' folks in dese here parts, an' dey didn't lose all of hit neither like de res' er de quality, kase er lot of hit wuz in de Nort' whar de war couldn't tech hit. An' den, w'en all of 'em wuz th'u' fightin' one 'ner, ole man Tom, de only one w'at wuz lef' er de Pages, he got de money. An' folks says he ain't done nothin' wid hit 'cep'n stow hit erway in some hole dat dere don't nobody know 'bout 'cep'n his-self. Dat ole man ain't right in his haid. Dey says 'e wuz allus sorter feeble minded, an' den livin' all by his-self like he do, don't help 'im none."

"Shet yer mauf, nigger. Here come Marse Tom now!"

And down the street he came slowly shuffling. His white hair, which apparently had not been cut for years, hung down long and straggling almost to his shoulders. Below his frayed black frock-coat appeared a pair of much-faded grey trousers with the military stripe at the sides. He wore no hat and the sun beat down cruelly upon his bent head. Ae he passed the negroes, he looked up vacantly at the sound of their "Mawnin' Marse Tom." His eyes,—never too alert, even in younger years, were now almost entirely unresponsive, and his glance seemed to indicate little save darkness or if any flicker of expression chanced to enter it 'twas only one of feeble and child-like inquiry. "Ole Man Page" passed on down the street through a sagging gate into a small yard where grass and weeds grew undisturbed, and on into his tumble-down little house.

"De ole lunatic," said "Brer Johnson."

John Cardwell Page, standing beside his desk in his Wall-Street office let the ticker-tape slip from his hand, and sat down weakly. His head dropped on the desk in front of him.—Every cent gone! Every cent, except the money he had in his pocket,—and he had borrowed to his limit. It was twilight when he roused himself. He rose and left the office. But his step was not that of a ruined man, hesitating,—aimless, rather determined and resolute, and his bearing was erect. There was even a dogged gleam in his eyes. He had never lost with grace. Suppose this *was* only a straw, he was a drowning man. So he went straight to the Grand Central. At the ticket window he stopped and counted the contents of his wallet: twenty dollars and thirty-one cents. “One and return to Longwood Virginia” he said, pushing the twenty dollars across the desk.

Then he bought a paper with the six cents change (It was Saturday night.) On the train, he read the paper rather abstractedly. Finally, he laid it down.

“Why the old beggar must have it. There’s no other place for it to be,” he thought. “I’ve heard Mother talk about ‘the Page fortune’ a thousand times. What earthly good can it be to him. Oh, he can’t refuse me. I’m his nephew.”

And he picked up the paper again.

* * * * *

“Yas suh, dat’s whar he lives; yonder in dat ole shack wid all dem weeds growin’ in de yard. Yas suh, Ah spec’s he’s home, d’aint no whars else fer ’m ter be: de saloons in dis town is closed on Sunday. Thank ’e, Master.”

Then “B’rer Johnson” looked from the correctly tailored figure hurrying towards “Ole man Tom’s” to the dime in his own black palm, and his expression changed from one of extreme gratification to one of complete and perfect disgust.

“F’um de Nort’! One po’ l’il’ dime! An’ him wid er gole watch chain across de front of ’im thick ez er cable! F’um de Nort’! Huh!”

John Cardwell Page, to whom the correctly tailored back belonged, entered the sagging gate, passed up the weed-overgrown path, and knocked at the low door. Receiving no re-

sponge, after repeated knocking, he pushed the door open on its creaking hinges and looked in. What he saw was an old man who sat gazing vacantly out of a window, an old man with thin, unkempt, white hair hanging almost to his shoulders, clad in a frayed frock-coat and grey trousers with military stripes down the sides, and old man whose eyes, never too alert, even in younger years, were now almost entirely unresponsive, and whose glance, as it slowly fixed itself upon John Cardwell Page seemed to indicate little save blankness.

"Why Uncle Tom!" said John Cardwell Page, "Why Uncle Tom!" And he entered with a great show of heartiness.

A little less than an hour later, he passed out through the low door with no show whatsoever of heartiness and an ugly gleam in his eyes.

"Curse the old devil!" he said under his breath." The crazy old skin-flint! Why I'm his own blood kin! What use can he have for the money? After all, it really belongs to me as much as to him. Why, I don't believe he knows who I am, even after all my talking. And I don't believe he knows where that money is, either; buried in some hall maybe, or hid in a crack in the wall of that miserable little hut of his. But I'm not beaten yet!" said John Cardwell Page. "What earthly right has he to bag all my money, the old empty dome!"

But just then Mr. Page gathered without difficulty from his own feeling on the subject, that it was decidedly supper-time. So he walked back to the little station and bought two thick chicken sandwiches from the fat vender there, and sat down in the dirty waiting-room to eat them, and to thank God he lived in the North.

* * * * *

"Sleeping like a baby," thought John Cardwell Page, some hours later, as by the dim light at the oil lantern taken from a nail in the station waiting-room, he stood looking down at "Ole Man Tom." "But suppose he did wake, the old beggar wouldn't have sense enough to do anything."

Then he turned the lantern so that the light fell upon the floor,—and began his search.

Now, if John Cardwell Page had been an honest man, in

all probability, he would never have found the loose plank; first, because he would not have been looking for it, and secondly, because they say that "the children of this world are in their generation wiser"—etc,—and it often seems, too, that they have better luck. Besides "the devil takes care of his own." And there are a number of other quotations that bear closely upon the subject under consideration. At any rate, he did find it, and he found it quite easily, and only after about half-an-hour's search.

Under the loose plank, which was in the floor of the room adjoining the one in which "Ole Man Tom" slept, was a small wooden keg tightly closed at both ends. Page picked it up; it seemed to be empty, but when he shook it something knocked against the sides dully,—but there was no metallic clink, such as he had hoped for. At any rate, he'd open it;—but how? He picked the keg up carefully and softly left the house. As he stole across the back yard he stumbled over something. When he recovered himself, he turned to curse the obstacle. It was the wood-block. He held the lantern high; something glinted, and he stooped and picked up an axe. Over in one corner of the yard there was a dark patch of shadow: a clump of shrubbery that, neglected, had grown luxuriantly. He crept towards it. When he had struggled as far into the thicket as he could, he placed his lantern on the ground and smashed the keg-head with the axe. Now he should see what his find really amounted to! John Cardwell Page put his hand into the keg, and drew out one by one—six thick rolls of bills! The lantern flickered dimly, but with sufficient light to enable Page to see clearly the large figures of the bills,—they were all large: hundreds and fifties and twenties. He ran through them hastily, just glancing at each numeral in order to ascertain the amount. Seventy-five hundred dollars in all! Page's heart beat hard, and he gave a low whistle.

"Talk about taking candy from a child!" he said.

Then he stuffed his new fortune into his pockets and crept out of the bushes, and walked swiftly back to the station. Ten minutes; and there was a train back North. Good! He had not expected to complete his business with such dispatch.

Twenty minutes later found John Cardwell Page, worn out with his wakefulness of the last two nights, asleep in the North-bound train, his ticket stuck in his hat.

"Washin'ton de nex' stop!"

Page woke with a jump, felt his pockets, which were reassuringly bulky, and rose with a smile occasioned by increased finances. On the New York train he felt his pockets again nervously, he even looked into one and saw the corner of the outermost bill of a roll. Fifty dollars! He smiled again. This satisfied him, and, too, he had avoided unwise display. Then he slept.

Upon reaching New York, he dashed into a taxi, and gave his office number. Now he could redeem his losses! This time he should win! The taxi stopped at his office door; he sprang out, reached into his pocket for a roll of bills, hurriedly peeled off one for twenty dollars and handed it to the chauffeur. The man took it, looked at it for a minute curiously, then looked at John Cardwell Page, and handed the bill back to him.

"Whatchu think this is: 1862?" said the chauffeur.

Page looked at the bill. Across the top were the words "The Confederate States of America."

* * * * *

Back in Longwood, Virginia, an old man with thin, white hair that hung, unkempt, almost to his shoulders, pulled from beneath his pillow a leather bag. Then, with eyes that had in them the ghost of reason, he poured out upon the bedspread ten thousand dollars in good gold coin of these United States. He counted it slowly and with care. "Jenny is a good gal," he murmured, "Jenny is a good gal."

THE RAGGED CAVALIER

GRACE ANGELA RICHMOND

When moon shine's bright
And fragrant breezes blow,
Then perfumed gallants sally forth
To sing love ditties, soft and low,
They've ribbons, laces, ruffles too;
With such as these I cannot vie.
They court my lady while I hide—
Poor ragged I!
When winds roar loud
And chilly falls the rain
And skies are dark with swollen clouds
Then do I seek my love again.
The shadows hide my tattered cloak,
My doublet's but a ragged thing,
Yet never wind that blows can drown
The song I sing.
The castle's dark,
There's but one window glows
And yet her casement's oft ajar
And sometimes she lets fall a rose.
Then what care I if winds blow shrill,
A prince am I, and set apart.
Let tempests rage; I carry still
Her rose upon my heart.

TRAVELLING—FOR TWO

MARJORIE ROOT

I have always loathed journeys and travelling. I can remember that even when I was a small infant, I howled lustily at the sight of a train. I think I have never gone anywhere without losing my train, or my pocket book, or myself. Jack declares that the only reason I married him was to have someone to travel with, and I'm not at all certain that he's not right! But as it happened, he did more harm than good that week we went to Mother Pratt's; of course he says it was my

fault for getting on the train before he came, but I silence him by reminding him that if he hadn't married me, we should never have been going to Mother Pratt's! Then he grunts—man-like, and mutters something about a woman's logic.

I did get on to the train before Jack came. I was very tired and cross from waiting for him, and the Saturday crowds and the heat were intense. So I just clambered on, and blindly supposed that Jack would get on the train when he arrived. But he didn't come; and—though it may seem strange to you I began to get worried. Could anything have happened to him? Certainly this was the train we had planned to take. I jumped up, to run out and hunt for him, when suddenly there was a grinding of wheels—and we had started. I rushed frantically to the door, but by the time I got to the step we were going too fast for me to hope to get off.

It seemed to be amusing to that crowded car, but it was far from funny to me. I tried to collect my wits, and then out of the chaos of my mind came a perfectly sensible thought. Why! Jack had probably only missed the train, and would know that I had gone on, and so would come after me.

I settled back with a sigh of relief. Of course, it would be awfully lonesome for poor Jack to ride way to the Cape without me, and he would be disappointed, but that wouldn't matter much; and I had no ticket, but I could pay the conductor just as well. Wait—! I looked in my purse—there was a quarter,—a dime—a few hair-pins; a nickel—another dime, and more hairpins; heaps of cards and memoranda, and down in the bottom among the pins, a few pennies. I began to search frantically. Fifty-three cents! I hadn't enough to carry me one-eighth of the way.

I was nearly hysterical by this time, when, by some queer freak, another sensible thought came into my head. Why not go to the eighth of the way and then get off, and on to the next train with Jack? Splendid! thought I. Think of the nice pleasant surprise it would be for Jack to see me come popping in the door! So when the conductor came, I fairly beamed upon him as I handed him my coppers and said I wanted to go to the next station.

I was quite exhuberent again, and thirsting for adventure, by the time we came to a stop at B—, and I felt like a queen when I disembarked in lonely glory and stood on a tiny platform until the train went by. Then I crossed the tracks to the station, to see what I could see.

There was not much to excite one in that station. In the half hour that passed before that train came, I learned by heart every item of the fish, game, and forest laws of the state of Massachusetts; discovered that men were needed for the navy; and that there was apparently not a hotter or more desolate place on the face of the earth. The only person in sight was the station agent, who was snoring peacefully with his chair tipped back against the sheet-iron stove.

Finally, I heard a rumble in the distance, and rushed to the platform. The great train came roaring up, and, in a flash, had roared by again.

I was absolutely aghast, and I know I stood there with my mouth open for at least two minutes. Then I tottered into the station, and, prodding the slumbering man, asked him weakly when the next train might be along. "Oh!" he said, rubbing the sleep from his eyes and yawning mightily. "I reckon that was the express! The next train comes in thirty minutes or so." That of course was very encouraging, but there was Jack riding on alone with my ticket—and here was I alone with no money. Finally I plucked up my courage. I sailed grandly up to the man, and putting on my most imposing manner and my sweetest smile, told him my story. He laughed, that man—! Laughed long and loud, until the tears came, and he nearly lost his equilibrium. Needless to say, I was surprised and shocked, for I saw nothing to laugh at, and I thought he was dreadfully rude; but I didn't tell him so, for I knew he was my only salvation. I just smiled on, though I guess my smile was rather queer by the time he finished. It was hard persuading him. Perhaps I was so tired and hot and uncomfortable I didn't look the picture of loveliness-in-distress that I have so often read about in magazine stories. But finally, he said he guessed he could trust me, and at last I had the precious green ticket in my pocket. (I must

acknowledge that it was quite a shock to me. I never before found a station agent who was at *all* reasonable.)

Thirty minutes more to wait! They were endless! The man dropped asleep without wasting a minute. The flies buzzed and buzzed, and my head throbbed in time and tune to them. A dozen times I was sure the clock had stopped, the minutes crawled along so slowly.

But at last the half hour was almost over, and I went out and crossed to what I had begun to think of now as *my* little platform. It seemed that I waited ages longer before I heard a distant rumble. It was a joyful sound, but something was wrong. It came from the left—! And there in the distance, sure enough, was a train, but coming from the *wrong* direction.

I think I was just about to rush over and murder the unconscious station man. I am not at all good at remembering my emotions of that awful time, but I am afraid that the poor man, or I, would have been a little "worse for wear" if I hadn't just then chanced to look the other way, and seen in the distance a train coming from that way, too. I confess that then I thought I was seeing double or that I was losing my sanity, but then as both visions seemed to be growing nearer and more real, I saw that the two were just ordinary trains, getting in at the same time, and that there was nothing for me to worry about. So I covered my ears as the two trains thundered up, almost at the same minute, and then walked leisurely to the end car and clambered on with a sigh of relief.

I had thought that nothing could be as bad as sitting in that station for that awful miserable time, but this was even worse. The train was a local, as the man had said, and I think there was no doubt that it stopped at, at least every other post, all the way. No one could imagine how dirty and stuffy it was, and to make matters worse, it got dark, and the vile smelly oil lamps had to be lit. I didn't dare try to sleep for fear of touching the back of the seat, so for two hours and a half, I sat almost bolt upright, the sorriest looking mortal that was ever seen, I have no doubt, and certainly the hungriest and most miserable.

At last, it began to penetrate through my dulled brain that we were coming near H—. There was no need for me to gather my things together. I had them all clutched tightly in my lap. So when jarring, grinding bumps foretold that we were stopping, I rose up like one in a trance and walked out of the train. I don't know how I expected to get to Mother Pratt's, or what I thought about anything. I was just dimly aware that I hoped that Jack would be sorry, and that he would miss me if I was never found.

So I walked down the steps, and I walked down the platform, and then suddenly I found myself walking straight into Jack's arms. I guess I must have stayed there, for I was very tired, and Jack is wonderfully big; and the next I knew I was being fed hot broth. It was the best hot broth I had ever tasted, and it didn't matter to me then that I was fed from a huge tin spoon and a thick station mug. I ate every bit there was.

Nor did it occur to me then to think there was anything unusual in Jack's being there, so later, when we were in the carriage on the way to the house, I merely murmured gratefully that I was *so* glad he came down to meet me. Jack had just started to say "Now what hap—" when he heard what I said and stopped suddenly. "*I came to meet you!*" he gasped—"But I just came on that train and thought *you* were meeting *me!*" "But"—I screamed excitedly—"I just came on that train, too!" Then we both began to talk at once, and we got mixed up more all the time, so finally I stopped, and then he did too, because it sounded queer to have his voice going on alone. Then I started to tell my story, and while I was talking Jack would keep starting up and bursting out with some remark, and finally, when I ended up rather lamely and confusedly with—"And so I came—just then—" he burst into a loud roar that startled the horses into a gallop, and then he leaned over and patted my hand—a silly habit that he has. Then he calmed down and told me. It's the queerest thing I ever heard.

Jack had taken the express that went flying past B—, just as I had thought he would, and had found a friend on the

train. They were having a splendid time, when suddenly, as they were passing a little station, the man jumped up excitedly and roared, "Man, isn't that your wife standing on the platform there?" But of course it was too late for Jack to see. The man was certain, so Jack was afraid something had happened to me, and got off at the next station to see if I came on the next train. Just picture it! There was I sitting lonely and miserable in the little station at B—, and there was Jack sitting in suspense in that other station only fifteen minutes away!

Then along came a train bound for my station, and silly Jack said, "Why wait? I'll go and see for myself—" So on he got and came steaming into B—just as another train came from the other direction. Jack dashed into the station—no sign of a missing wife—jumped on to the other train where he went through the two coaches, and then, deciding that that man was either a fool or a practical joker, settled down in the smoker.

And where—in the meantime—was I? we tried to figure it out, and decided that I on my platform must have been hidden from him by the other train, and that when he got on I was just walking down the platform, and getting on just as he left the car. And there we had been! Both on the same train, and both horribly, miserably alone through that long and dreary journey;—only I have a feeling that I was the lonelier of the two, in spite of what Jack swears. Men have such a snug and comfortable way of settling down in smokers—and I could be pretty sure that they take naps even on the backs of red plush seats.

We had a beautiful time at Mother Pratt's. But when we started to go home, I clung to Jack all the way. I hate journeys and travelling—alone!

ADVICE TO BEGINNERS

MARIE EMILIE GILCHRIST

Three masters served I in my youth—
Beauty and Love and lastly, Truth;
And Truth was just and Love was blind,
But Beauty alone was always kind.

SKETCHES

YOUNG WEST TRAVELS EAST

HESTER ROSALYN HOFFMAN

You were very excited over that first journey. Of course you had ridden on the train before, but it had not been a real journey when you had to travel all day and all night, and *sleep* on the train. That was the most wonderful part of all! The new dark blue travelling dress, the new tan shoes, and the thought of seeing your great-grandmother were interesting, but they were only means to the end, sleeping on a train. At night you could hardly rest in your little white bed for thinking of it, and as *the* day came nearer and nearer you grew more and more excited. Finally the trunks were all packed and the man with the green hair, (you never could distinguish, between red and green) had carried them away in his big wagon.

You were up very early that morning, and while Mother was collecting the tooth-brushes and toilet articles to put into the travelling bag at the last moment, you were hustling busily about collecting the last of Carol Lloyd's clothes to go into *her* travelling bag. She herself would go in eventually, the little mistress of your doll's house, named for your two favorite heroines, the "Birds' Christmas Carol" and the "Little Colonel." Stately Mary Elizabeth would have to be left behind, for she was as large as yourself. You were looking for Carol Lloyd's last pink bonnet when Father came and upset all your search by carrying Carol Lloyd, her bag and her small mistress down to a musty cab. The sun was just beginning to make the houses golden, like fairy palaces, as your car-

riage went bumping down the paved street, raising such strange, hollow echoes on its way. You were very much surprised at the loneliness and at the lack of people in the streets. It made you feel rather queer, but you just pressed your nose flat against the cold glass and said nothing. Arrived at the station, you watched with round, solemn eyes the boy who mopped the flagged floor with dirty soapy water,—the yawning man who wrote things with chalk on a blackboard, and the men who were sleeping, slouched in the hard uncomfortable benches. The girl who sold chewing-gum in pink wrappers and magazines with gaily colored covers and was continually rubbing her nose with something, which you could not quite see, occupied your attention until the dog appeared. He was a very old dog whose white coat had grown gray with the smoke and the continual rain of soot, and who nosed disinterestedly about in out-of-the-way corners with the hope of finding the remains of some ideal lunch-box.

You were just deciding whether you were courageous enough to pat the dog, when the train rushed in with such a roar that you clung to Father's hand in terror. You almost refused to move from your safe haven on the platform, but as the engine with its clanging bell and fiery furnace moved on down the track and the long line of sleepers slid into view, you gained confidence. A man with a black face, (you had no trouble with color-blindness in that direction) lifted you up the steps and you and Mother and Father walked through a long dark passage, almost like the one that Alice followed the White Rabbit through, only of course it didn't go down. In your own seat, you were intensely interested in the long narrow looking-glass and the little button beneath it. As soon as Mother and Father were safely hidden behind the morning papers you gave the button a little push, just to see what would happen. Nothing happened at all. The man with the black face came, all smiles and bows, but Father said, "We did not ring," so he went back again, looking rather disappointed. At intervals all through the day, when you were not showing Carol Lloyd the cows, or counting the horses in the fields, you pushed that button, always, of course, when

Mother and Father weren't looking, because you began to have an uneasy feeling that you were in some way responsible for the black man's appearance and disappearance, just like the big black man in the fairy story.

At last the time came to go to bed. Then did the black man prove his "genii" characteristics, for he could turn seats into beds. You had never seen a man make beds before and you certainly had never seen one bed on top of another. All during the night you had a haunting fear that the top bed was going to fall down on you. Sleeping on the train was really not so much fun as you had expected. Other trains rushed by yours with a terrible noise. Sparks flew past the window and all through the night you could hear the muffled roar of the wheels speeding toward the East. The green curtains swayed back and forth in a sort of wierd dance in harmony with the rhythm of the wheels. Sometimes you woke for a few moments to hear muffled voices and stealthy footsteps as someone pushed by just on the other side of the curtain. Often the train would jerk and your head would bump against one of the four walls of your strange bed. And always, whether waking or sleeping, you seemed conscious of being carried against your will into some strange land. You were awake very early the next morning and you raised the curtain at the window and looked out at once. The train was winding laborously around the mountains. You did not have mountains in Indiana and you were so interested in these new scenes that you could hardly be prevailed upon to dress.

After breakfast, you sat again in the seat that had been your bed the night before, waiting impatiently for the journey's end. Now that your first night on the train was really over, you were rather eager to see your grandmother and your great-grandmother. You didn't know then of the minor earthquakes that you would cause in that well-regulated Pennsylvania-Dutch household by asking innumerable questions about why ducks can swim on their heads, by spilling ink on one of great-grandmother's prized table-covers, by falling into the pond in an effort to imitate the ducks, and by disgracing yourself generally by a refusal to climb the ladder into a huge

feather-bed. You didn't know, so you clutched Carol Lloyd tightly in one little moist warm hand, and when the train slid smoothly into the little village where all your ancestors had lived and held conservative ideas concerning the rearing of young ladies, you trotted out demurely holding to Father's great hand,—and sent just one backward look at that alluring, mysterious button beneath the slender, unexpressive mirror.

LOVE

ETHEL MAY FROTHINGHAM

Love is the feeling that makes a man turn on the hot water when he meant to light the gas, go hunting for a collar when what he wanted was a pair of socks, shave every day, and forget whether or not he has had any lunch. Love doesn't really make the world go round. It only makes us so dizzy that everything seems to go round. Love is like gambling. You want to be sure you are a good loser before you go into the game. It seems that the more often a man falls in love the more easily and gracefully he does it. It seems to keep the heart in good working order. I have read that tobacco, love and olives are all acquired tastes. Your first smoke makes you sick—your first olive tastes bitter and your first love affair makes you unhappy. To a man love is a side dish, but to a woman love is a whole feast. I have heard that patching up a shattered love affair was as foolish as trying to mend cobwebs. And I do know that one whiff of an onion will do more towards killing love than the breaking of the ten commandments. There is nothing more dead than a woman's dead love. When the fire goes out and not a single ember is left, the ashes are past the power of flame to rekindle. A man's dead loves, too, are so dead that he wouldn't recognize them if he should meet their corpses on the street. For love must always end sooner or later; usually sooner than the girl expected, and later than the man intended.

The Smith College Monthly regrets to announce that the sketch entitled "Love," which appeared in the October issue, was incorrectly attributed to Ethel May Frothingham. The author is Miss Helen Rowland and the sketch is embodied in her book "Reflections of a Bachelor Girl."

THE RIGHT STREET BUT THE WRONG HOUSE

MARGARET DUNSCOMBE DE RONGÉ

The street was long and dark with only the flickering light from the electric bulbs at the corners. There was only one person to be seen,—a man in evening clothes, who walked unsteadily up the side walk. He caught hold of one of the weary looking lamp posts.

"How d'ye, old man?" he muttered. Then he leaned against it for a moment, a sickly looking grin passing over his dissipated yet good looking face.

"My last quarter," he said. He turned to his prop, "Won't you help me out, old chap?"

The lamp flickered but the post remained impassive.

"Stingy cuss, that," the man soliloquized as he resumed his unsteady gait homeward.

He entered the fashionable part of the town as the morning breeze was creeping up from the river.

"That's my number," he said to himself, gazing above the door of a large stone house. "Here we go." After half an hour's hard work, he fitted the key in the door, but it would not turn. He looked at it thoughtfully, passed his hand over his forehead and sighed, then set to work again, this time with better success and he soon found himself in the hallway.

He stumbled over a rug. "What-eh-matter?" he mumbled. He entered the library and sat down. In the faint light of the coming dawn everything looked unfamiliar and by that time he had enough sense to know that not only had he imbibed too freely of "fire water" but also that there was something vitally wrong.

"Guess better get some water." He rose heavily and on his way stumbled over a chair, knocking it to the floor with a crash.

"Now, you d— fool, you've done it," he said more steadily. He pulled himself together and sat down, nursing his bruised shin in one hand and fumbling in his pocket for matches with the other.

Suddenly the electric light flashed on and he heard the rustle of a skirt. "What the deuce!" The slight click of a revolver caused him to turn around. In front of him was the loveliest vision he had ever seen. He opened his eyes wide, clenched his hands tightly, gulped, and was completely sobered.

"There must be some mistake," he said politely, making the girl in the doorway a low bow.

"Don't move or I'll shoot," was the only reply.

He looked at her again.

"Why you see Miss—er—er—I got into the wrong house."

She laughed softly, a laugh which reminded Stephen of a field of flowers with a babbling brook running through it.

"So I see," she said with a contemptuous look. Her blue eyes were flashing and in her hurry she had forgotten her hair which hung loose over her shoulders.

"So I see," she said again.

The man took a step nearer.

"Don't move," she said threateningly, raising the pistol in her hand.

"Tell me," her lip curled scornfully, "Are you a gentleman off on a spree or a professional burglar?"

Stephen's flush deepened. Which should he be? (for he must be something!) He gazed thoughtfully at her for a few minutes, then replied, with an engaging smile,

"Why, I can be either you wish. Won't you sit down and talk it over? It would be more romantic for you to have your name in the papers as having captured a burglar, but if I had been on a spree why—er—you would be the cause of my never going on another."

The girl looked at him disdainfully, and said nothing.

"Now you see," said Stephen, coming nearer in spite of her warning revolver, "I have to get out of here before my name gets into the papers for either thing."

"I shall shoot you if you move," replied the girl quickly, with her eyes turned toward the telephone on the table back of Stephen.

The man looked at her gravely. "Now that is easier said than done. If you were to kill me, it would be rather incon-

venient for you. Can't you picture me a mangled corpse at your feet?"

She smiled bewitchingly, "If you move, I'll shoot!"

Stephen regarded her calmly, and then said very quietly, "I am going from this room to the hall, out of the front door and home. I shall come back tomorrow night to apologize,—and you will see me," he added, half in command, half in entreaty.

For an instant, she lost her composure. The audacity of the man took her breath away, but she quickly recovered herself.

"If you move, I'll shoot!" was all she said.

Stephen glanced at her, then placing his coat over his arm, he walked from the room, "You can't shoot," he said steadily.

She watched him silently. Something about him fascinated her. She lowered her revolver very slowly, "I can't shoot," she half whispered, "because my pistol is not loaded."

The man paused with his hand on the door knob and looked back at her pityingly,

"I knew it," he replied, looking into her eyes. "I saw down the empty barrel."

Then with a bow he opened the door and stepped out—and was lost in the darkness.

"ALWAYS JO"

FRANCES MARGARET BRADSHAW

"Of course there's always Jo," said Janet, laughing. "I can count on him. I hope you don't think I'm a silly love-lorn creature, Mary, but really, I can't get over the effects of Martha's wedding, she looked so beautifully and dazzlingly happy, and you should have seen Jack. He was so proud of her, and so in love. I've never been a maid of honor before. Perhaps that's why the whole thing made such an impression upon me, being right on the field of action, so to speak. I caught the bride's bouquet," Janet added, laughing, "so I'll have to be the next bride of the party. An awful responsibility, isn't it?"

"Well, don't forget Jo," was Mary's reply.

Janet had just returned to college after an exciting week spent in "marrying off Martha," as she expressed it. Under ordinary circumstances, Janet was quite a matter-of-fact young person, so she was very much surprised and rather ashamed to find herself exhibiting marked signs of sentimental weakness.

"I'm a regular mid-Victorian, Mary," she had said that morning in great disgust. "I'd always thought of myself as a perfectly rational being, but now I've ignominiously sunk into the class of 'the dear creatures, so sweet and tender.' Ugh! I'm afraid I'm going to have softening of the brain."

Mary laughed, quite unconcerned.

"Softening of the heart, Janet, and it won't be at all bad for you. Just think of Jo."

Singularly enough, Janet had found herself thinking of Jo several times during the day, and that evening, when the conversation was again concerned with Janet's love-lorn state of mind, Mary's parting words, "Well, don't forget Jo," struck Janet as rather superfluous.

She said nothing, however, but sat staring out at the sky. She had not forgotten Jo. She recalled the scrapes he had gotten her into, the time when he had played barber with her red curls to practice on, and the sad occasion upon which he persuaded her to let him break her best doll's leg, so that he might fix it together the way Doctor Dick fixed Brother's. Janet felt a sudden tenderness for Jo, a tenderness which surprised her, inasmuch as the friendship on both sides had been unsentimental to the point of brotherliness. She tried to laugh herself into her normal mood, but she couldn't quite come back to earth.

"I believe I'll write to Jo," she decided. "I owe him a letter, anyway, so I'll just tell him all about Martha's wedding and get the whole thing out of my system."

Three days later Janet had so far recovered from her temporary lapse into sentiment that she could chortle gleefully over it, and wonder what in the world had struck her. The letter to Jo she had entirely forgotten, so that she was very much surprised at the arrival of his prompt reply.

"What do you suppose Jo wants?" she asked Mary.

"Didn't you write to him last week when you were playing 'the maiden all forlorn?'"

She read the first page, then, shouting with laughter, she threw the letter to Mary.

"Read it, read it!" she gasped. "Did you ever hear anything so funny?"

"Dear Janet," (Mary read)

"I was so fired by all that you told me about the wedding preparations you were concerned with, and by the joy that they seemed to give you that I—well—murder will out!—I went and got engaged myself and it is just being announced to-day. Does that shock, astound and otherwise amaze you? I have been trembling on the verge for some time and your letter—no, if I give you all the credit for giving me so much happiness, I'll be so grateful to you that I shall not be able to finish this letter. Anyway, I tumbled over the edge."

Mary could read no farther. She toppled over onto the floor in glee.

"Of course, there's always Jo," she gurgled. "You can count on Jo."

A STORY WITHOUT A PLOT

DOROTHY ALICE ANDERSON

"Seen my little sister or Jack Howe?" Chester asked.

I pointed out over the bay to a black dot.

"They're over there, in a canoe," I answered. "They passed here half an hour ago."

"Why can't we go out, too?" Chester continued.

We came in by moonlight, so late that Dick would have scolded if I hadn't been with one of the Creel boys. (Dick's my guardian). He trusts them just as he trusts himself. It was half past twelve when Chester left me at the foot of the stairs. I went straight to my room, and began to undress, without turning on the light. The moon was bright enough. Suddenly a figure rose from the window seat, and a sleepy

voice said "Day?" It startled me for a minute, then I recognized Virginia's voice.

"I'm spending the night with you," she announced,—rather unnecessarily, I thought,—"I've such a lot to tell you, Day, hurry and get in bed."

"You know Jack Howe, Day?" she asked, when we were finally lying side by side.

"Yes," I answered, patiently. Jack has visited Chester several times a year for six years, and the Creel guests always spend half their time at my house. Of course I knew him.

"Well—I'm going to marry him."

"When did he ask you? Tonight?"

"You might at least pretend to be surprised!" she protested.

"Jinny!" I caught her arms and held her so that she faced me. "Do you honestly think that anyone could live with you and Jack Howe for a week and then be surprised when he asks you to marry him? Are you, yourself?"

She chuckled.

"Here's happiness, Jinny," I said.

"Oh, thank you, Day, I—I hope we'll be happy. If he cares the way I do—"

"No doubt about it. There's one o'clock,—oh is it half past? Let's go to sleep."

The next morning I was in my bath at six. I dragged my riding clothes into the bathroom, so I could dress without disturbing Virginia. She looks like a little bit of a girl when she's asleep. If Jack ever sees her that way—but he loves her enough already. If anyone ever cared like that for me, I thought, I should be wild with joy. Virginia is mighty lucky—a whole adoring family, and Jack. I'm the only Armstead in the world. I forgot all about it, though, when I saw Chester at the end of the avenue, and I just remembered that I was young and strong and happy.

"Hello, Day," he greeted me. "You look fit, even if you do keep late hours. Jinny with you last night?"

I nodded.

"Have you seen Jack this morning?" I asked him. "He's got some news for you. They're engaged, Chester. Did the deed last night."

"They did? Good for Jack!" He smiled at me, an indulgent little smile that reminded me of the way Dick looks at Elsie. "Why can't we be engaged, too?"

"For heaven's sake, Chester Creel," I cried, "if you have to go through life playing follow-the-leader with Jack Howe—"

"Well?" he prompted me.

"I think you do need me!" It wasn't at all what I had meant to say, but it was just as well.

"Good for you, Day," he said, lightly, so I didn't speak again until we had almost reached the end of the wood-road, just before it opens to the sea, when he lifted his head to sniff the salt air, and said, "Great old world, Day."

"Yes, Chester," I agreed, "but it's going to be so nice to have some relatives."

He stared for a moment; then he laughed; then he said gently, "Poor lonely little girl! None of us realized it!"

"I didn't, usually," I answered, happily.

Dick was at his desk, writing, but I sat down on the arm of his chair and put my head on his shoulder.

"What do you want now, Day?" he asked.

"Chester has a position," I said.

"Well?"

"He'll have to go down to South America, Dick," I reminded him.

"Naturally, Day. You can't build bridges in Brazil and sleep in New York. There's no way of commuting."

"And, if he goes, he'll have to leave me here."

"You don't intend to go with him, do you?"

"I want to."

"I see now!" Dick sat up suddenly. "You want to—"

"Get married. In a month, on the fourth of September."

"You're too young! You're just children!"

"Children! Dick Howell! I'm twenty-two, and Chester's twenty-five. You and Elsie were only twenty."

"Can you be ready in a month? It took Elsie six."

"I have a lot of new things, and the girls have ordered their dresses."

"Oh! So you have it all planned."

"Yes, Dick. You see, we forgot all about asking you until Mr. Thorpe wanted to know what you said about it."

"Have you spoken to Elsie?"

"No, *she'd* never consent!"

"What do you propose to do about it?"

"If you don't let us, Dick dear, we'll elope."

"I'll follow."

"You won't know anything about it."

"Trust you!" he groaned.

"We're both of age, Dick."

"I suppose I'll have to let you, then," he said, sighing.

"That's a nice boy, Dicky," I said, and hunted up Elsie.

She was in the hammock, reading, and I hated to disturb her, she looked so pretty and peaceful. But I must sometime, and the sooner the better. I tried to speak calmly, but I doubt if I did, when I said,

"Elsie, I'm to be married in a month, Chester and I—on the fourth of September."

She sat up suddenly, and looked even more amazed than Dick had.

"Day Armstead!" she cried, "Who told you you might?"

"Dick," I answered, calmly.

"Dick! Much Richard Howell ever knew about being firm! You can't, Day, I won't hear of it." And she returned to her book.

I looked at her for a minute, and then I went off to find Chester. We planned it all, sitting on the steps of the Creels' veranda. We even wrote the letters, then and there. After that, we didn't say a word about marriage.

Two weeks later, presents began to come for me. Elsie looked mystified, but knew better than to ask any questions; and she carried it off pretty well when the rector's wife called to tell us how happy she was about it. Chester thought we ought to give them a little warning, and in the end, we sent them an invitation, "Mr. and Mrs. Richard Dudley Howell request the honour of your presence," and so forth. Dick nearly died when he saw it, and Elsie could only laugh.

"Was it awful of us, dearest?" I asked her, the night before the wedding. "It saved you a lot of trouble,—and we had to get

married, Elsie. I should never have trusted Chester way off in Brazil alone. Don't you *see*?"

Yes, she saw. She took me in her arms and talked to me just as my mother might, all about my duty to Chester and the sacredness of the marriage relation, until I got scared. I had thought of it as a lark, and I realized that I had been almost sacrilegious. After she left me, I called up Chester, and told him perhaps I ought not to marry him. When I explained why, he just laughed at me, and said he guessed it was all right. If it wasn't, we'd fight it out when we reached Brazil. We'd have to carry things out to a glorious finish now—and we did. Everyone congratulated Elsie on the pretty wedding, and she took it all, the pig, when she hadn't done a thing. But Chester and I didn't care. We had each other, you see, and—I hope I'll make him a good wife. I'll try my best.

MY INTERPRETER

DOROTHY LOUISE SYKES

Closed was the book,
And not one word of all the golden store
I understood,
Until one day from this enchanted lore
You read to me,
And as I listened, eyes with wonder wide,
There blossomed forth
A thousand worlds, all new on every side.

In western sky
I caught the flashing of a saffron cloud
At set of sun;
Or heard, now soft and far away, now loud,
The myriad streams,
And mingled with the sound, the songs of birds
Came to my ear
While hearkening spell-bound to your magic words.

Lo, at my feet
The fragrance of a violet I breathed,
And far above
The sparkle of the cold, bright stars perceived,
And so at last
I woke from my long slumber, lived anew,
And learned to love
The heart of Nature that I found in you.

ABOUT COLLEGE

THE SYNAPSE TRAIL

ELSIE GREEN

A synapse is queer. It is supposedly a pathway in the association fibers in the brain. At least, Pillsbury has said there was such a thing. There is a synapse where the idea of Christopher Columbus connects with 1492 and if you were much impressed at chapel on a morning last year, there is probably another synapse that connects with Forbes-Robertson. There are synapses for every habitual action, every habitual thought. If a brain could be smoothed out just like a town map with all the areas and all the points of interest marked off, so that you could locate by looking at it just at what points different sorts of conceptions were situated, the underside of that brain-map might be thickly underhung with gossamery synapses like cobwebs on the inside of a barn roof. And thoughts would travel about as the spiders do, only much more quickly and gracefully. They would scamper about from History Hollow to Philosophy Heights or the Town of German Verbs, connecting with the Region of Past Experiences, always by the Synapse Trail.

Yet a thought may travel by wrong pathways quite often. The poor thought doesn't know any better. Its preparatory training was quite inadequate. The way it may go are like roads without any signboards at the four corners. It cannot always distinguish the one it has taken in the past from others which look exactly the same, to some of which it may have played truant on the sly.

There may even be a temporary washout on the Synapse Trail so that the thought must either travel by other ways to

get to the proposed destination or stand twiddling it's thumbs until it and its thumbs vanish. It gives one much the same feeling as finding a sign "No Passing—State Road under Construction." This is what happens when you want to tell someone about a person and forget that person's name. You think of all the names you know which begin with the first letter of the name if you can remember that. If you can't, you think of all the places where you saw the person, what other people said and so on, until you think of the right name. Otherwise you give up meekly, think of something else awhile and finally that thought bobs up again, hops across the Synapse of its own accord, right to the place you wanted it to go and you say the person's name. This is a common phenomenon of examination week, but the thought rarely bobs up in the right spot until about an hour after the need for it has passed.

When thoughts go wool-gathering, they are merely playing along beside the Synapse Trail, visiting places at random and having a delightful time doing it. If you start out with one word and write down any others you will think of until you have twenty, you will have an idea how thoughts fairly gallop along, and what queer connections the Synapse Trail makes. These wool gathering experiences are regular country roads with pine trees and sunshine and singing birds and chattering squirrels. They are fair weather trips. They are most useful when you put your head on your pillow at night and think, "Now let's see—where were They?" Then "They" continue their experiences, making a new Synapse Trail until sleep blots them out till tomorrow night.

The Synapse Trail leads to unexpected nooks and crannies. A tall, thin man is always connected in my mind with a measuring worm. The sign "Fresh Paint" calls up "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" but the smell of tar brings the picture of myself as a child, in a new red dress, mournfully wondering if tar would wash out. It is this sort of thing that makes life full of memories. It may not be at all to our advantage at certain times but it compensates in a way for the Synapse Trails we have to labor so hard to establish and then find the weeds of forgetfulness covering them up so soon.

FRESHMAN!

(With apologies to R. K.)

ELLEN BODLEY JONES

I went into a Green Street house a-feeling kind of queer,
The maid came out and said to me, "They don't take freshmen here."
The girls behind the door, they laughed and giggled in high glee,
Then I walked out into the street and whispered bitterly,
 O its Freshman this, and Freshman that, and "Freshman, cut
 it thin,"
But it's "Thank you, nineteen nineteen," when the evening mail
 comes in,
When the postman brings the evening mail, the upper-classmen
 grin,
O it's "Thank you nineteen nineteen" when the evening mail
 comes in.

I went into the chapel as sober as could be,
They gave a noisy sophomore room, but had no place for me;
They sent me to the gallery and told me please to stand,
But when it comes to carrying their books, they treat me grand!
 For it's Freshman this, and Freshman that, and "Freshman,
 not a sound!"
But it's "Cheers for nineteen-nineteen" when the clean sheet
 day comes round,
They tell you to wait modestly with eyes upon the ground,
But it's "Run in, nineteen-nineteen," when the clean sheet day
 comes round.

Yes—we give up the biggest piece of cake when it is passed—
For rather than receive an angry look, we'd gladly fast;
Don't think because we're freshmen that we haven't human feelings,
For we, like you, prefer roast beef to cold potato peelings.
 Then it's Freshman this, and Freshman that, and "Freshman,
 pass the bread"
But it's "May I come to see you?" when the freshmen have a
 spread.
When the boxes come from home, my girls, and proctors are in
 bed,
O it's "May I come to see you," when the freshmen have a
 spread.

We aren't motion picture actors, we have got to utter sounds,
And even after ten o'clock when proctors make their rounds,
If sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy brings,
Why, freshmen don't have quite the time to cultivate their wings;
While it's Freshman this, and Freshman that, and "Please turn
out your light,"
But it's "Just bring in your matches" when a senior wants it
bright,
There's a cold damp wind a-blowing, 'tis the middle of the
night,
But it's "Just bring in the matches" when a senior wants a
light.

You talk of better attitudes, and marks, and standards right:
We'll wait for new curricula if you will treat us white.
Don't fuss about our tender years, we'll prove it to your face
That we have no intentions of bringing Smith disgrace.

For it's Freshman this, and Freshman that, and "Freshman to
the phone"

But it's "Please run down to Beckman's" when you want an
ice cream cone;

And it's Freshman this, and Freshman that, and anything you
please;

But freshmen aren't all stupid fools—you bet the freshman sees!

THE SOCIOLOGICAL POINT OF VIEW

ELEANOR EVEREST WILD

I swept out of my sociology class casting aside all thoughts of "Social Legislation" and other effective arrangements for making an "ideal community." I loved the community I lived in very much without further legislation and decided to collect one or two exponents of it and have a good time. In the note room, I could not help but feel the desperate need of different housing arrangements. It was a very hot day and at least ten people were concentrating on every square inch. Poor housing conditions always lead to rapid spread of disease and I thought best to escape before I become stricken at the doorway. I ran across a friend. Her case was one of those pathetic maladjustments commonly occurring in life.

"I have nothing to do this next hour," she pleaded. "What can you suggest?" Quickly, my mind reverted to "methods of

relief for unemployment." Two ideas were floating about in the fog of my brain and with my mental forceps, I secured them. They were "Public Outdoor Relief" and "Public Indoor Relief." I remembered that one had been tried and had proved unsuccessful but I could not tell which one so I thought best to try both; first the indoor.

"Won't you come home with me and get some candy? I just got a large box from home," I said. The face of my friend brightened visibly and at my application of the adjective "large" her countenance fairly shone. I felt that I must be using the proper method. How easy is Social Reform, I thought.

We walked amiably and contentedly towards the means of employment. I was delighted with the brilliant response from a case which had appeared at first so hopeless. But I had not counted upon certain outside factors, which proved to have been at work during my absence. My candy box lay dejectedly on its side, entirely empty save for a few of those undesirables always present in every collection of chocolates. One or two preserved fruits and pistachios lay smiling maliciously at us from the corner of the box and even the tongs looked derisive. Then it was that. I realized that one, or even more (and judging from the vacancies in the box, I judged that it must have been more than one) of my friends was a "moron." Probably a high grade moron—the kind that easily pass in society but if carefully examined and watched would prove criminally insane. The thought saddened. I hated to think that even a very slight friend of mine could be so unfortunate and yet I had the decided assurance that the guilty ones were, must be, very close and dear friends of mine. I thought it my duty to tell my case of unemployment what I feared and ask her what she thought I could and should do. She was absurdly disinterested in the case (she does not take Sociology) and extremely cross about the lack of candy. She suggested a trip downtown in quest of more definite food. Sadly, I acquiesced. Perhaps, after all, it was Public Outdoor Relief, which would prove successful.

Oposite Field's we met one of the suspected morons. I knew what my duty was: I should compel her to subject herself to medical and judicial examination but my emotions got the better of my sociological training and I treated her to an icy nod instead. I intended the nod to indicate, "I know you ate my candy." I feel very bitterly upon the subject but I will do nothing except allow you to continue your insanely criminal career till it leads you to the Penitentiary. But my stiff nod was distracted by the sight of a poor inebriate struggling to step from the gutter to the side walk. My friend was indulging in mirth but I was only saddened. I knew him to be a victim of a painful disease for which he would get little sympathy, save from other educated student of Sociology like myself. The ice cream had a good effect upon my friend and myself and I felt the afternoon was to pass off successfully. Unemployment is a very complex and a very difficult situation to cope with. In fact, few nations have been able to do so with any show of success, except perhaps England and Germany, and the war will probably ruin their systems, yet I seemed to have conquered the trouble in a single afternoon. I left the "reformed, happy, and prosperous citizen" at her home and went pondering on my way.

FACULTY FUSSING

HAZEL WYETH

I never asked a Faculty to anything before—
I don't suppose I'll ever dare to try again, what's more!
One lovely day quite late last fall I thought of my canoe
And asked a Faculty if she would go with me—Mon Dieu!
She put away her English A—and when we got in sight
Of Paradise, dear Paradise—the lake was *frozen* tight!

REVIEWS

HEREDITY AND ENVIRONMENT IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF MEN

By Edwin Grant Conklin

To the student body of one large college, the activities and interests of the students of another large college should always have a peculiar interest and appeal. It is for this reason as well as for the subject matter of Professor Conklin's book "Heredity and Environment" that it is reviewed in these pages. Professor Conklin is a member of the Princeton University faculty and one of the leading scientists of the country. His book is the enlargement of a series of lectures delivered first at Northwestern and later at Princeton, a series of lectures of such interest to the people of Princeton that during their presentation, students and townspeople crowded the aisles and were actually turned away from the doors of the biggest lecture room of the university.

Let us turn to the book itself. Although written to suit the comprehension of the average reader, it is a thoroughly scientific work discussing not only in generalities, but also in illuminating detail the enormous parts played by heredity and environment in the lives of men. The first chapter is introductory dealing with the facts and factors of the development of the body and mind. In the second chapter, we learn of the cellular basis of heredity and development, the growth and differentiation of germ cells, the facts of sex determination and the mechanism of heredity and development. The third chapter deals with the phenomena of inheritance including hereditary resemblances and differences, an account of statistical and experimental studies in inheritance and in particular, a discussion of the Mendelian theory of inheritance.

From the consideration of heredity, Professor Conklin turns next to the consideration of environment, the relative importance of the two factors, heredity and environment and the theory of the inheritance of characters acquired through environment. The last two chapters of the book seek to apply the facts of science to our modern life and deal with the control of heredity, its difficulties and ideals, and the great responsibility of the individual. The final chapter in particular makes a most convincing and stimulating appeal for individual self development under the discipline of rigorous effort. "Men differ less in capacity than in zeal and determination to utilize that which they have. As Darwin said in modest and homely phrase of the variety and extent of his own work, 'It's dogged as does it.'"

It is impossible in a brief review of this kind to more than summarize Professor Conklin's book and no summary can possibly do justice to the breadth of sympathy and understanding with which Professor Conklin has presented the broader problems of life which should have a direct bearing on the thoughts and actions of every serious young man and woman.

M. N. J.

THE SPLENDID CHANCE

MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY, Smith 1905.

"A hammock novel!" one decides, as he reads the first chapter of Mrs. Bradley's recent production, "The Splendid Chance." "And a very charming one," he adds, reading further of the adventures of Katherine King, a young American girl, studying art in Paris, as many another heroine of a summer novel has studied art in Paris. But this heroine, eager for the splendid chance of life's opportunities, with courage to refuse the lesser good of the present and to turn her face toward the future with confidence, enlists our interest to a rather more than ordinary degree.

Katherine is not a practical young woman. She actually refuses an opportunity to marry a preëminently eligible mil-

lionaire, one whom she likes very well indeed, too, and then further proves her impractical character by staking her own very small fortune on her as yet untried artistic talent. On shipboard, she meets Jeffrey Edgerton, a young English captain, and rejoices in very human fashion that she did not insure her matrimonial safety by keeping a prudent clutch on her "bird in the hand."

In Paris she wins an assurance of her genuine talent, and wins, too, the love of MacNare, the "arrived" sculptor, in spite of his prejudice against womankind, a prejudice born of unhappy experience. She becomes engaged to Edgerton, and then into the very midst of her happiness come the dread rumors of war. Those first days of mobilization, followed by those of anxious fear and waiting, come home to us with peculiar force when they touch so closely the heroine with whom we now feel personally acquainted. From this point on, the book changes character very noticeably, gaining in depth and power from chapter to chapter.

We read in the daily newspapers of battles, of the horror of a battle-field when night-fall has put an end to the struggle, of ruined homes and pitifully inadequate hospitals, but as we read these chapters, we follow Katherine King into the very midst of these scenes, gaining a realization of their significance which we cannot possibly gain through an impersonal narration. In the death of Katherine's lover—Edgerton, we have the "inside story" of those coldly reported casualties. But with a deeper realization of the terrible sufferings of war-time, comes a gleam of hope, for the characters in our story, though crushed at first by their sorrows, rise above them to a new life, not of care-free happiness, but of service and devotion.

Mrs. Bradley has not glorified her characters,—they are very human. Their weaknesses, however, make their virtues far more plausible, and we love them in spite of one or the other, or perhaps because of both.

F. M. H.

OPEN MARKET

Josephine Daskam Bacon, Smith 1897.

"Open Market" is the story of a girl brought up in the knowledge, and trained in the use of luxuries, although she is herself a poor relation, dependent on the whims of her relatives. She is twenty-nine when the story opens and has been living with a wealthy cousin as companion. The cousin dies and leaves her—five hundred dollars! To go on and tell of how she invests her money, of her bargain marriage and all the details that take the story from New York to Canada, from Canada to Bermuda, from Bermuda to London for a thrilling climax, and finally back home again to New York would be to spoil the story for its readers. The novel is the work of a Smith graduate, Mrs. Josephine Daskam Bacon, and is work of which we can justly be proud. It is well written, entertaining, even thrilling, to use a favorite college word of ours. Although the plot may seem highly improbable, at the same time it does handle some unusual and interesting ideas so that the book although easy, light reading is yet something more than the twaddle which many less sincere and more mercenary novelists turn out.

M. N. J.

EDITORIAL

With the first brisk days of autumn, the orderly soul of every housewife bestirs itself to thoughts of fall house-cleaning. When she has taken everything out of doors and given it a thorough airing, she begins to rearrange her furniture and bric-a-brac in her rooms once more and it is then that the question of elimination presents itself to her mind. "There were too many chairs in here last year," she decides. "I never felt comfortable in this room. Now what shall I leave out?"

"What shall I leave out?" It is a question that naturally occurs to all of us at the beginning of our college year. By the end of spring term, we have accumulated a greater superfluity of outside interests and activities, some of which can surely be dropped with much profit to ourselves and some of which must perforce be weeded out. The question of over-activity is an old one. We have had it flung in our faces ever since that first day when we sat, green and awe-struck freshmen, and listened to President Burton discoursing upon the beauties of solitude. And strangely enough on the morning of our last "first chapel," the president emphasized something closely akin to solitude—leisure. Neither of these is compatible with overactivity. It would seem then, since there is so much stress laid upon it by those in the seats of the mighty, that there is something more in the subject of over-activity than a mere pretext for flamboyant editorials and campus-table rant.

To begin with, it might be said that over-activity is the canker of our student-life. We are all too busy doing too many things to find time for the best enjoyment of our college work

and our college friends. And these are the two things for which we all come to college. We do not come primarily to run suffrage clubs and biology clubs or to spend our spare hours in learning long parts for division plays. These things are splendid in their way; they make up a large part of that indefinable but charming complexity which we call college life. Every student likes them and she is perfectly justified in doing so. Student activities give one a sense of intimate connection with the college, make one feel as if one really "belonged." But oh if we could only like them in moderation! Instead, we are intoxicated with our first taste; we crave more and more until we have developed an almost insatiable appetite.

In a way, we may be able to plead extenuating circumstances. "We can't help it if we are elected," we argue. Of course we can't control what other people will do. As long as human nature exists, no one will ever be able to prevent students from voting for a girl "because we like her and because she has so much executive ability." So it is up to the girl who is running for office after all. Why does a girl who is already so busy that she has no leisure time left for herself, allow her name to be put up as a candidate?

We hesitate to admit it, but this seems to be the true reason. We are jealous of our popularity; we like to feel that the class needs us, that there is no one else who could fill the place so well; we like the thrill of the applause and singing that greets our triumphant entrance into the class meeting after an election. Afterwards, we will throw a sop to our consciences by a wholesale resignation of clubs and one-point committees in order to conform to the point system. We never stop to think that perhaps our presence on those committees and in those clubs is as necessary as in our new office. We are unfair, too, in another respect;—unfair to a large majority of the class who have perhaps splendid potentialities for executive ability and efficiency; who might have had our office had they but had the chances from which they have been effectually barred by our greediness.

EDITOR'S TABLE

There was a man once, named Pat, who, as he fell past the second floor on his way from the roof, called to a friend sitting by the window,

"I say, Mike! All right so far!" Pat was a false optimist.

There was also once a proud goose immortalized by Pope:—

"While man exclaims, 'See all things for my use,'

'See man for mine.' replies a pamper'd goose."

Now we strongly suspect that the pampering of that goose smacked of the oven and brown gravy. At any rate, he also was a false optimist.

But you will observe that he was described simply in derision of the man who was also proudly commenting on the wisdom of divine providence in choosing him as a favorite. That man still exists, and the falseness of his optimism is more difficult to detect, though now-a-days we can see its evil effects only too clearly. Someone once told me that the real pessimist says,

"Everything's all wrong, and it doesn't make any difference." Surely the false optimist is the one who says,

"Everything's all right, and so it doesn't make any difference what I do." And you have often heard him saying smoothly,

"There, there! all will be well, if you'll only sit down and have patience."

Now it is certainly true that to be optimistic is right and sane and healthy. It is even more obviously true that it is necessary to have faith in a God to whom even a sparrow is precious. But these three—Pat, and the goose, and the goose's

human parallel were not optimistic, nor did they have the right kind of faith. They simply overlooked facts and so they did not think straight. Pat should have seen the sidewalk and been praying. The goose should have taken care to reduce, despite the dainties craftily set before him. The goose's parallel should realize that nothing will be well if everyone merely sits down and has faith. He should realize that everyone must *act* and have faith; that right action follows only upon straight thinking and straight thinking only upon obedience to certain stable laws. He should realize that the old adage still holds true,

"God helps them that help themselves."

K. D. K.

"I reached far down into the water and felt this deep, heart undertow—this rhythm of life and beauty. I dipped some of it up into my hand. It lay in my palm, colorless, silent, dead. I let it slip through my fingers. Instantly it lost itself in the beautiful, rhythmical whole again, pulsing its silent song until even the slim, new grasses on the banks quivered with the joy of spring." *

In the June numbers, poems on Spring for the most part lie "colorless, silent and dead" indeed. Yet even with the world aglow and atingle with the blustery promise of Autumn, a poem such as "By Lady Brook" in the *Yale Literary Magazine*, "steals softly o'er the senses" and asserts its authority over weather and passing mood.

In fact, the entire make-up of the *Yale Magazine* for June reaches an unusual plane of excellence. It is far and away the best college publication received. Among the essays, we find a variety of subjects. "The Citadel," a strong fortress raised against the onrushing efficiency of today is a "whole mosaic of thousands of blue and gold and startling stones" as are revealed to man if he seek them. While presenting nothing strangely original, this essay is valuable from an aesthetic point of view and because it suggests a growing tendency of today; a yearning for the inner life; for "the things that are so vital and so unreal."

* Vassar Miscellany for June, 1915.

The other essays are interesting in spite of a too-strong didactic emphasis. "Impressionism and Improvisation" is a discussion of painting, the sane matter-of-course treatment, revealing to us that "Impressionism" is already a "dream of yesterday and therefore a *truth* of today."

"The Grail" and "Song in the Meadow" have elements of real poetry, although the sentiment in the latter verses is a little far-fetched. "The Grail" suggests the thought that we do not live by years but moments, and the mere living is a mystery which it is vain to seek to lay bare. . . .

"And so prayed
Lord, till the work is marred
The spirit broken, the stick charred
Shall be no answer made?"

Yet in summing up the *Yale Literary Magazine*, there is some disappointment in that the benefit of criticism such as found in the "Book Reviews," is not graciously extended to the work of undergraduate magazines. An exchange department would be of peculiar value, since intercollegiate criticism has the advantage of familiarity with average conditions, good-nature, a slight perspective, and perfect frankness. Yet many college magazines treat this exchange of ideas as wholly negligible. It is to be hoped that this year will bring new interest to this type of recognition of the friendship between college men and women.

E. G.

AFTER COLLEGE

PERSONALS

Contributions to this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in next month's issue, and should be addressed to Eleanor Wild, 36 Green Street, Northampton, Massachusetts.

ENGAGEMENTS

- '11. Katharine Forrest to Carroll C. Kendrick, of Chicago.
Isabel Harder to Peter Ten Eyck Gebhard.
Ethel Reeve to Edward T. Curry, University of Pennsylvania 1912.
Dorothy Rogers to Robbins Wolcott Barstow, of Hartford, Connecticut.
- '12. Ada Carson to Morton Stuart Robbins, of Harvard 1912.
Agnes McNiven to Frank Mann, of New York City.
Ruth Shaw-Kennedy to William A. Prime, Jr., of New York City.
- '14. Sarah Ainsworth to Howard H. Rogers, of Rockford, Illinois.
May Brooks to Dr. Roland Wynne.
Carolyn Davis to Thomas K. O'Connor.
Sarah Hoadley to William Arnold, of Northampton, Massachusetts.
Hazel Kilborn to Gustave J. Noback, of Ithaca, New York.
Florence Palsits to John L. Leonard, Jr., of Willimantic, Connecticut.
Dorothy Schofield to Blaisdale Shapleigh, of St. Louis, Missouri.
Dorothy Whitehead to Edward W. Conklin.
- '15. Margaret Whitman Shaw to Lieutenant Herman Beukema, 3rd Field Artillery, U. S. Army.
- ex-'15. Anna Feil to Hubert E. Sloman.

MARRIAGES

- '11. Lesley Church to Henry Charles Eaton, June 30. Address: 62 Lyman Street, Waltham, Massachusetts.

- Louise Davis to Willard Crockett Stuart, of Northwestern University.
- Eleanor Goddard to Fred Harold Daniels, June 2, 1915. Address: 2 Regent Street, Worcester, Massachusetts.
- Paula Haire to Robert Ray Van Valkenburgh, August 18, 1915. Address: Juneau, Alaska.
- Marion Keith to Maurice H. Gray, Bowdoin 1912.
- '12. Katharine Bailey to Howard Douglas Dozier on September 7, 1915. Address: 354 Whalley Avenue, New Haven, Connecticut.
- Ethel Curttiss to Alexander Gridley Davis, June 19, 1915. Address: West Henrietta Road, Brighton, New York.
- Hilda Edwards to Talbot Faulkner Hamlin, September 9, 1915. Address: 100 Convent Avenue, New York City.
- '14. Elizabeth Bancroft to John R. McLane, June 12, 1915. Address: 62 Munroe Street, Manchester, New Hampshire.
- Evelyn Dalrymple to Charles Noble Church. Address: Burlington, Vermont.
- Nellie Elgutter to Dr. Harold Stein Feil, July 29, 1915. Address: 1365 East Boulevard, Cleveland, Ohio.
- Helen Keeler to Orville P. Richardson, Jr., September 22, 1915. Address: 165 Park Street, Attleboro, Massachusetts.
- Sophie Pratt to John Charles Bostleman, Jr., June 8, 1915. Address: 58 West Second Street, Corning, New York.
- Lucretia Thomas to Burton James Carr, June 24, 1915. Address: Richmond, Virginia.
- Charlotte Webb to Robert Kelly, Jr., September 18, 1915. Address: Superior, Wisconsin.
- Dorothy Williams to Henry M. Hughes, June 19, 1915. Address: 44 W. Park Street, Franklin, Pennsylvania.
- '15. Eva Bryant Adams to Thomas Dolgliesh MacMillan, June 24, 1915. Address: 3016 North Second Street, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.
- Dorothy Perkins Cooke to Alfred T. Sihler, September 4, 1915. Address: 6154 McPherson Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.
- Marguerite Tuthill to Frank E. Leonard Jr., September 15, 1915. Address: 33 Egremont Road, Brookline, Massachusetts.

BIRTHS

- '11. To Amy Alvord Borst, a son, William Abram, July 6, 1915.
- To Bertha Bodwell Potter, a daughter, Elizabeth, May 21, 1915.
- To Anna May Dougherty Sutton, a son, James Dougherty, September 13, 1915.
- To Marion Ditman Clark, a son, August 2, 1915.

- '12. To Mrs. Irving Davis (Alice Sawin) a daughter, Elizabeth Valentine, August 5, 1915.
To Mrs. Edward Risley (Ada Simpson), a son, Thomas Charles Simpson, August 7, 1915.
To Mrs. Ralph Combs, (Helen Schott), a son, Peter Schott, July 24, 1915 and a daughter, Barbara Ann, September 4, 1915.

DECEASED

- '11. Butler, infant son of Marion Butler Boynton. Born March 24, 1915.
Jane Donnegan, August 5, 1914.
ex-'15. Arline Steele Williams, May 14, 1915.
-

- '15. Rachel Axtell is teaching English and History in the High School, at Hicksville, Long Island.
Ruth Bartholomew is reader in the Music Department at Smith. Address: 12 Green Street, Northampton, Mass.
Emma Irene Boardman is studying medicine at Cornell University, Ithaca, New York.
Elizabeth Chippendale is studying Costume Design. Address: 423 W. 120th Street, New York, N. Y.
Doris Clark is teaching History in the 7th and 8th grades. Address: 93 Main Street, Walden, N. Y.
Dorothy Dulles is secretary in the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union. Address: 67 South Street, Auburn, N. Y.
Louise Egbert is teaching Latin and Mathematics in the Stroudsburg High School. Address: 724 Main Street, Stroudsburg, Pa.
Alice Farnum is demonstrator in the Zoölogy Department at Smith. Address: 261 Crescent Street, Northampton, Mass.
Mildred Fraser is teaching French, English, and History in the South Dennis High School. Address: East Dennis Inn, East Dennis, Mass.
Miriam Frink has charge of the freshman English work at Milwaukee-Downer College, Milwaukee, Wis.
Katherine Greene is a resident social worker at the South End House, Boston. Address: 43 East Canton Street, Boston, Mass.
Mildred Hutchinson is studying Spanish. Address: International Institute, Miguel Angel 2, Madrid, Spain.
Constance Kiehel is doing cottage work in a Girls Reform School. Address: Sleighton Farm, Darling, Pa.
Elka Lewi is studying at the Cornell Medical College.

Dorothy McCormick is studying at the Law School, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Ada McDaniel is at home. Address: 6391 Woodbine Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Annie Minot is teaching Chemistry, Physics, and English in the High School, Woodsville, N. H.

Ethel Louise Norton is working for a Master's Degree in English at the University of California. Address: 6425 Hillegass Avenue, Oakland, California.

Eleanor Park is General Assistant Secretary at the Young Women's Christian Association, 72-74 West 124th Street, New York, N. Y.

Mary Parsons is teaching History in the Essex High School. Address Box 176, Essex, Mass.

Helen E. Pearce is teaching Biology and American History in the High School, Pearl River, N. Y.

Leonora Reno is teaching Latin and French at St. Margaret's Latin and French at St. Margaret's Hall, Boise, Idaho.

Helen E. Robinson is teaching Mathematics in the Omaha High School, Omaha, Nebraska.

The
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WAS EURIPIDES A WOMAN-HATER?

FRANCES MARGARET BRADSHAW

Tradition has it that Euripides came to an unhappy end, torn to pieces by the hands of the women of Athens. Such a fate, say those who would make Euripides a woman-hater, brought just retribution upon one who "has said little of women that is good, and a great deal that is bad." These critics go on to denounce the unfortunate poet as a dramatist who makes his heroes merely mouthpieces for his own opinions, when it comes to the subject of women. In a volume entitled "Euripides and the Spirit of his Dramas" M. Paul Decharne says, "Euripides's tragic heroes express themselves in

a most improbable way, sometimes in veritable tirades, about the vices of women." M. Decharne does not support this statement with convincing quotations, in fact at this point, he omits quotations altogether. Doubtless there is no need of proof to uphold a fact so obvious to his mind. I feel sympathy for M. Decharne, sympathy and deep respect. M. Decharne is a profoundly chivalrous Frenchman, shocked, nay pained beyond measure at the unkind treatment which the fair sex must endure at the hands of the merciless Euripides. What would surpass the horror of M. Decharne, could he know that one of that ill-used fair sex is about to champion the cause of the persecutor of her sisters!

From the ranks of the women of the twentieth century at a time when feminism in all forms is rife, can there come forth a woman who will say, not that Euripides was a lover of women, but nevertheless that he was just in his treatment of her sex?

"Incredible!" gasps M. Decharne. He quite forgets himself in his agitation, and quotes a passage from "Hippolytus" with which, in his calmer moments, he would never affront the eyes of woman.

"Why hast thou given a home beneath the sun,
Zeus, unto woman, specious curse to man?
For, were thy will to raise a mortal seed,
This ought they not of women to have gotten,
By gold, or iron, or a weight of bronze
But in thy temples should they lay its price,
And so buy seed of children, every man
After the worth of that his gift, and dwell.
Free in free homes unvexed of womankind."

Hippolytus, 616-624,
A. S. Way's Translation.

Taken on its face value, this may be considered an expression of strong feeling against women, an unduly harsh expression, M. Decharne might say. But is it unduly harsh, when one considers the character of Hippolytus, and the circumstances under which he utters this speech? Hippolytus was a stern young ascetic, bound to the worship of Artemis. The revelations made by the nurse of Phaedra's love for him, her husband's son, would have brought horror to the heart of

any man who was not totally depraved, and the words of Hippolytus were no more bitter than was natural. M. Decharne admits in a note, "To say, as Hippolytus does, that the proof that woman is worthless lies in the fact that the father gives a dower to his daughter in order to get rid of her can not be regarded as a serious argument." Here I quite agree with M. Decharne. No one should regard this as a serious argument.

In the "Orestes," the chorus proclaims the fact that

"Women were born to mar the lives of men
Ever, unto their surer overthrow."

This speech might be seized upon as another example of undue harshness toward women. But what else could the always sympathetic chorus say? Orestes had just ended his attempted justification of himself for his crime of matricide. Orestes, of all men, hated women with just cause, since women were represented to him by his mother, the woman who had dishonored and slain his father. Hence the chorus gave utterance to a speech which was entirely in keeping with the situation.

Jason, too, inveighing against the race of women, says only what one would expect from a weakling, who, though conscious of his own short-comings, tries to vindicate himself by an "ad feminem" argument. So it is throughout all Euripides's plays. There is not a single denunciation of women which the circumstances of the tragedy do not engender. All the so-called tirades are just from the point of view of the characters who utter them. Not Hippolytus, nor Orestes, nor Jason could have spoken otherwise, and at the same time have remained true to themselves. Because of his sympathetic insight into his characters, Euripides made them live and speaks as real men.

The same penetrating understanding of women as well as of men made Euripides capable of handling the character of Medea so that she should arouse genuine pity in the minds of the spectators. Medea is a terrific woman. We may shudder at the barbaric slaughter of her children. The tale of Creon's daughter and her agony caused by Medea's gift of the

poisoned mantle may arouse our indignation against the sorceress. But always we feel compassion for her, and we never forget the wrongs she has been forced to endure. Only a poet who was gifted with clear and sympathetic knowledge of his characters could produce this effect in our minds. Such understanding must be accompanied by fairness, for no one can be unfair to that which he thoroughly comprehends.

Euripides's "woman-wisdom" included not only those women who, like Medea, (endowed as she was with passions masculine in strength), could best be treated by a man's poet. In the portrayal of Iphigeneia, the poet shows his delicate perception of a truly feminine character. Iphigeneia is a real girl. At first she is eager, impulsive, very lovable and winning. When she learns her fate, the news stuns her in the beginning, and she shows the fear of death and the love of life natural in a young girl. But when she realizes the seriousness of the situation, and knows that through the atonement of her blood alone the Greeks may reach Troy, she is ennobled by the responsibility which suddenly rests upon her, and she rises to heights of courage undreamed of before.

Euripides's sympathy for women extends beyond the individual. The whole race of women is represented by "The Trojan Women," the whole race of women in the time of a great war. The play is a plea for peace, presented not for the sake of the men who die gloriously on the battlefield, but in behalf of the pitiful women who are forced to see their children killed before their eyes, while they themselves must suffer all the degradation of slavery.

As a matter of fact, if Euripides was a malevolent woman-hater, he lost some excellent opportunities for blackening characters of women which were historically doubtful. Medea, for example, might have been presented as an unmitigatedly evil woman. Euripides would have acted contrary to nothing in the bare legend which served as foundation for his play, if he had painted her in the darkest of colors. Even in the case of Helen of Troy, Euripides could conceive of another side to the story, of a Helen maligned though innocent, and her he made the heroine of his "Helena."

Of the women of Euripides, Gilbert Murray says, "He loved and studied and expressed the women whom the Socratics ignored and Pericles advised to stay in their rooms.—Euripides will not allow us to dislike even his worst women. No one can help siding with Medea; and many of us love Phaedra—even when she has lied an innocent man's life away." According to Professor J. P. Mahaffy, Euripides "has come down to us as their (women's) noblest and most prominent advocate in all Greek literature." "There can be no doubt" adds Professor Mahaffy, "that all his greatest portraits are portraits of women."

Since the question at issue is merely regarding the fairness of Euripides's treatment of women, it would be beside the point for me to attempt to prove the assertion that Euripides's greatest characters are his heroines. However, I feel justified in referring to Professor Mahaffy as an authority to uphold the milder statement which I would make, that Euripides was fair in his treatment of women.

HERITAGE

BEATRICE CLARK

The ending is the earth's and the earth's right.
He looked so peaceful in that last still sleep
That those he left behind him did not weep
Lest they disturb the beauty of his flight.
And all about majestic was the night;
The stars looked down in silence still and deep;
The pines were silent on the mountain steep
Until the East was shot with bars of light.
His children—we—unknowing death before
Saw it triumphant at his soul's release;
We looked upon the future at our door—
Unfrightened, for he left for our increase
A heritage to help us evermore—
Of faith and upright living and of peace.

THE ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT

DOROTHY HOMANS

The Clements have been sea-farers for three generations. This is true not only of the men but of the women-folk as well. I was born by the dusky shifting gleam of a ship's lantern. My mother died at my birth, so each night I was put to sleep, not to the thin sweet tune of her lullabies, but to the brave roar of the sagas of the sea.

The first thing I can remember about this curious place called the world, was the rhythmic whisper of the waves—and my father holding me high in his arms that I might see the moon's silver thread on the ebony sea. As hath many another youngster, I cried for the moon. But unlike most children, this desire for the moon was no passing fancy, thrust aside for a wooden puppet or a penny whistle. I still want the moon. I get i' faith! a candle to light me up the stairs to bed.

In my own way of thinking 'tis less a crime to commit murder than to take medicine. I little like to tell how many times I have committed the latter crime. That I, the eldest son, must needs stay at home, like any maid, to do nought save walk the woods or trudge along the beach is a choke-pear to swallow. Why should my body be a poor, lack-luster thing when my soul hath all the fire, all the spirit and all the sea-longing of my adventurous ancestors?

But after all, the wondrous blinding force that some call God hath treated me with gentleness. I am glad I am frail. People tell many curious and personal things to me. Perhaps, 'tis out of pity. I pray not so! There are many insults. The one most worthy of a challenge to a duello, is Pity. I think that perhaps people like me a little and so tell me their great worries. I know what pain is, and so shrink mightily from inflicting it on any living creature. But my lusty brother says "Clement 'tis your prodigious interest in human beings. 'Tis a rare treat to find anyone interested in aught save his precious self, you wish to know about everyone, then, forsooth! you marvel when people fall head over heels in their

haste to tell you their little Iliads. Well—every man to his humor. You have your stories. I have the sea." 'Twas a cruel thing for him to say. But of the hurt he made, my brother had no knowledge. He did ever possess good health and poor tact.

One gray day in November I followed the road along the coast which leads to the "King of Prussia Inn." The inn-keeper is better than any book in my closet. He tells me stories of the sea! What more may mortal want?

Captain Cox was well on to eighty. Although his day's journeying was from his bed-chamber to the living-room of the inn and back again when the night shadows came trooping up, Cox did not seem old to me. Was it because of his eyes? They saw only the things of his youth. The casual traveller stopping at the inn; the daily sweeping of the sand-ed floor; the tortoise-shell cat rubbing herself against his legs—all were as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. He noticed not the common happenings of the day. He saw the swift ship with the sunlight caught in its sails; the blue stretches of the sea, and the magic spice islands.

I found him sitting by an open fire of seawood in the gathering dusk. He was gazing out of the window at the stretches of gray sand; the heaped and broken cliffs; the dark sea breaking on the beach, retreating and rushing again with a roar over the shingles. The air smelt of sea-spray and rain. The sky was gray except for a stormy livid glare low in the west. Cox did not stir when I entered. So, saying naught, I took my usual seat in the corner of the settle. 'Twas not that I thought Cox did not wish to speak, but I was prodigious tired from the buffeting of the winds. I knew my weariness would show in my voice. I put on my armor of silence.

I sat thus for a long time, harkening to the booming of the sea and the rush of the wind around the gables of the inn. A sullen mulberry red came into the west. The glow deepened, lighting up the room. I glanced at Cox. His worn and shrivelled body was in the common room of the "King of Prussia," but he was a thousand miles away. He was out on the Spanish main. A log fell with a crash. Cox looked around like one who has just awakened, but when he saw me, he nodded his head.

"A fine night to be out on the sea," he said. He looked out of the window again. I did not stir. Would he tell me curious tales to-night or would he drowse away the evening in an old man's fashion?

"Yes, a proper night to go a-sailing," I said quietly. Suddenly, Cox laughed, a high thin laugh.

"Hit's comic, hit be. Me a-sittin' 'ere so peaceful-like, never wantin' to be a-goin' near me best friend—the sea. Me best friend wot I runned away from 'ome for. Me, a bit hof a shaver with nothink of me own exceptin' wot I took in a red pocket-hanky. But I was bold as brass, bound by 'ook or crook to git haboard a ship and sail the Spanish main. Hi done hit. Burn my bloody soul if I didn't." He trembled with the memories of those adventurous days.

"Faith, you did," I said, soothingly. After all he was an old man. "I warrant you saw many things." I stopped. Now he would start upon his story-making, if he started at all.

"I saw strange things, that I did." His black eyes lost their far-away look. The dusk came stealing along the sand-dunes. Some stunted grasses, stood out against the last traces of the evening light. Boom! The incoming tide swept against the shore.

"Did I ever tell ye about Capt'n Speech?"

"No," I said, carelessly enough. Yet I felt as eager as "When that I was and a little tiny boy" who plagued his father for tales and ballads by the hour. You must know that any story of action is life itself to me. It means more than it could ever mean to those who may take to the highway when they will.

"Ye like me stories?"

"I've heard none better."

"I've told ye tales o' torture, tales o' plunder, and o' pirates but I've never told ye one o' murder."

"No."

"Hi thought has wot ye might not stomach it, though for such a creachy, shattery lad, ye 'ave an huncommon relish for fierce tales. Hi've been thinkin' Hi'd tell ye this one for a long time. Can ye be trusted? Ye'll not go waggin' your tongue like han old woman tellin' tales in the market-place?

Hit's 'ard enough for me to git customers as hit is." That was no small wonder, I thought, for his looks went against him at the start. He was dressed quietly enough in a sober blue jacket and breeches; white stockings and silver buckled shoon; there was a decent white cloth around his throat. Such a habit would any old man wear; but around his head was twisted a scarlet handkerchief. Heavy gold ear-rings showed under his white hair, and down the side of his cheek which was as tough and brown as a bat's wing, ran a great scar. Verily, he was a wolf in sheep's clothing. I marvel not that travellers were loth to take their ease at his inn.

"I owe you much," said I. "Besides, 'tis not my way to talk from housetops, the affairs of my friends."

He laid aside his pipe. "Well, 'ere goes." He stopped, leaned forward and put his hand on my knee.

"Hif it's none to yer liking, ye'll not blame old David Cox?"

"Tell away," I cried. "Anything—you do not treat me like a weakling. That is why we are friends."

"Aye, that's true. Hi'm wondering as 'ow folks git the notion y'ar a gentle lad—me Lord. We're alike in some ways. Ye a peer o' England and meself—" he whispered hoarsely "A pirate."

"Of England," I added. "You have done good for her as well as harm."

"That we 'ave." He spoke proudly. "But when it comes to murder—are ye wishful to 'ear o' one?" I hesitated. Had Cox done murder? If it were so, much as I craved to hear of adventure, much as I cared for romance—I could go so far and no farther. Cox watched me. Then he began to laugh. His old body swayed back and forth. "He! He! He! Ye are that hinnocent, me lad. Hi see wot's a-troublin' ye. Ye think has maybe Coxie stabbed a friend in the back or strangled a Spaniard in the ship's 'old. Not but wot 'e wouldn't deserve it—the lousy foreign beggar! Nay, I never went as far as that. But it's doubts I 'ave at times. Did I miss somethink—" he stopped short.

"Missed something?" I stirred uneasily. We like to hear about murders, read about murders and the beast deep within us all, likes to commit murder.

"Eh? Wot was Hi talking about?" David looked quickly at me. I am the only friend he has—so he steps warily. He need have no fear of offending me.

"Hi must 'urry along with me story. Night's a-comin'." I settled myself in my corner. The room was quiet except for the fire "treading snow." Without, the sand-dunes had gone into the dark. The night was thick with the blackness that comes before a storm.

"Hit was when I sailed on the 'Morning Star' under Capt'n Speech. Hi've never see 'is like since. Hit's just as well, though I never met a man I loved more. The trouble was, 'e disturbed ye. 'E was different from the rest of us. 'Is 'abits; 'is likins; 'is clothes. We went in for comfort. 'E was finicky about the fit of 'is jacket; the color o' the cloth. 'E was queer in other ways. 'Ad a fondness for strange names. 'E called 'is ship the 'Morning Star.' Most ships 'ave hevery-day names taken from towns or the owner's sweetheart. 'The Babylon,' the 'Jane Corinth' and such like. Not so with Capt'n Speech. Catch 'im a-callin' 'is ship hafter a maid; 'e 'ad little us for 'em. Aye, 'e called 'is ship the Morning Star."

"The Morning Star," I repeated. I tried to picture the man who had this ship. I saw a pale sentimental creature out of his element, trying to put poetry into the shipping-list.

"'E 'ad an eye for colors too. Some go balmy hover wine, some hover jewels, but Capt'n Speech lost 'is 'ead hover colors. 'E 'ad no end o' chests full o' silks. Silks from far-away lands; golden silk, scarlet silks, amber silks, silks like sunsets and silks the clear fine color o' honey. There was one piece o' blue silky stuff wot the Capt'n would set a-gazin' at by the hour, 'is eyes dreamy-like and with a longin' look in 'em like a green youth's in Hapril when the little birds are a-nestin' and hall the world's a-makin' love. Hit's color was blue—like 'are-bells ye find hamong ferns. That was along the edges. Towards the middle, it was a queer color—like sky at night—'twasn't purple—'twasn't blue—"

"Pansy petals?"

"Maybe—somethink like—Hi can't tell hit. Ye would 'ave to see for yourself. Hi've come into the Capt'n's cabin

and seen that piece of silk lyin' there. Hit would startle me as if hit was alive. That blue *burned*. The Capt'n once an' a while used to tell 'is fust mate Clark about the silk. 'E said 'e bought it hoff a sailor wot 'ad it hoff a Spaniard and where the bloomin' Spaniard got it from, the Lord knows, or wot's more likely—the devil. Capt'n Speech swore that there was not another piece o' stuff like it hin the world." Cox said that it was a game with the Captain to find the right word for the color of the silk. "Hi can see 'im now, talkin' hit over with the fust mate."

"'Mr. Clark', 'e would say. The fust mate was a scrawny limpsy chap, arms an' legs halways a'shootin' hout of 'is clothes. 'Mr. Clark, 'ave ye thought hof a nyme for this 'ere color yet?" Clark was a chap wot couldn't tell red from green. 'E never answered the Capt'n; just sat a-drinkin' his port. The Capt'n didn't care. 'E would laught an' say, 'Tyke yer time, Clark—tyke yer time.' Did Clark hate the Capt'n then? I dunno. Bill never talked unless 'e 'ad to. But Hi knew one thing. 'E either 'ated Capt'n Speech or feared 'im."

"Feared him?" I asked. "Feared your queer sickly poet?" That was my idea of Speech.

"Sickly? Capt'n Speech sickly? 'E was strong an' hun-common 'andsome. 'Ad black heyes, dark skin, wore 'is clothes with an air like a Spaniard. Didn't care a doubloon for anything or anybody—exceptin' 'is silks. That's why so many feared 'im. 'Twas when we were startin' hoff on the third voyage o' the 'Morning Star' that trouble came. We was a-ready to set sail. The men were on the beach, biddin' good-bye to their sweethearts. Capt'n Speech, 'is blue sash twisted around 'is 'ips came swingin' down the quay. Many a sailor got a 'arf-hearted kiss from 'is lass because o' the Capt'n. Has for 'im —'e never glanced their way. What were gals? 'E 'ad 'is precious scarf. But when 'e reached Bill who was sayin' good-bye to Nance, 'is sweetheart, hall the world was changed for Capt'n Speech. Bill was sayin'—

'One kiss before Hi'm off.' Nance was either coy or cold. Hi dunno which. She drew back. Bill clipped 'er 'round the waist."

I gathered from Cox that the following happened.

"I' faith," said the Captain. "What dost thou mean? I fear thou hast become a squire of dames, Mr. Clark." He spoke jestingly and stopped merely because the whim had seized him. 'Twas his habit. Then the Captain saw Nance. She had soft bronze-gold hair; lips that in spite of their owner, asked for kisses, and eyes that were no mean match for the Captain's wonderful silk. The Captain and Nance gazed at each other like old friends who have not met for many months, or perhaps I should say old lovers. That was the extraordinary part. The men on the quay watched them stolidly. The maids smiled slyly. Speech had never glanced the way of a maid. Now he was worse than any lad. It was Nance who spoke first.

"You stare too much for a stranger. You wish to speak with me?"

"Yes—but my ship sails—"He could not speak and do justice to her beauty with his eyes as well.

"Now? It cannot be now." She spoke as if 'twas the greatest tragedy in the world. Clark looked first at the Captain, then at the girl.

"You're sayin' good-bye to me, my lass—and not the Capt'n," said Clark. She did not even glance at him, but pulled herself away from his arm and went over to Capt'n Speech.

"I should have talked with you months ago—" he said. She gazed at him in silence. "Nay, years."

"But we had not met."

"We *should* have met. 'Twas unkind of the fates. You are different from anyone else in the world. You are rare—like my scarf, and as precious. Nay—more precious." He tore off the silk and flung it over her shoulders. Her beauty quickened.

"Wilt thou keep it for me?"

"Yes—in safe keeping. Must thou go?" She barely whispered the words. She swayed towards him. He caught her in his arms, closely and intimately. They were two dwellers in Arcady. Then before the whole quay, he kissed her. Arcadians pay little heed to the world.

"You will not forget me?" he said—turning her face so that he might see the better her magical eyes.

"No—people do not often meet—like this."

"I trust you. My ship goes now—" he said—turned quickly and was off down the quay. He did not dare look back. Clark stepped forward. He was of the kind who eat crumbs with thankfulness.

"And where is my kiss?" He caught hold of Nance's arm.

"Your kiss?" Nance looked at him, not sneeringly but wonderingly. Then she walked past him and up the street that led into the town. She walked as if in a dream. Clark started after her.

"A pretty way to treat your lovin' sweetheart" he cried. His face turned red. The maids tittered but the sailors looked uneasily at each other. After all, this might happen to any one of them, if their girls had had the good looks of Nance.

"Better come aboard. Ye'll never git 'er 'eart," cried a sailor.

A pert lass laughed. "It's lost," she said, "The Capt'n found it.

'Finders—keepers
Losers—weepers.' "

"Hit was a good voyage in some ways" said David. "We 'ad Spaniards lickin' our boots and our 'old was stuffed with gold an' jewels an' hall manner o' things wot the Spaniards were so good as to give us when we said as wot we'd shake their guts out of 'em if they didn't. But somethink was wrong with the Capt'n. 'E didn't 'ave 'is silk to look at. 'E missed it like 'e would miss a best friend. Wot was more, 'is love for Nance grew on nothink as ye might say—which is a bad thing. Aye, never did Hi see such a case—'e scarcely knew the maid and yet 'e was torn with love for 'er. There was times when the Capt'n said nothink, but 'is white face, the lines around 'is mouth told their tale. Then there was times when e' talked an' it was Clark who must listen. Clark 'ated the Capt'n like poison by now. The Capt'n never seemed to see that Clark loved the girl as well. 'Twas small wonder. 'E was uncommon ugly and didn't 'ave wot ye might call a tyking way with

maids. Hit was 'ard for Clark. 'E saw all sides o' the Capt'n and knew that any maid would run to Speech for the haskin'. The Capt'n, every night hafter the wine was brought in, talked to Clark about Nance. I 'eard it all, because the Capt'n 'ad me carry in the wine, and 'e made small bones about talkin' when I was there. Then one night, Clark let himself loose—an' I saw that the Capt'n 'ad by rights to be on 'is guard if 'e wanted to see Nance again. Hit 'appened this way.

'I dunno as 'ow Hi can wait, Clark—until I get back. Ye don't know wot it is to be in love." This was the camel's straw. Clark stood up. He leaned across the table, shakin' with passion.

'I dunno? Did hit ever come hinto yer mind as wot Nance was me lass? Hi've kissed 'er I 'ave. More than once and not before a crowd o' people. We was alone.' He looked at Speech. 'Wot do ye say to that?'

'You kissed her? Perhaps—but I warrant she did not kiss you," said Speech. 'E filled 'is glass calmly enough, but I saw the color leave 'is face.

'Hif I 'ad yer bloomin' scarf I'd strangle ye with it,'—and Clark left the cabin."

Then David told me how from that time on there was no pretense of peace. Up to this time, Speech had not considered the likelihood of a rival. If he had been entirely in his right mind, he would have seen that a maid like Nance had taken Clark for a lover because she had not found anyone she really cared for. But like all lovers, Speech was mad for a time. He amused himself by saying biting things that made Clark writhe. Speech was a good talker when he wished, and had a knack of saying the thing that hurt most. Clark was silent and sullen.

"One day," continued David "the Capt'n decided to bury a chest o' the best things in the booty we 'ad took off the Spaniards, on a desert island we ran across. Hit was out o' the track o' vessels and little likely to be found again. Speech took Clark an' meself with 'im. We rowed to the island, the fust mate and me sayin' little. Speech was in 'igh spirits. Hi couldn't tell even then if 'e didn't realize Clark's 'ate or

whether it was dare-deviltry wot made 'im take the fust mate along. We landed on a white sandy beach, under some cliffs. Farther back were green wooded 'ills. It was late in the day, an' a bit o' sunset was creepin' into the west. The Capt'n told me I should look the island hover while 'e an' Clark buried the treasure. Hi went into the woods. There was queer plants with spicy leaves wot smelled good if you rubbed 'em betwixt yer fingers. Red and green paraquets flew scream-in' through the trees. As I went farther on, the place was more like a jungle; thick matted vines and curious 'eathen lookin' flowers. There in the woods it was a blue twilight; I saw a pair o' gleamin' eyes up in a tree and then there was somethink like a flyin' shadow honly when it touched the ground hit made a soft thud which hain't the 'abit o' shadows. Then hit glided hinto the woods. I turned back quick an' in a minute was out on the cliffs, Hit was still light hin the open; there was a sort o' apple-green color in the sunet. Then I 'eard voices. They sounded loud an' hangry. There was nothink to be scared about but I found meself walkin' softly like a cat along the cliff. When I reached the edge, I lay down an' peered through the grasses wot fringed the edge. The Capt'n an' Clark was a-standin' on the beach. Near 'em was a great hole they'd just dug for the treasure. Speech looked at Clark a long while, then 'e began to laugh fit to kill. Clark stood quiet, 'is 'ands clenched. 'No' cried the Capt'n. 'We'll not bury the chest. I'll take it 'ome an' give it to Nance for her dowry. 'Tis a prodigious wonder I 'adn't thought of it before. I'll 'ave ye present it, Mr. Clark. Ye are that graceful. Then as a reward ye may dance at our weddin'—an' then, wish us good night.' 'E started laughin' again. 'E looked huncommon merry and 'andsome. Clark thrust 'is 'and into 'is belt.

'Ye damned devil,' 'e said, an' drew 'is pistol. The Capt'n was no fool. 'E 'ad drawn as quickly. They looked at each other over the shinin' barrels.

'Hi didn't think ye 'ad it in ye, Clark,' said Speech. Then 'e was silent. Neither o' them dared move. Hi could 'ear the lappin' o' the waves on the beach. A parrot screamed again

in the forest. Then the sunset spread over the sky. The mate an' the Capt'n still didn't stir. Hit was a long time they stood thus. I know because me arm I was leanin' on went to sleep and the pain nigh sent me mad. The light in the sky seemed to come down an' fill the pools o' sea-water on the beach. There was one near the Capt'n wot looked like a great jewel. Hit was blue. I felt as if Hi'd seen it before. I dunno why. Then the Capt'n saw hit. 'E forgot 'e was in danger of 'is life; 'e forgot Clark; 'e forgot Clark's pistol. 'E forgot everythink except wot 'ad always been in 'is mind. 'E started towards the pool.

'Look at that color,' 'e cried. 'Hit's like me silk. Hit's like the blue o' Nance's eyes.' He leaned over the pool eagerly. 'Is voice sounded 'appy. A twist o' smoke trailed away into the air. The Capt'n slouched down on the beach beside the pool o' sea-water. A dark stain spread hover the surface—dullin' the brightness. Clark leaned over the body, then 'e straightened hup and turned to the treasure chest. 'E tried to drag it over to the boat but it was too 'eavy. Hi stood hup. 'Twas the honly thing to do. A pirate don't 'ave no right to 'ave prejudices. 'E must know on wot side 'is bread is buttered though it may be buttered with blood. Hi took me cutlass and flung hit down on to the rocks. Clark looked hup—'is pistol raised. Then sez I 'Does yer want a 'elpin' 'and?' "

JOAN OF ARC

MARY VIRGINIA DUNCOMBE

Rapt, uplifted face,
Unseeing eyes of gray:
Joan of Arc
Joan of Arc
What do the voices say?

Tumbled, dusky hair
Pure brow—gleaming white:
Joan of Arc
Joan of Arc
Who calls you through the night?

BUTTONS

ELSIE GREEN

The dignified and learned William Norton was reading, in a cozy study by an open fire. Not that he appreciated either of these blessings or the third, the woman who sat opposite him sewing buttons on one of his coats. For all the notice he took of her, she might have been in Africa. She was somewhat his elder, rather pretty, and had a decidedly competent look. Carefully she removed each button, cut off the accompanying knots and tangles, in some cases substituted another button, and quickly resewed them.

Page after page was turned and not a sound came from the reader. The clock on the mantel struck eleven. Suddenly a hand came between William Norton and the pages of Plato's "Republic." He was about to brush it aside like some obtrusive insect, when his sister-in-law said firmly, "William, why do you do things like that for yourself?"

"Like what?" he asked, his mind on his reading.

"Sewing on buttons, and darning your socks and making a general mess of things a man can't do for himself. Now that coat was a disgrace to a self-respecting man, and especially to a college professor."

"Really? I rather prided myself on that coat. Wherein was it lacking?"

"Why don't you get someone to do that sort of thing for you when it needs doing?" demanded Mary, her hand still on the page.

"Habit, I suppose. I can't bring myself to have a total stranger bothering over my clothes, I had to mend my own clothes in my college days and I grew accustomed to it."

"Yes," she sighed. "They have been in the same unhappy condition every vacation since your Freshman year."

"Well, there is one advantageous feature about it after all," he answered slowly, "You always rectify my mistakes so very efficiently every time I spend a vacation here."

"Why don't you get married, William?" she queried. "Now

that you have a larger salary you could well afford it. You'd be much happier, (some of the time," she reserved mentally), "and you'd make some woman a good husband."

"But I don't know that woman," he objected.

"Oh, nonsense. There's Ellen Markley—"

"Too young," interposed William.

"Or Anne McPherson, or Priscilla Hinman. You used to like them both before you got your head crammed with Greek," she continued.

"They are rather interesting people. Miss Hinman told me only recently how much she enjoyed that article of mine for the Classical Society."

"They're both going to spend the second week in August with me at the cottage. You'll be there then, but just cultivate their acquaintance more than that of your stupid old Greek."

She turned away and William Norton, Ph. D. returned to his book. A thought seemed to hinder his reading, however, for he took out his memorandum book and directly under "Books for Vacation," he wrote "Buttons—Priscilla Hinman or Anne McPherson," and in a second was lost in his reading.

Some months later, four to be exact, Mrs. Jack Norton's house party at the summer cottage was in full progress. It was still designated by the name of house party though it numbered, beside Jack and Mrs. Jack, only three persons. Anne MacPherson, Priscilla Hinman and William Norton, Ph. D. were playing the house party game, sometimes together, sometimes singly, but for William Norton, Ph. D. it lacked zest entirely. He was removed from his usual track in life. Both Anne and Priscilla were athletic. Neither cared a rap for Greek civilization, but either was ready to play with its most ardent student in that locality, who happened to be William Norton, Ph. D. He was good-looking in a quiet way, he was docile and he had an extremely fascinating way of looking at one as if one were the only thing in creation. To be sure, one had to imagine what he really thought, for what he said never fitted the way he looked at anyone. More than all this, he was the only available man, since Jack Norton happened to be married to Mrs. Jack Norton.

One thing was disturbing William Norton, Ph. D. He had recently found the entry in his memorandum, "Buttons—Anne MacPherson or Priscilla Hinman." Coming as it did in the midst of his summer vacation, when the stock of books he had brought was nearly at an end, since his brother's summer home was no place for his literary work, that entry brought a very disturbing suggestion. The professor was confronted by a triangular problem, buttons occupying the apex and Priscilla and Anne forming the base angles.

Then one morning he overheard a conversation which somewhat simplified things. Anne and Priscilla were on the porch, Anne with a magazine, idly swinging in her hammock, while Priscilla was busy with her embroidery. Anne spoke suddenly.

"I don't see how you can sit and do that all morning. One scallop would reduce me to imbecility. I hate sewing of any sort."

"Do you?" drawled Priscilla. "Don't you ever have to do what you hate?"

"Oh, once in a long time, but I generally manage to get out of it somehow by doing something someone else hates and having mending done in return."

William Norton in the living room removed himself to a safe distance and taking his memorandum at the place marked "Buttons" scratched out "Anne MacPherson." He did it a little regretfully, it is true, for Anne was very companionable, if she did hate mending. He was not forced to carry on a steady flow of conversation with Anne, as with Priscilla. And yet Priscilla always stimulated him. She was active, executive and charming. As his wife, she would be a social success in his college town. Already he saw her contrasted with the married women he knew. The contrast was much in her favor.

"Priscilla's the one," he decided. "But she's going home tomorrow and that means I have to ask her today. Whew! It's hot! And I'm going over to the Dugway with Anne this afternoon. Well, there's all the evening." And as a conse-

quence of this decision, William Norton, Ph. D was unusually abstracted all day.

In the evening, Priscilla decided to pay a farewell call at one of the cottages down the road. With William Norton, Ph. D., to carry her coat for a possible chill, and to ward off all the dangers of a moonlight night, she started out. William Norton, according to habit, said little, but Priscilla was not at a loss. On the return, however, she lapsed into frequent silences. William Norton, debating with himself how to approach Priscilla on the one subject that had occupied his mind during the past week, shifted the coat about uneasily on his arm.

"Priscilla" he began. "I've been wanting to ask you"—

"Yes?" said Priscilla, her heart thumping madly.

Another shift of Priscilla's coat and a sharp scratch on the hand of William Norton, Ph. D.

"What in the deuce is in this coat! There's something exceedingly uncomfortable."

Priscilla answered rather annoyed, "Why that's nothing but the hairpins that fasten on the buttons."

"Oh, yes," said William Norton, Ph. D., mentally, drawing a line on his memorandum book.

JOURNEY'S END

NELL BATTLE LEWIS

Here the end of wanderings
Over waters far and nigh,
Under blue and clouded sky,
Through sad winters and sweet springs.

Rest from toil through barren lands
In the wasted, waiting years;
Ease of heart-hurt, end of tears,
Here the heart that understands.

SKETCHES

PETER AND BLANCHE MARIE DIG TUNNELS IN SPAIN

MADELEINE FULLER MCDOWELL

"Peter," said Blanche Marie, wrinkling up her nose and making a round O of her mouth as she always did when adjusting a veil, "Peter, I want to go to the sea-shore."

"But Blanche Marie, it's April. People don't go to the sea-shore in April," Peter explained patiently.

"People don't, but we do, or can," she retorted.

Peter and Blanche Marie had been engaged for three months and Peter was still holding his breath and wondering how long it was to last, for he had been engaged to Blanche Marie before. This time she had accepted his thirteenth proposal on the theory, so she explained, that it is the moral duty of everyone to free this unfortunate number from the curse of superstition. Peter did not argue, being profoundly grateful. Had he chosen to, it would not have done much good. Realizing that it never did do much good, he now helped his fiancée into the waiting car and turned towards Revere Beach.

"You know that there'll be nothing doing down there," he informed her severely, when he had shifted into "high" and the car was running smoothly. "The management doesn't open until May."

"But that's just what I want because it means that we'll have the whole beach to ourselves. I don't care about any old Coney Island shoot-the-shoots. And I've planned everything beautifully. We'll stop at Lynn or some such place and get oranges, and lettuce sandwiches, and some of those horrid olive ones for you, and then we'll lock the car and camp out on the beach and dig tunnels. And oh Peter! Think of the smell!"

Peter obediently did so and turned into the Boulevard, while Blanche Marie leaned back with a peculiar little grunt of her own that meant perfect bliss, and raised her face thirstily to meet the rushing wind.

The sun was shooting out long, level arms of light when Peter and Blanche Marie, plus a lunch-basket, finally reached Revere, and stopped the car in front of a wide crescent of white sand. It was so still that they could hear how noisy the birds really were and how vociferously the pebbles protested at being dragged away. The sea, looking very mysterious indeed, swept in from nowhere and frayed at the edge of its blue smoothness. Many miles away a three-masted schooner slipped down behind the horizon, and off to the right a steamer left a fine thread of smoke behind it. To all intents and purposes the world belonged exclusively to Peter and Blanche Marie.

"I know that it seems silly to have supper so terribly early, but it will be cooler as soon as the sun goes down," said Blanche Marie, when they had climbed the beach wall and had found a smooth stretch of sand in its lee. "Besides I like to bask in it," she added.

"There's no warmth in April sun," said Peter with scorn—but he opened the lunch basket.

"Well, it looks warm anyway, and besides it's late April. Here's your kind of sandwich. Have you a knife for the oranges or must I bite into them and peel?"

"Peel," said Peter with his mouth full. "I say, B. M., this is a sandwich" he added, when speech was possible.

Blanche Marie's party was a success as her parties always were. Peter made a ridiculous little fire out of a match-box, some wisps of driftwood and the paper bag that the oranges had come in, and over it they solemnly toasted marshmallows, on matchsticks, underdoing the marshmallows and overdoing their fingers.

When the last crumb of food had disappeared they scrambled stiffly to their feet, and turning saw that the sun had set behind a row of swarthy hills, back of which the sky flamed and glowed, a thing of rather violent pinks and yellows, blending oddly enough, and setting off the soft, smutty outline of

the hills which looked as if it had been drawn by an artist prodigal of charcoal. The barbaric sweep of color and the coolness of the air seemed to affect Blanche Marie like a heady wine. She ran up and down the beach, singing mad little snatches of song, laughing to herself, skipping stones, hunting for shells, and behaving like a blissful child, while Peter watched her, almost with annoyance. It didn't seem quite proper for her to be so happy when she was going to California in the morning to be away from him for two hundred and seventeen interminable days. Not all the parties in the world could make *him* forget. A summer, Blanche Marie, less—loomed up always before him, and even olives and an exceptionally warm April day were powerless to lighten his gloom. Besides, business was not precisely booming and at times it seemed to Peter as if marrying Blanche Marie was about as possible as a trip to the moon. Grimly he called up a vista of long years of waiting, with a bank-account that would not fatten and a salary that would not rise. He did not like to say anything, but to him there was something distinctly disloyal about Blanche Marie's radiant eyes and upward-turning mouth. It almost seemed as if she didn't care, as if she didn't care much about anything but the sheer deliciousness of being alive. And it hurt. Yes, without a doubt it hurt.

Eventually, however, skipping stones and looking for sea-shells palled upon Blanche Marie, and she drifted back to Peter who lay stretched upon the sand, pulling at his pipe with vicious vigor. The strength of the sunset was over and the sky had become an exquisite thing of greys and sea-shell pink reflected in a silent opal sea, a sea so breathless, in fact, that it only whispered when it met the sand, making the journey from its horizon without a single ripple.

Blanche Marie, quiet and wide-eyed now, sat beside Peter for a little while without speaking. Then she leaned over and laid her cheek against his rough tweed shoulder.

"Peter, dear, I want to dig a tunnel with you," she whispered.

There was something mollifying about her voice, so Peter sat up.

"How?" he inquired.

"You start to dig from your end and I start to dig from mine and then we meet," she explained.

"Do we?" said Peter bitterly, with his mind on his bank account.

"Of course," said Blanche Marie, and she smiled quite a brave little smile, although her eyes were serious.

Peter rolled up his sleeves.

"Come on," he said, and they fell to work.

The strip of beach which separated them was exceptionally stony. They worked hard, burrowing deep into the moist sand and helping to force out the bigger stones with pieces of shell as shovels. Blanche Marie was swift and deft although a little fitful, but Peter worked steadily with a kind of grim vigor. He was not given to symbolism but for once in his literal life a symbol had become of desperate significance to him.

"We're getting on beautifully," said Blanche Marie, pausing for a moment to find a bigger shell. "We'll be together in no time."

"The stones are so big, Blanche Marie," said Peter, quietly.

"But there aren't any that you can't move," she replied, quickly. "Get out the small ones first and that will loosen the big ones."

Peter looked up at this but Blanche Marie was much pre-occupied and did not meet his eyes.

"Look out for a landslide," she warned him. "We mustn't work too quickly and we must strengthen the roof with wet sand. I am having a rather horrid time on my side, too. The stones aren't so big as yours but there are so many of them."

Again Peter looked up, this time to meet her eyes, but in them he found no "disloyal" gaiety and her smile was only a thin little thing that curved one corner of her mouth. He drew in his breath with a sharp sound and dug deep down, sending the sand flying.

For a time they worked in silence coming nearer and nearer together. Peter was stretched out at full length and Blanche Marie was half lying on the other side of the tunnel with her arm buried up to the elbow. There was a bare two inches

between her red head and his dark one, but still a wall of sand separated their groping hands.

"There is an enormous stone on my side," whispered Peter. "I can't move it, Blanche Marie, dear. It just won't move."

"Yes, you can, Peter. Keep on trying. I'm working from my side, remember. And the wall is very thin now." Her cheeks were an uneven pink and her voice trembled a little.

"But it is so big, B. M. I can't move it at all," said Peter, then suddenly succumbed. There was a quick fall of sand. Peter pushed through and a second later his hand closed over Blanche Marie's damp, sandy fingers.

"Blanche Marie, darling! My precious little girl," he fairly shouted, "Oh Blanche Marie, we've done it, we've done it! The stones didn't make any difference. Oh, my wonderful girl!" and although he knew perfectly well that the sand peepers were there, because he could hear them, he kissed her quite brazenly on her little round mouth. Whereupon Blanche Marie, the heart-whole lover of life, Blanche Marie, the disloyally joyous, buried her head in the folds of Peter's tweed coat and cried happily and disastrously all over the front of his clean shirt. But Peter didn't mind, and the sand peepers peeped in sympathy.

LULLABY

DOROTHY STOCHMAN KEELEY

I'll sing you a song, that a star
Laughed down to a rose in the lane,
And I'll tell you the secrets that lurk
In the rose scented whisper of rain.

Only sleep while your mother is singing,
It's sunset and you're safe on her arm
The live things out doors, they went long ago,
So sleep, and I'll guard you from harm.

WHAT'S A FRIEND?

FRANCES BELFREDA FRIBOURG

It would have been an entirely different story if Mary Ellen, standing apart from the other children, who were romping on the playground, had not seen the boy with the brown cap—seen him pick up the snow, roll it into a hard ball, and throw it as far as it would go. She watched him with round eyes, and a quivery feeling of excitement at his daring. For was it not forbidden that the Public School 21 should throw snow-balls? And had not the principal that very day described to them in striking terms the harm snowballing might do, and the punishment that would result from disregarding the rule concerning this offence?

So Mary Ellen gazed, with a feeling half admiration, half reproof. Suddenly a shriek rang out, and the whole playground was in confusion. Mary Ellen ran with all the rest to the spot whence the cries came. There one of the teachers was holding a little girl, wiping the blood from her face, and trying to quiet her sobbing.

"What's the matter?" Mary Ellen whispered to the girl next to her.

"Somebody threw a snow-ball and hit her," came the excited reply.

Mary Ellen looked around and her glance fell upon the boy with the brown cap. Why, he was standing there with his arm around *Billy*, she noticed in surprise. She hadn't known that he was a friend of Billy's—and Billy was her own special chum, who lived next door and shared all his secrets with her. Why, she must warn Billy against him! If she didn't, he might teach Billy to—

The boy with the brown cap turned, and his frightened eyes met Mary Ellen's accusing ones. A moment they stood thus—then the boy's face took on a menacing expression.—"Don't you *dare* to tell, or I'll get even with you." His lips formed the words.

"Girls, you will please go to your classrooms; I want the

boys to assemble in my office," ordered the principal's stern voice. The little girl, still sobbing, was carried into the building, and the other children followed quietly, whispering about the accident, and wondering what the principal would say to the boys.

But the calm routine of the school was broken. Little girls could not think of the chief exportations of southern Africa, when upstairs the principal might be scolding, or even flogging, the masculine element of the school. Excited guesses were made as to the identity of the culprit. Mary Ellen alone sat outwardly calm. Her unseeing eyes were glued upon the picture of a dusky native of Africa, who was performing impossible acrobatic feats—possibly because Mary Ellen was holding the book upside down. For Mary Ellen's mind was a confusion of snowballs, and bloody girls, and big boys with brown caps, who stood with Billy, and who whispered, "I'll get even if you tell."

Upstairs, the principal was concluding a very serious talk with the boys. "And now, I want the boy who broke this rule to confess. Will he please stand up?"—No one moved. "Very well, then, I must ask if anyone knows who the offender is. John Marsh, do you know?"

"No, sir."

"Black?"

"No, sir."

"Carney?"

"No." And so on down the line, until the last was Billy.

"William Twindell, do you know who threw this snowball?"

There was a pause, then "Yes, sir," said Billy.

Mary Ellen heard all about it as Billy walked home with her. Billy always walked home with her these winter afternoons, when it grew dark so early, and the snow was so deep. At first, the boys had been disposed to scoff at Billy, their leader, for so lowering himself as to accompany a girl home, but a few curt remarks had silenced them. "Aw, it's a feller's place to see that a girl don't get stuck in the snow, or get lost, an' I'm a-goin' to keep on doin' it, too. See?"

So now, as they walked home in the deepening dusk, Billy told Mary Ellen all about it.—"O' course, I wasn't a-goin' to

lie about it, 'cause I did see the kid do it—but I ain't a-goin' to tell who 'twas. It 'ud be dirty, that's what it 'ud be! Dirty! so there!"

"But, Billy!" Mary Ellen's big brown eyes were full of anxiety. "But won't you have to stay expelled until they find out who did it?"

"Sure," returned Billy.

"Oh," cried Mary Ellen in despair, "that would be awful! Oh, Billy, wouldn't it be all right for you to tell? Please, Billy, please, *please* do!"

"Gee, that's just like a girl!" Billy wrinkled his freckled nose in scorn. "You bet I won't tell! *Jiminy*, but you girls are *mean*! D' yuh think a feller'd tell? But girls! A girl can't be a real friend to anyone, like a feller can."

"Oh," said Mary Ellen, for she was thinking.

Mary Ellen was thinking so hard during supper that she hardly heard mother's and father's remarks, and late into the night she lay awake in bed, trying to find some solution for Billy's problem. To be expelled was, in Mary Ellen's estimation, a punishment no less dire than a prison sentence. And Billy, Billy of all people—dear old Billy, who told her such wonderful tales, of baseball games, and soldiers, and pranks he played; who had even played dolls with her, when she was sick—and made her swear, "cross-my-heart," never to tell anyone about it. Billy *mustn't* stay expelled! And if *she* told—she, who knew—Billy could go back to school! But then, there was the boy with the brown cap. "I'll get even if you tell," he had said. Mary Ellen had heard of what boys did to you when they "got even." They washed your face with snow, and hit you, and chased you. Sometimes they got all of the girls they knew angry at you. Oh, they made you just miserable!

On the way home from school the next day, the brown-capped boy caught up with her. "Remember what I told you yesterday," he cautioned, warningly; and Mary Ellen, trembling, nodded.

Billy was waiting for her when she reached home—a very gloomy Billy. For father and mother had been quite angry,

and had threatened punishment if he didn't go back to school soon.

"But I won't tell, I can't," Billy stubbornly repeated to Mary Ellen for the fiftieth time.

"Billy, what do you do when you get even with people?" Mary Ellen interrupted him.

"Oh, the awfulest things you could ever think of," returned Billy, darkly.

"And you aren't going back?" pursued Mary Ellen. "I don't see"—

"No, you don't see," said Billy, wearily. "It's a matter of honor. A feller would understand. Girls—they don't know what it is to be a real friend."

Another troubled night passed. As mother kissed Mary Ellen goodby the next morning, Mary Ellen voiced the question which had been bothering her. "Mother, could I ever be a real friend?"

"Why, child, what a question!" laughed Mary Ellen's mother. "Of course you could!"

"And if I was a real friend with somebody, I'd do anything in the world for them, even if it hurt me, wouldn't I?" continued Mary Ellen, anxiously.

"Of course, dear." And so Mary Ellen's mind was made up.

That morning the principal of Public School 21 received a visit from a rather frightened, but withal brave little girl. From her he learned the whole story of the boy with the brown cap and Billy. At the end, he thanked the little girl, and promised to have Billy reinstated in school.

That afternoon, a very happy Billy walked home with Mary Ellen. Mary Ellen listened to his remarks with a far-away, abstracted air. For the brown-capped boy had hurled his parting threat at her a few minutes before. "Never mind, missy; you told,—but *I'll get even with you yet!*" Suddenly a word caught her ear, and she listened to Billy, as he talked gaily on.

"Yeah, I knew it would come out all right," he was saying. "I dunno what made 'em take me back, but I knew it 'ud be all right. An' I couldn't have told. You girls don't understand. A girl can't be a *real* friend, like a feller."

"Oh," said Mary Ellen, for she was thinking.

VOICES

ANNIE RUTH CRANDALL

What quiet inspiration 'tis, to stand
Alone beside the ever-restless sea,
To see it swirling, rushing on the rocks,
Or gently lapping on the sloping sand,
And feel upon one's face the bracing wind;
'Tis then that voices seem to call to noble deeds,
Tireless as wind and sea, and make aware
A spirit-kin alike in sky and sea and me.

And when upon a rough and stormy day
The waves roll up and dash against the wreck,
And spray flies high o'er rock and rugged cliff,
And stinging sand blows sharp against my cheek,
My surging soul is stirred to lowest depths,
Aroused to earnest battle with the wrongs without
And wrongs within, and human problems all,
Assured some Pow'r will grant me strength to nobly win.

PLATONISM VS. THE NICE YOUNG MAN

ANNA DAVENPORT SPARKS

They had gone for a motor ride with the Frenches, and when they started out they were at peace with the world—and each other. The girl, Mary Emery, was a thoroughly modern girl, and thought that man should meet maid on the footing of friendship only—a thing that ages have proved impossible. The man, John Caruthers, had no views at all on the relations that should exist between the sexes. He was just a nice young man, and he liked Mary, and he had a comfortable feeling that some day he would love her, and a hope that some day she might love him—all this far in the future of course. But it was a shining midwinter night, and they were alone in the tonneau, and the beauty of the evening, combined with the cosiness of their position worked a spell on John, so that before he quite realized what he was doing, he had taken Mary into his arms—and kissed her. Mary did not scream—

the modern girl scorns to scream—but she uttered a few words of icy condemnation, and after that all the fur rugs and coats in which he was wrapped could not keep John Caruthers warm. It was a trying situation—they could not separate without explanations to the Frenches, and neither of them chose to explain. So they sat there, each in a corner of the big back seat, as far apart as possible, and sat in silence. John Caruthers was thinking, "What a beastly idiot I am! I have spoiled my chances with that girl, and now I love her more madly than ever." Mary Emery was thinking, "Oh dear—oh dear! and he was so nice. Of course I can't have anything more to do with him—he stepped beyond the bounds of friendship." And the whirl of the motor sang a song of discontent for both of them.

Their misery was very deep, and, as they thought, very hopeless. There was no way out—at any rate, they could not see it. But Fate, who is always especially kind to lovers, suddenly revealed one. Coming over the brow of a hill, they found the road covered with inches of ice. It was too late to turn back and the heavy car, not even protected by chains, danced and skidded down the steep hill. On one side was a rock wall, on the other a deep ravine. In the face of that almost certain death, Mary suddenly decided that if she must die, she didn't want to die alone, and as the car slid perilously toward a ditch on John's side, she slid down the seat into his arms. Then there was firm road under the wheels again, but somehow she had no desire to return to her solitary state—modern views on friendship and platonism seemed very cold and unsatisfactory. True, the danger was past—but past also was Mary's desire to be distant. In fact, now she seemed to want to be as near to John as possible, and John Caruthers was such a nice young man.

In a moment, the tension relaxed. Mr. French on the front seat gave a whistle of relief. "Whew! I didn't mean to give you kids such a jouncing up," he said.

Mary looked carefully away from John. "I reckon a jouncing up was just about what we needed," she said softly.

"What?" asked Mr. French.

But Mary did not answer—she could not, for her face was quite buried in the warm, fuzzy shoulder of John's fur coat.

PHILOSOPHY

MARIE EMILIE GILCHRIST

So, beggared of its worth, the hoarded love
I gave so gladly when you asked it me,
Comes creeping back to fill my heavy heart
With misery.

All things change
This too will pass
Like sudden winds
Across the grass.

Humiliated, scorned by my own soul,
I struggle on to leave my pain behind.
Neglected lies the altar where our love
Was once enshrined.

All things change
This too will pass
Like sudden winds
Across the grass.

AUTUMN

MARION MARGARET BOYD

Sometimes the russet line of trees
Will show you where she's trod,
Or you may see her dancing
With the yellow goldenrod.
The asters say they've seen her
And the gentians smile and nod,
For they are fringed with purple
Where her footsteps pressed the sod.

The maple flames with crimson
Where she kissed him as she passed,
And on the distant line of hills
Where the sunset colors last,
You can almost see her smiling
When the spell of her is cast
In her veil of misty purple
That the trees are holding fast.

ABOUT COLLEGE

A REPORTER—OUTSIDE

ELMA COKEFAIR GUEST

My first day of being a Cub-Reporter, and a day which has been extremely happy throughout its entirety, is over and the ten o'clock bell has rung—which means that my roommate is sleeping peacefully, though not silently. She is one of those fortunate individuals who does what one usually knows of only from reading books—"falls asleep as soon as her head touches the pillow"—and as a rule her head has touched the pillow by one minute before ten. I am taking a light cut because the light looks so warm and I know the sheets on my cot are cold and would chill me. You will understand this antipathy to a chilling sensation after I have taken you a little way beyond sundown of this, my First Day.

There are two journalistic boards here at College and I tried out for each, twice. I didn't "make" either the first time, but the second time one of them "took me in." I've never "made," or been "taken in," or "elected" before, and it is truly wonderful. At this point, it ought to be explained that one of these boards elected three from our class, the other, seven. I "made" the other which means that I was fourth, fifth, sixth, or seventh best—for I have heard it whispered that very clever people *choose* which they shall go on (perhaps the first three do that!) I am not very clever. I am not even a little bit clever. But no one loves the work more than I, and so I try to think "I'll get there just the same."

My particular predecessor had been keeping a careful watch over me, but suddenly, I realized that she had turned her gaze in another direction—for now she has another superior "job" of her own.

I started at nine o'clock this morning. My first informant-to-be kept me waiting only twenty minutes to meet his office hour, or, as it happened to be in this case, his office half-hour. He then referred me to a work comprising seven volumes, for two lines of fact. The work was not a part of our Library, and so I went to the neighboring "Forbes." There a mention of the existence of the facts was found but the facts themselves were not given. I turned to a similar set of books by another writer, and the search was rewarded by the discovery of a tiny foot-note referring to an article in a back number of a magazine (half a century back.) My hands were almost covered with dust from these top row books that are seldom used. I know I felt like a specialist tracking down his specialty into its final corner. The thought filled me with a breathless enthusiasm. In our own Library, I found the magazine article. But now it was another "big man's" office hour and I therefore set out on a new scent.

"Mary Smith will give you the data; then I prefer that you show me what you have written before it goes into print."

"Certainly, and thank you." With a smile, I backed and bowed out of the office. I fancy a reporter must always smile except when he's reporting funerals, and possibly some weddings. It is doubtless part of the game, as is the smile of a circus clown.

Just at this time, unfortunately, I suffered an hour's interruption. I had a class. After that it was necessary for me to eat, and then two more classes followed. I suppose classes are a blessing, otherwise College might grow monotonous without those regular interruptions. There was a ball game and I had hoped we might be excused early, but we weren't.

It was four o'clock. I found Mary Smith. She promised the necessary material in two days if I would meet her at eleven-twenty in front of the "Libe." I would.

I went to the Board room, but both the typewriters were in use. To prevent time from hanging heavy on my hands, I busied myself copying Do's and Don't's and other rules and regulation's. I did this to avoid the danger of losing myself in the shelf or two of books which line one of the walls. At

last, I was putting paper into one of the machines. The other was strangely idle, too. I looked over my shoulder and a half dozen familiar faces met my gaze.

"Why, we're not having a meeting this afternoon, are we?" I stammered.

"No, but the *old* Board is."

"Oh, then I'll get out." And I got out.

Since this is not a diary, it does not matter what I did from five to six. Possibly I wasted my time, for who shall judge of wasted time? I'll leave the hour a mystery. Mysteries are interesting, and I want something interesting in this chronicle even if it is only the omissions. Just after supper, I skipped down the hill to the Board room again. I sat down in solitary state and self-importance before a typewriter. (In this intricate science I am only two weeks beyond the one finger stage. I am at the playing scales period.) Ah! the title for the article looked good now that it was written. I spaced my paragraph indentation. Footsteps suddenly broke in upon the quiet of the still night air. There were members of the Board-I-Did-Not-Make escorting in the Faculty who always came nearest to making me quake. I don't know why this is, for she certainly is not fierce to look upon. A certain lack of acquaintance may account in part for my feeling, although I am inclined to think it is due to the fact that, along those lines where I yearn to know a little, she is very wise.

And now I remembered that I ought to ask her for one small but important fact. At the same time, I found myself repeating, almost mechanically, and under my breath, "Oh, then, I'll get out." But as I crossed the room, I realized the meeting was not ready to be called to order. I approached the Feared One, my heart beating a wildly tumultuous tattoo against my ribs. Yes she would refer to a book of her own, was the ready response to my request.

Should I ask her tomorrow?

No, I might walk home with her after the meeting!

Realizing her mistake in classing me among the elect of the evening, I mumbled something about waiting "in another room," and bolted out. I knew that other room would mean outside. And outside it meant.

I sat down on the steps prepared to wait. I was exhilarated by the thought that this was the "real thing" at last—refusing to budge until you had had your "interview." I believed I could sit there all night—die sitting there, if need be, and die content—for was not this all in the day's work,—the work of those in that wonderful "press world?" You may wonder at my seemingly empty method of bridging time, but I have not lived under my particular star for a score of years without knowing some of its freaks. Had I stepped aside for even the fraction of a minute, something would have brought the meeting to an untoward end, and My Faculty would have escaped.

It was too dark to read and there were no stars to bear me company. It had been one of those raw, windy Spring days when it is impossible to *feel* the shining sun. And to make matters worse, my coat was not red—it was a thin gray. The steps were very cold; and in an effort to both sit on my coat and have it cover my shoulders, I stretched the garment all I could and cramped my rather large body as much as possible. Some sort of a rehearsal was going on inside, and groups of girls entered, but not one *alone*. Then from within a lively air was struck up, and occasionally sounds of applause could be heard. I wondered what it was, and what they were playing. I do not know very much about music and therefore I even tried to puzzle out what instruments were being played upon. My glance turned toward the Gymnasium. It seemed to me to be unusually bright with lights. I was shivering by now, and I thought with something like despair of how I'd be so stiff and lame I would not be able to enjoy Allen Field for a week. From the Board room, there floated out sounds of laughter. Why must I be on the Outside?

I love the night air even when it is cold. But aware of the brevity of my coat, and realizing that a straight line is, after all, the shortest distance between two points, I leaned back and laid my head gently down upon an upper step. (It did not sink in.) Ah! this would be a fleeting moment of that ecstasy of enjoyment one reads of in "A Night Among the Pines." I even imagined Stevenson was sitting by my side. But I found to my chagrin, that there was not a pine in sight,

the edge of a step was pushing its way into the middle of my back, my head was resting on a pillow of stone, and the moment did not "fleet." Besides this, unthinking girls nearer the centre of the steps, were tramping up and down, and all over my pillow, as they entered or left the building. They looked at my prostrate form curiously, but they all passed on, and fearing lest anyone should inquire if I were ill, I nevertheless realized that perhaps I could lie there with chattering teeth all night before any good Samaritan covered me up. And if after all I should die at this somewhat imaginary post of duty, I shuddered to think of the things I would leave undone. Those things I had done which I ought not to have done, worried me far less. There was, for example, my "English Thirt." True, I had written some hundred hours or more, and had only elected thirty. And the hundred pages were full of rare excellence and charm. There were two short stories, one longer story, two delightful little verses, and several informal essays. But my sin was nevertheless one of omission, for every one of those glowing sentences had been written in my head, and not a word put down on paper.

Someone was saying, "Won't you let me walk home with you?" I jumped up thinking I had heard the voice of a usurper, and I had. Indeed I had heard several voices, and so I walked on the Outside in silence. But my blood had begun to recirculate. I bounded up the steps and held open the door. Once again someone else was saying what I would have said:—"May I have a moment's conversation with you?"

Would *I* wait a moment longer?

"Certainly," I said with my best reporter's smile.

I sat on the edge of a chair in the hall. The hall was deserted as was also the parlor. Everything was deserted tonight (except the chilly cold stone steps.)

My time had come at last.

"Go in and sit down, while I find the book."

I was glad I had been told to sit down instead of just to "go in,"—for there inviting me across the threshold and toward the middle of the room was a chair which faced the door. I sank into it and looked about the room I had longed to see. The lights were beautifully soft. Had they been otherwise

they would have glared harshly at me, and made me blink in my present physical and mental state. And the chairs in that room! I wanted to lay my head against all of them,—and I began to think of the stories which everything there must represent—and to wonder about some of them. But what made that room blessed to me was the warmth. Then and there I decided that when my Career had begun I would have rich red velvet curtains at my windows also.

My hostess, for she no longer seemed my Faculty, returned with the book, but the name was not to be found. Incredible as it may seem, I did not care now very much whether I obtained my information or not. I was quite content with the evening I had spent. I knew I had enjoyed it immensely.

But again I was asked to sit down while another source of information was tried. I was a second time grateful for the injunction to be seated, for I had risen at the proper time, a thing which I sometimes forget to do, if I am thinking of something else—and I should hate to ever think *only* of rising and sitting. I imagine most people would have left me standing there, if I had not sense to reseal myself unasked. And I should not have had the “sense” required, for at present I am really shy—though I believe only inside, and not on the surface. But there is no telling how bold this newspaper work may make me!

In less time than it takes to tell it, this had all happened, I had received the information which I sought, and was at the door. My Hostess (indeed she had been completely transformed for me) was holding open the screen door. Suddenly reminded of the chilly night air, I was afraid *she* might get cold, and therefore I seized the knob of the outer door, and had a sudden impulse to show myself out most unceremoniously.

“Thank you,” I said, and “Good-Night.”

A “Good-Night” came back to me through the open door, spoken not at all in a platform voice, but in some indescribable way—that, had I been a man, I should have turned abruptly and gone again, within. Being only a girl—and a reporter—I remained Outside, but I ran all the way home.

THE "FRONT-FAMILY" FRESHMAN

NELL BATTLE LEWIS

Oh the "Front-Family" Freshman
Is heard in the land
Here's the song that it sings
While it's chest doth expand:

"Oh the lime-light's upon me
I'm right in the glare
Of the calcium flame,
No escape anywhere.

Though I've not sought the same
'Twould be useless I know
For of course my great fame
Will but go where I go.

Why my rep was attained
'Fore I even was seen
I was torn at the train
'Twixt the Orange and Green.

Where I live's quite THE place
It is needless to state
Here's the point of the case
I was simply born great.

I'm Sixteen's pampered pet
And I just can't begin
To describe all my "times"
At that cute Even Inn.

And my nerve let me say
Is by no means at ebb
I'm on intimate terms
With the biggest "celeb."

I am playing of course
In each Odd-Even game
Would Miss Richards object
If I used her first name?

THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

Though it's quite an ordeal
 As I'm modest and shy
 Still,—I try to bear up
 'Neath the harsh public eye.

On the crest of the wave
 My success is complete.
 Oh my dear! It's superb
 To be truly élite!

GOLDENROD

MARY COGGESHALL BAKER

An artist saw thee in the field,
 Resplendent in thy green and gold,
 And then upon a canvas white
 He drew thy picture, and it sold.

A poet's nature thou didst stir,
 And so he wrote a lovely sonnet,
 It brought the Fame for which he longed,
 Though he made little money on it.

Thy feathery fairness did delight
 A little child—thou wast a toy,
 And so he picked, and played with thee,
 And loved thee well, thou thing of Joy.

And then I asked, "Hast aught for me?"
 Thou didst nod gaily, base deceiver,
 And shake some pollen out, and give
 Me, too, a gift; it was—Hay Fever.

LINES TO A DELINQUENT CHAPEL DATE

MARGARET NORRIS JONES

Beautiful girl, 'tis half past eight,
 How can you be cruel, how can you be late?
 Beautiful girl, 'tis twenty of nine,
 The doors are closing, for you I pine.
 If beloved, you're sleeping late
 Hear the wish of your chapel date!
 May your dreams be dreadful, your pillow hard
 There's another X on my chapel card!

LOCAL COLOR

MARGARET DOUGLAS LYLURN

It is Autumn now and the mountains
Have colors of every hue,
Golden, brown and scarlet,
Green and a purple or two.

They are massed in a glorious mixture
And they change as the days go by,
But they couldn't come up to our colors
No matter how hard they should try.

Our shades of rose are a legion,
And there's purple and orange and green,
Some red and some blue and some yellow,
And some that I never had seen!

We're having our own kind of autumn,
And everyone's doing her best
To purchase some shade that already
Has not been found by the rest!

By their colors ye never shall know them
But that does not matter at all
For although we outclass the mountains,
We surely could not have a "Fall."

TO A CLOSE-MOUTHED FRIEND

MARIE EMILIE GILCHRIST

A good amount of reticence I've always thought quite proper.
I do not urge that you pull out the confidential stopper,
But as a friend, I feel that I must offer this suggestion,
That he who swallows his own smoke is prone to indigestion.
Full many a reckless smoker has been warned that to inhale,
Means just the dread insertion of another coffin nail;
Pandora after all was wise, she felt without a doubt,
That it would be a great relief to let her troubles out.
And after that it's easier to do as Stoics bid,
And it won't seem so hard to sit and grin upon the lid!

REVIEWS

THREE RECENT VOLUMES

Seldom could a better literary contrast be found than in three volumes of poetry published this year, Edgar Lee Masters' "Spoon River Anthology" (MacMillan Company), Robert Frost's "North of Boston" (Henry Holt Company), and "Afternoons in April" (Houghton Mifflin Company) by Grace Hazard Conkling, Smith 1899. Mrs. Conkling's poetry is written in the style to which we are accustomed, the style which English tradition has endeared to our hearts. Milton, Keats, Tennyson, and the unworldly worlds of Austin Dobson as well as all the wealth of Greek classicism glow beneath her lines. Her verse is gay, lilting, colorful; appealing, tender, and soothing by turns. She can with equal charm lament the destruction of the "Chimes of Termonde"

"It's forth we must alone, alone
And try to find the way,
The bells that we have always known,
War broke their hearts to-day."

or turning to the fanciful, she can question the Scarlet Tanager,

"Do you collect for merchandise
Ribbons of weed and jeweled shells
And dazzle color hungry eyes
With rainbows from the coral wells?"

It is like the difference between a rose-scented garden in June and a bleak windswept hillside in November to leave these worlds of romance and return to the dead-level of New England country life in Frost's "North of Boston." His is a

different genius altogether. His earlier verse in "A Boy's Will" is somewhat conventional but this volume breaks definitely with orthodox poetry and places him in the freer company of Browning. Many of his subjects are not those which we are accustomed to consider poetical such as "A Hundred Collars," and "The Death of the Hired Man." Yet in spite of tinges of irony, we find here the heart of poetry, original, unobtrusive,—beautiful in simplicity and spiritual tenderness. Take these lines from one of his best poems. "The Black Cottage,"

Such a phrase couldn't have meant much to her,
But suppose she had missed it from the Creed
As a child misses the unsaid "Good-night"
And falls to sleep with a heartache,—how should I feel?"

or better still, read the whole poem for yourself, and the poetic dialogue, "The Death of the Hired Man" and the description of the Lorens family in "Blueberries." You will feel the intangible difference between this and other poetry, its utter simplicity and quiet passion and the perfectness of its impressions of life on scattered New England farms.

But the most remarkable of the books of the year is Masters' "Spoon River Anthology". It contains page upon page of engulfing bitterness and unceasing satire, a relentless exposition of the life struggles of sordid men and women. Here and there are glimmers of hope and aspiration but oh so pitifully few! The book is a series of self epitaphs, of bitter recriminations from the grave, written in such an austere and emphatic style that at the first reading one is overborne with a feeling of the unutterable uselessness of life. It pictures a life without religion and its attributes, faith, prayer and purifying love, life that is only a dull monotonous round of petty hates which end only in the grave.

It cannot be poetry, these pages of unrhymed lines held together only by the slightest rhythmical bond, and it certainly is not inspiring, as poetry is, yet the more one reads and tries to understand the rather stupendous picture of a whole village which Mr. Masters has evolved from the chaos of individualities, the more one feels that perhaps actuality may com-

pensate for beauty and the unvarnished truth for delicate delineation. One becomes fascinated by the summaries of human life.

Whether it is poetry or not, whether one likes it or not makes no difference. The reader cannot fail to read and read again. He must recognize the Anthology at least as a remarkable creative product, a "new thing under the sun."

M. N. J.

HEARD ON THE BOOK-SHELVES

'Twas drowsy mid-afternoon, the hour when one longs for a diversion. Did the readers in the deep chairs of the Browsing Room feel anything unusual in the air? Perhaps not, for our senses are unbelievably dull at times, but in reality, the spirit of gossip had taken possession of the shelves, and the book-spirits discussed their neighbors with such animation that one could almost hear the tinkle of tea-cups. Sir Walter Scott, an impressive figure in his high cravat, kicked his heels over the edge of his edition de luxe in a disgusted manner and finally voiced his opinions explosively, "Nowadays one doesn't know whom he will meet in his own favorite haunts. Things have come to a pretty pass when a gentleman can't stir abroad without being accosted on all sides by upstarts whose worth has not been proved by long acquaintance." (He settled his cravat with a modest cough.) "Now what claim has the newcomer, Walton, to a place among us here? He is only a doctor of medicine, anyway—why does he attempt to dabble in literature? I've thought several times before that we were going too far in our new ideas of democracy." (Here he cast a significant glance at Mark Twain.)

"I know it must be a sore trial to you, Scott, to see me here beside you as handsomely dressed as yourself," said that gentleman with an understanding grin, "but you know *you* wouldn't be here if you hadn't been read and read again, and by the same token I am here, too. This Walton may write only "M. D." instead of "Baronet" after his name, but he has sound common sense for all that, and his book is well-worth reading, especially when one is in a mood to be much vexed by

trifles. I like to repeat its title to myself,—“Calm Yourself—” when semi-educated young women pass me by and read the “*Cosmopolitan*” on the library steps. Every man must expect his own greengrocer, haberdasher, or barber to express his opinions, and have them printed.”

“Yes,” and bound in a series with those who deserve better company,” snorted Sir Walter.

“Ah, yes, indeed,” nodded the bust of Robert Browning, “it is distinguished company into which this unknown doctor has stumbled. Dr. George H. Palmer’s two volumes in that series, “Self-Cultivation in English,” and “The Glory of the Imperfect,” are fit company for our classics. The latter is in a dignified and inspiring defense of this country and its stronger sense of loyalty. The former, “Self-Cultivation in English,” should be read and reread by everyone who cares aught for the art of writing, for even together with a certain liberality of attitude toward common expression of opinion, surely a certain standard of art must be maintained.”

“For myself, I am glad to welcome to our company another member of that series, the work of a scholar and a gentleman,” said Cardinal Newman, after clearing his throat portentously, “Even printing in a series cannot hide the significance of such an acquisition as Dr. Eliot’s “The Cultivated Man.”

“But aren’t all these lacking in feeling, in sentiment?” A thin voice issued from the cold marble of the bust of Mrs. Browning. “Even “A Hill-top on the Marne,” by Mildred Aldrich, has more of that element of romance which I miss in these others. Her intimate descriptions of her new home, of her life there, of the experiences into which she is plunged by the war, cannot fail to be fascinating reading.” After this unwonted animation, the marble lapsed once more into silence.

“I like to find a competent person who agrees with me that all apparent idling is not useless waste of time,” said Robert Louis Stevenson, after a pause. “Mr. Bostwick, in his “The Making of an American’s Library,” opens up new vistas of profitable idling. Long, richly-filled hours of testing and sampling book-friends, of companionship with them when the

testing has proved them valuable—this is the alluring picture which Mr. Bostwick draws in his chapter on "Browning."

"Yes," conceded Sir Walter, "and he is an advocate of loyalty to the old friends, too. *He* would not have one fill his shelves with all the new volumes on the market. In his small, intimate library *par excellence*, but few of us, mayhap, would find representation."

Foreseeing friction, Robert Louis Stevenson, broke in once more, "Modesty forbids me to praise overmuch the new volume edited by Professor Richard Rice, of Indiana University, "College and the Future." Taken as a whole, however, it certainly gives the reader a new conception of colleges—not alone of the American, or the English college, but of colleges in general, their aims and purposes, student life, the place of certain student activities, what should be accomplished by a college training. All sides of the question are discussed, and by many different writers—Arnold Bennett, President Wilson, Dr. Peabody, H. G. Wells, our friend here, Cardinal Newman, and myself, among others."

Dusky shadows had been gathering in the room. Suddenly, the electric lights were switched on. The readers in the deep chairs stirred and looked at the clock, then turned once more, with contented sighs, to their books.

F. M. H.

"Calm Yourself," G. L. Walton.

Houghton Mifflin Co.

"The Glory of the Imperfect," G. H. Palmer.

Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Self-Cultivation in English," G. H. Palmer.

Houghton Mifflin Co.

"The Cultivated Man," C. W. Eliot,

Houghton Mifflin Co.

"The Making of an American Library," A. E. Bostwick,

Little, Brown and Company.

"College and the Future," edited by Richard Rice, Jr.,

Scribner's.

"A Hilltop on the Marne," Mildred Aldrich,

Houghton Mifflin Co.

EDITORIAL

Every year brings to us a long succession of guests,—distinguished visitors from the outside world who flash across our sky with meteoric brilliancy and then vanish. Some of them, perhaps, drop sparks that set ablaze a little conflagration, fiery and hot, while the fuel lasts, but easily exhausted. Some of them linger pleasantly in our memories on account of some whimsical trick of speech or odd flirt of the hand; and of some we will always think with awe and terror as very great men who occupied the seats of the mighty and were always seen surrounded by an impenetrable wall of faculty.

Concerning our most recent distinguished guest, Mr. George Herbert Palmer, Emeritus Professor of Philosophy of Harvard University, it may be said that the impression which he left is almost unique in the annals of the college. Indeed the term "guest" cannot be correctly applied to him. For four weeks he was, technically, a member of the faculty of instruction, and in that period of time, he succeeded in identifying himself with the life of the college to an extraordinary degree. He fitted himself into the well-worn grooves of our academic routine with an easy naturalness that often takes one years to acquire. The mere fact of his daily presence on the platform at chapel seems to us most significant. The morning service is one of our most intimate institutions. We have so many diverse interests, our days are so chopped up by the necessity of doing a great many things in a very short space of time, and each has so much to do in her own individual way, that we frequently lose sight of the fact that we are after all, a real and organic community. With the rapid increase in the numbers of the college, this lack of structural unity has grown

more pronounced, until now, it is only at our chapel exercises, that we come together as an institution. The spirit in which we meet then is not one of mere enthusiastic college loyalty: it is rather a keen sense of communion or fellowship with Christian members of a Christian organization.

The ability to identify one's own personality with that of an institution can only grow out of a genuine human interest in the affairs of our fellow-beings. One often wonders how many of us can lay claim to this quality. Only a very few we may venture to say. Some of us would like to be really interested in everyone but it is such tiresome work to listen to their stupid little affairs. And perhaps because we feel that way about others we hesitate to hold aught of ourselves up to the public eye or ear. The most precious of the gifts which Mr. Palmer has left to us is the lavish gift of his own personality. We have been stirred to an indefinable longing to at least follow by the side of the path he has trodden. We have been stimulated with a desire to think more seriously; to find a deeper, truer meaning of the life around us; to discern, in the sonnets of Shakespeare, something more than the beauty of the lines or their very apparent meaning. We have seen that, even in this iconoclastic age, there are persons who have some sort of spiritual life and we have been spurred on to a hope of our own future by this knowledge.

The modern college student is such a material realist. Romance, of course, is not entirely dead for us but we think of it as existing only in the shadowy world of books. We seldom stop to think that these books were created in the same real world in which we live; that their authors were men and women more real and human perhaps than ourselves. When we are reminded of this as we were by Mr. Palmer's reminiscences of writers whom he had known, we regard our books from a new point of view—as expressive glimpses of real personalities. It thrills us, too, to know that the fascinating realm where authors live, has a tangible existence, and some of us are daring to dream delightful dreams in which we are allowed to pass inside of its sacred portals.

EDITOR'S TABLE

"We all stand waiting, empty—knowing possibly that we can be full, surrounded by mighty symbols which are not symbols to us but prose and trivial toys. Then cometh the god and converts the statues into fiery men.—*Emerson*

And the wonderful part of it is that the god who converts us assumes so many forms! Have you ever jumped with both feet into heap of dry crackly leaves, or stretched at full length in a pile of them, while you watched the gray clouds hurrying across the sky and knew that the wind blowing them was also blowing more leaves into comfortable heaps? Or, to mention another form of the spry god, have not you, in reading, come across some little thing—possibly only one short sentence—that revealed depths or heights you never could have attained alone? The piles of leaves were only "trivial toys" until the god suddenly showed them as a symbol of an Autumn rich in beauty. The book was merely empty "prose" until, in that short passage, the god appeared. One of the greatest and most awe-inspiring parts of his work just now is that while humanity has brought such suffering upon itself, he can still show us many "mighty symbols" for which we can be thankful.

Don't you think he has been extremely busy this Autumn lifting the veil from the commonplace and showing it a wonder sufficient to arouse our "fiery" enthusiasm? He has appeared in music and books and—ssh! yes, even in study, though I must whisper this last as we have a rather self-conscious fear that somebody at some time may discover that we really enjoy studying. He has pointed with the finger of example to the lives of heroes, both in past ages and in our own day. He has formed friendships and has revealed himself in the talks of great lecturers and teachers. He has tried to reach us through the color of the sky and the trees, through the exhilarating rush of the wind and the spicy odor of ripened apples.

Surely at times, we all must have so felt his presence—that “prose and trivial toys” have ceased to be “prose and trivial toys.” Yet he is a god that can only do his work if the statues are of convertible material. As Professor George Herbert Palmer said (and, by the way anyone who has been fortunate enough to have heard him lecture knows that this god is always present where he is.)

“The mind of the poet is the only subject of poetry.”

Unless the poet reacts to the influence of the symbols surrounding him, the god is of no avail. Nothing is more useless than a sign post which nobody ever sees. We can “stand waiting, empty” only if we do not hear the ringing cry of the prophet, “Awake thou that sleepest!”

K. D. K.

“The world is so full of a number of things”—and I dived expectantly into a yellow, tan and green mass of college magazines.

October 1915: the promise of a thrill of autumn winds; the keen zest of a mind awake; the looking forward to work; the looking backward to the leisurely thoughts and dreams of summer; the looking out upon the world in struggle and in sorrow—and in hope.

October 1915! Has its challenge been accepted?

Editorials first. The Freshmen claim most of the attention ;they receive advice from Maine to Texas, such stereotyped advice,

“You may never be your old self again.
Too much of work or play palls”—

until I feel compelled to say with the writer in the *Harvard Monthly*, “It is quite unlikely that the Freshmen will behave much worse than former classes. It is infinitely probable that they will reach the same level. . .a Rationalist would certainly predict it!” Not much inspiration here, and little more in the other editorials. Yet there is a gleam of hope in the few expressions of vague discontent with the average college *thinking*. One wonders if the “Harbor” has not influenced persons outside the Book Review departments. Yes, struggling forth, more than once, there is here an answer to the challenge.

The best essay on these subjects is found in the *Amherst Monthly*. "The Undergraduate Mind" by John M. Gaus is good sound criticism, warmly, almost passionately expressed. The writer does not cease with destructive proof but aims to find the fundamental difficulty, and the way to correct it. "Can one make bricks out of straw?" is the question that underlies his entire thought.

There are a few literary appreciations, only one or two of which breathe the story of real love and enthusiasm. "G. K. Chesterton" in the *Texas Magazine* has a glow and verve that is singularly rare among the essays of this month.

The war is seldom touched, and this is perhaps as well, for the attempts are weak, inadequate, and largely imitative.

The magazines are concerned largely with college personalities: fraternity rushing, class elections, and recent alumni notes. Altogether, there seems to be a uniform depression, a lack of joy and the spirit of youth, that suggests that the things of which we are thinking are not in the table of contents; that seems to make us realize that the spirit of the war has crept stealthily into our gaily irresponsible college life. It has made us strangely silent about the big things, about which, with the audacity of youth, we have formerly written so boldly. Now we can only prattle, and at that very feebly, of the little affairs of our own little life.

Yet there is another "Elusive Spirit" which sometimes transcends the clouds and breaks into songs of praise.

"Strange spirit is there any form to thee?

I know not, yet I feel I've known thee long,

That immemorial day is sweet to me,

When first you woke my Being and touched my soul with song."*

"The world is so full of a number of things"—and some we forget and some we think on over much; some we let slip through our fingers, and a very few we grasp and put away in safe keeping for ourselves.

E. G.

* F. D. Harris, *Wesleyan Literary Monthly*.

AFTER COLLEGE

PERSONALS

Contributions to this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in next month's issue, and should be addressed to Eleanor Wild, 36 Green Street, Northampton, Massachusetts.

ENGAGEMENTS

- ex*-'11. Marjorie Fuller to Pierce Emerson, Harvard 1911.
Katheryn Sabey to Walter H. Cassebeer, of Rochester, New York.
- '14. Louise Ball to George Blossom.
Louise Silberman to Theodore Friedlander.
Ruth Smith to Fred P. Jones, of Boston, Massachusetts.
Janet Weil to Herbert Bluethenthal, of Wilmington, North Carolina.
- ex*-'14. Carol Cushman to Jarvis W. Rockwell Jr., of New Rochelle, New York.

MARRIAGES

- '11. Jane Martin to George Moody Winwood Jr., May 27, 1915.
Mary Mottis to Thomas James Comp, Second Lieutenant Second Infantry, October 7, 1915. Address after December 1st: Fort Shafter, Honolulu, Hawaii.
Marguerite Miller to Pierrepont E. Grannis, June 19th, 1915.
Helen Snapp to Lieutenant Chester Sayre Roberts, U. S. N.
- '12. Jane Fink to Howard Gregory Whipple, September 11, 1915. Address: Turlock, California.
Edith Gray to Luther Mitchell Ferguson on August 4, 1915.
Helen Hulbert to Giles Blague, September 18, 1915. Address: 20 Lafayette Street, Springfield, Massachusetts.
Nathalia Jobst to Harry John Klotz. Address: 328 North Edward Street, Decatur, Illinois.

- '12. Marion Tanner to Lingard Lond, September 6, 1915. Address: 10 East 38th Street, New York City.
- ex*-'12. Elda Aukeny to Albert Lloyd Adams, August 23. Address: 1129 McKinley Avenue, Johnstown, Pennsylvania.
- Elmilie Anten to Raymond Zabriskie Clarendon. Address: 355 Park Street, Hackensack, New Jersey.
- '14. Amelia Gilenan to Kenneth Irving Tredwell, September 14, 1915. Address: 1 Griswold Street, Meriden, Connecticut.
- Blanche Hixson to Allan Hubbard White, June 30, 1915.
- ex*-'14. Helen Genung to Archibald B. Campbell, June 3, 1915. Address: White Plains Rd., Bronxville, N. Y.
- Annie Goodnow to William R. Buchanan, July 30, 1915. Address: 152 Walnut Street, Athol, Massachusetts.
- Augustine Lloyd to John Hazen Perry, September 14, 1915. Address: 114 East 84th Street, New York City.
- '15. Anna Margaret Potter to Frederic E. Mansfield, August 23, 1915. Address: 205 Mansfield Street, New Haven, Connecticut.
- Mildred E. Tuttle to D. D. Stockman, September 11, 1915. Address: 427 M. Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.
- Dorothy Louise Wolf to Carl Otto Müller Sprague, October 7, 1915. Address: 210 West 57th Street, New York City.
- ex*-'15. Elizabeth M. Pearce to Arthur T. Warner, October 2, 1915. Address: Newark, New Jersey.
- Audrey T. Haskill to Harry J. Mallen, September 15, 1915. Address: 1607 Race Street, Denver, Colorado.
- Jennie Hubbard June to Norman Clausanthue, October 9, 1915.

BIRTHS

- '11. To Elizabeth Faber Keithley, a son, Joseph Faber, August 3, 1915.
- To Florence Foster Hall, a son, Robert Foster, August 17, 1915.
- To Edith Foster Huntington, a son, Henry Strong 3rd, February 15, 1915.
- To Josephine Fowler Darby, a daughter, Nina Louise, August 11, 1915.
- To Marjorie Gilmore Power, a son, Carleton Gilmore, January 12, 1915.
- To Isabel Guilbert Wales, a second son, William Moss, June 8, 1915.
- To Jean Johnson Goddard, a daughter, Margaret, August 16, 1915.
- To Margaret Sullivan Lavenas, a second son, John Albert Edward, September 15, 1914.
- To Eleanor Williams Vandiver, a son, Almuth Cunningham, Jr., July 9, 1915.

- '11. To Louise West Seary, a second son, Stedman, April 6, 1915.
- ex*-'12. To Mrs. Richard Dudley Jennings, (Irene Parks), a son,
Richard Dudley, Jr.
To Mrs. Courtland Smith, (Helen Norris), a son, Courtland Ninde
Jr., August 14, 1915.
- '14. To Mrs. David J. McConnell, (Mary Bonsall), a son, May 6, 1914.
- ex*-'15. To Mrs. Paul Palmer Henson, (Theda Parker), a daughter,
Margaret, January 27, 1915.
To Mrs. Charles Ellsworth Swartz, (Mildred Seymour), a son,
Henry Seymour, July, 1915.
To Mrs. C. Jackson Rukenbrod, (Barbara Woodruff), a daughter,
Anna Katherine, July 19, 1915.

DECEASED

- ex*-'11. Infant son of Margaret Clemens Rollins, June 16, 1915.

-
- '12. Gladys Bailey is stenographer in the office of Mr. D. W. Hieff,
Vice-President of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company.
Katharine Baker is teaching in the Girls' High School, Brooklyn,
New York.
Louise Benjamin is secretary in the Department of Economics and
Sociology at Columbia.
Florence Cooper is teaching English and History at Glen Ridge,
New Jersey.
Miriam Cragin is substituting in the Montclair Normal School,
teaching English grammar and composition, kindergarten songs,
games and handwork.
Elizabeth Curtiss is general secretary of the Y. W. C. A. of Batavia,
New York.
- '14. Gertrude Andrews is working as a stenographer in Los Angeles,
California.
Gladys Anslow is an assistant in the department of Physics at
Smith.
Margaret Ashley is studying History and Economics at Columbia
University.
Louise Baker is teaching in Chesterfield, Mass.
Katharine Barry is teaching Biology in East High School, Roches-
ter, New York.
Ruth Beecher is teaching English in New Castle, Pennsylvania.
Harriet Brown is teaching in Cleveland, Ohio.

14. Dorothy Browne is secretary to the Milk Committee of the Consumers' League, of Kansas City, Mo.
Carolyn Buckhout is teaching English in the State College, Pa. High School.
Elizabeth Case is taking a normal teacher's training course in Trenton, N. J.
Martha Chadbourne has a fellowship from Smith and is doing graduate work in mathematics at Radcliffe.
Ruth Chester is a fellow in chemistry at Smith.
Anna Colman is taking a course in household arts at Teachers' College, Columbia University.
Marion Corey is teaching English and Science in the Portland, Me. High School.
Esther Cutter is teaching Latin and Biology in Shelter Island, N. Y.
Ruth Cutting is helping to reorganize the filing system of the Remington Arms and Amunition Co., Bridgeport, Conn.
Anna Doyle is teaching French and German in the North Brookfield, Mass. High School.
Barbara Ellis is teaching second and third grades in Paterson, N. J.
Helen Ellis is teaching first and second year English in the Oneida, N. Y. High School.
Florence Franklin is secretary for the American Metal Co., Ltd., New York City.

CALENDAR

- November 13. Meetings of the Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.
16. Organ Recital in John M. Greene Hall at four-thirty.
20. Play, "Cyrano de Bergerac" given by Division A.
- 24-26. Thanksgiving Vacation.
27. Division Dance.
- December 4. Meetings of the Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.
11. Sophomore Reception.

The
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December - 1915

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THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

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MILDRED CONSTANCE SCHMOLZE

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ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

HARRIET EVELYN MEANS

HARRIET BOND SKIDMORE

ADELAIDE CRAPSEY

MARY DELIA LEWIS

A little over a year ago there appeared in the *Weekly* a brief notice in regard to Adelaide Crapsey, who died October 8, 1914, after a year's illness at Saranac Lake. Today her poems are before us—"The Immortal Residue," as she entitles them in these lines, the inscription for her verse:

"Wouldst thou find my ashes? Look
In the pages of my book,
And as these thy hand doth turn,
Know here is my funeral urn."

But before considering poems, it is well at least to make the

attempt to gain some idea of Miss Crapsey herself. A number of students in the Senior Class will remember her as a member of the English Department here at Smith College, a little gray-clad figure, exquisite and remote, and at the same time strangely dominating, going steadily and quietly about, always intent on some inner quest. Comparatively few people knew her well, but none could fail to recognize the force of her personality.

I remember well when she came, eleven years ago, to the school where we taught together for two years. She was at that time only a year or two out of college, full of ideals for her work, and of the literary enthusiasm which always held an important place in her life and thought. We were very closely associated in our work and our life there, and those qualities soon made themselves felt which have ever since seemed most characteristic of her,—indefatigable industry, and a fastidious taste which would admit no standard but perfection, and dominating all, extraordinary intellectual grasp and power. Of her more personal characteristics, her unswerving loyalty, her power of understanding, arising from her strong belief in the essential right of every individual, however intimate a friend, to unexplained acts and motives; her instinctive shrinking from any talk which savored of the petty or unkind, and her keen relish for a humorous situation in literature or in life, it is difficult to give an adequate idea.

After some years in Italy and England she returned to this country just at the moment when there happened to be a vacancy in the English Department here, and came to Smith College in the winter of 1911. She remained here two years and a half, then the news came that she must spend the next year at Saranac, the last year of her life as it proved.

For some years she had been busy on a detailed and careful analysis of the work of Milton and of various other English poets, which had led her to formulate her theory of metrics. This work, even unfinished, has been pronounced by authorities on the subject an important and original contribution to the science. It was a bitter disappointment to her that her physical weakness prevented her carrying it to the point which she had in mind.

But the years of painstaking study were not lost, for only a poet with sure knowledge of her art could have written the verses which are now before us. Her pure limpid perfection of phrase and tone are combined to an extraordinary degree with masterly sureness of touch. For even while we are enchanted by the magic spell she weaves, we are conscious that this is no mere happy turn of phrase and rhythm, but the work of a mind which knows. Here we have the same definite intellectual power which was always to be recognized behind her exquisite fastidiousness of taste and delicacy of appreciation.

There will undoubtedly be many who are not in sympathy with the subject matter of the poems. They do not attempt to convey a philosophy of life, but rather separate questionings in different moods. Then also it may be said the poems are in one sense distinctly non-social. They are adventurings of the spirit in solitary paths, all the more vital, however, because they represent the intimate inner thought of an individual soul; and for this very reason they are more universal. Men's outer experiences and expressions of thought differ widely, but the inner questionings of human souls are concerned with much the same things now and always. Life and death, eternity, youth, grief, the themes with which these poems deal, are not merely personal, but common to the human race of any time.

Professor George Herbert Palmer in writing of Miss Crapsey's verses confesses that he is not in sympathy with their subject-matter, but says, "They will be ardently welcomed by those whose training enables them to know what they are. They take up all the tendencies now astir in our verse and carry them to a point at once more advanced and harmonious than can be seen elsewhere. I do not think another person in America can put such flexible, audacious, exact and resourceful diction at the service of such subtle music."

She invented for her use a new metrical form which she called the cinquain, which in its power of suggestion and concentration of effect brings to mind the Japanese *hokku*. The

following example entitled *Roma Aeterna* will perhaps show this quality.

"The sun
Is warm today,
O Romulus, and on
Thine olden Palatine the birds
Still sing."

Many of the verses are sad, unutterably sad, but with a sadness which is beauty itself. From her most poignant and significant poems, it is better not to quote: poems such as the verses to Keats or the *Lines to the Dead in the Graveyard under My Window*—"written in a moment of exasperation.". No quotations can give more than a hint of the spell which these poems have the power to weave over those who can feel it at all, but possibly this little "Song" shows as well as any other the perfection of phrase and tone, the fairly magic power of her poetry, combined with a very definite and finished verse form.

"I make my shroud but no one knows,
So shimmering fine it is and fair,
With stitches set in even rows.
I make my shroud but no one knows.

"In doorway where the lilac blows
Humming a little wandering air,
I make my shroud and no one knows,
So shimmering fine it is and fair."

It is difficult to speak of Miss Crapsey's work without falling into the praise which will to some seem extravagant. One can only quote Professor Palmer again in his comment on these poems, "They are extraordinary. One must not be foolishly restrained over excellence of so high a quality."

THE ADAPTATION OF HISTORY IN SHAKESPEARE'S PLOTS

FRANCES MARGARET BRADSHAW

[Editor's note.—This essay was awarded the Helen Kate Furness scholarship for the best essay written upon an assigned Shakespearian subject.]

For the plots of nearly one-half his plays, Shakespeare drew upon history. These plays include some of his greatest productions: *Macbeth*, *Julius Caesar*, *King Lear* and *Hamlet*. No one would deny that the power of such dramas depends not upon the historic matter itself, in which case Greene's "Short History of England" would be preferable reading, but upon the manner in which Shakespeare has altered and modified this material in order to make a drama of history, unifying events, developing characters, moulding the whole into form for presentation upon the stage. Hence, for intelligent appreciation of these plays, nothing could be of greater importance than the comparative study of Shakespeare and his sources, undertaken with an effort to bring to light the changes made by the poet, and his purpose in making them.

In the first place, certain adaptations inevitably accompany the transfer of any material from the narrative to the dramatic form. A series of events which the chronicler may record with comments, must always assume the form of a dialogue on the stage, and rather than to comment himself upon the course of the action, the dramatist's task is to present his characters in such a way that the spectators draw conclusions according to his desire. It is hardly necessary, I think, to cite examples of such changes in Shakespeare's works, since they occur throughout every play, historical or otherwise, which is the dramatization of a narrative.

When we turn to study the adaptations characteristic of Shakespeare's treatment of history, the plays in which such treatment occurs divide at once into two groups. The first, and by far the larger, includes the ten English chronicle plays, and *Julius Cæsar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Coriolanus*. In

these plays, history really forms the plot, not indeed scientific history, as we know it, but the history Shakespeare learned from Holinshed's Chronicle and Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch. The second group of plays, *Hamlet*, *Cymbeline*, *King Lear* and *Macbeth*, has only a substratum of history which comes to the surface not infrequently, but which we may at times quite forget. Hence we may profitably consider the groups separately, since history plays such a different part in each.

In studying the first group, comprising the plays in which history really forms the plot, one is conscious that the adaptations of sources are never such as would mar historic truth. Departures from minor facts there may be, but the dramatist never twists the course of events so that we are left with a false impression of actual history. Shakespeare makes few arbitrary changes, so that one may usually see a very definite purpose governing each adaptation. Most of such alterations tend to accomplish one of three ends; to create dramatic unity; to heighten the portrayal of character; or to add to the concreteness of production upon the stage.

Perhaps the most numerous adaptations are those tending to create dramatic unity. For this purpose Shakespeare frequently disregarded historical chronology, compressing and even fusing incidents which did not have such a close temporal relation in history. Again, he indicated a much more marked relation of cause and effect than the records of the chroniclers might warrant. Sometimes he invented incidents which served as "finger-posts" to direct our expectations and thus to unify each separate play, while similar finger-posts unite the eight English histories covering the period from the reign of Richard II through that of Richard III.

As we consider instances typifying Shakespeare's disregard of strict chronology, we discover that such adaptations frequently take the form of uniting dramatically events separate in historic time, but which, nevertheless, bore a logical relation to each other in the development of one phase of the plot. Let us take, for example, the scene representing the coming of Queen Margaret and Warwick to the French Court

(III Henry VI, Act I, Scene 3). In Shakespeare's presentation, the two embassies appear before Louis at the same time, while as a matter of fact, Queen Margaret went to France in 1462, while Warwick was not sent as ambassador until 1464, two years later. However, the arguments presented in turn by Margaret and Warwick as each plead for an alliance must have confronted Louis at some time simultaneously while he was deciding which party to favor, so the scene is historic in spirit, if not in fact. Farther on in the same scene, a similar change is made when Warwick, upon learning of King Edward's marriage to Elizabeth Grey, immediately joins Margaret's party. Not until 1470, six years after his embassy to France, did Warwick desert Edward, and the marriage with Elizabeth Grey was only one cause of the estrangement. Nevertheless, from the point of view of the Lancastrian party, the gain of Warwick as an ally was the next step after Margaret's flight to France.

Another like adaptation crowds into one scene (Richard III, Act IV, scene 4) Buckingham's revolt, Richmond's unsuccessful attempt to aid him, and Richmond's landing at Milford. The historic date of the scene is 1483, the time of Buckingham's revolt. When Stanley announces that "Richmond is on the seas," the time remains the same. But when Richmond made this first attempt to invade England, "so huge and terrible a tempest so suddenlie arose, that, with the verie power and strength of the storme, the ships were disparkled, severed and separated asunder." Richmond's own ship was "all night tossed and turmoiled," but finally he "arrived safe and in all securitie in the duchie of Normandie." Hence, when, just after news has come of Buckingham's defeat, Catesley says: "The earl of Richmond is with a mighty power landed at Milford," he passes over two years of historic time to an event of 1483. Here, as in the previous example, Shakespeare represents together two successive steps in the same line of action.

A kindred disregard of chronology consists in the simple omission of irrelevant historic material. Events succeed each other logically, but without any indication of the lapse of historic time. For instance, one event is made of Edward's es-

cape from the Nevilles in October, 1469, and his flight to Flanders in September, 1470, when Warwick and Clarence invaded England from France, (III Henry VI, Act IV, Scene 5). In the historic interim, Edward and Warwick were reconciled to each other, but peace lasted only until March, 1470, when Warwick stirred up a revolt which Edward was able to suppress. After his failure, Warwick withdrew to France, and thence he invaded England with Clarence, with the result of Edward's flight from the country. Shakespeare's omissions here deprive us of nothing which has direct bearing upon the development of the plot; on the contrary, by the suppression of unimportant detail, we gain much in unity.

In Henry V, the historic interval between the end of Act IV and the beginning of Act V is not entirely covered by the chorus. From the chorus we learn only that Henry went back to England and later returned to France. This accounts for the period between 1415 and 1417, but the signing of the treaty of Troyes, with which the first part of Act V is concerned, did not take place until 1420, so that we are left quite in the dark in regard to these three years of Henry's career. As a matter of fact, he spent that time in a second campaign, successful, but marked by no exploit so glorious as the victory at Agincourt. To represent him during this secondary period of fighting not only would have produced an anticlimax, but would also have caused a needless interruption in the progress of the action. The play is rather disjointed as it stands, but the result would have been much less of an organism, had Shakespeare sacrificed unity to accuracy at this point.

Another such omission of historic time occurs between Acts III and IV of *Julius Cæsar*. Act III closes with the murder of Cinna, the poet, by a mob aroused to fury against the assassins of Cæsar. In the first scene of Act IV, we see Antony, Octavius and Lepidus making their proscription lists, and there is no indication of any lapse of time between the two acts. Shakespeare silently passes over the nineteen months during which Octavius and Antony quarreled, finally made peace with each other, and formed the triumvirate with Lepidus. All this would be quite beside the point in a plot chiefly concerned with the affairs of Brutus and Cassius.

A similar, but less successful compression of time occurs in Richard II, between Acts I and II. In Act I, scene 3, we are at Coventry, where Bolingbroke bids farewell to his father before going into exile. Between this scene and the next only a day intervene, since in scene 4, we learn that Bolingbroke is not yet out of England. The first scene of Act II follows Act I without interval, as at the end of Act I, Richard hurries away to the bedside of John of Gaunt, and the beginning of Act II finds the King in his uncle's chamber. Quite without break, before the end of the scene which has represented John of Gaunt's death, we are told that Bolingbroke (who cannot be out of England so soon) is returning from Brittany to demand his inheritance. Although this time sequence is quite impossible, Shakespeare gives us a *feeling* of unity through the close linking of scene to scene. Such utter disregard of chronology is fortunately very rare.

In some instances, Shakespeare unified his plots by indicating a much more marked relation of cause and effect between the events than the chronicles might warrant. The first part of Henry VI opens with the funeral of Henry V. Into this scene, to heighten the general woe, come messengers announcing English losses in France. Now Henry V died in 1422, and the French reverses mentioned as though belonging to the same time occurred really much later; Rheims in 1429, Gisors in 1449, Paris in 1436, Rouen in 1449, and Guienne in 1451. This could not be considered strictly as condensation of history, and so be included in my former topic, for the messages here are really prophecies of the disasters England was to suffer as the effect of the death of her strong King, Henry V. Farther on in the same scene, history is disregarded when Winchester says:

"Each hath his place and function to attend;
I am left out; for me nothing remains."

In reality Winchester was one of the guardians of the little King, not the "jack-out-of-office" he represents himself to be. But by making this alteration, Shakespeare presents an obvious cause for Winchester's bitterness.

Again, the "young Percy" whom King Henry praises en-

viously (I Henry IV, Act I, scene 1.) was historically a grizzled warrior of forty at this time, much older than the young Prince of Wales. Since the two are represented here as of the same age, the dramatic King Henry has, in his jealousy another cause for hating Northumberland, and after events follow naturally as the effect of this hostility.

Shakespeare, in presenting the downfall of the Duke of Gloucester (II Henry VI), alters facts so as to emphasize the part of Eleanor Cobham, Duchess of Gloucester, in her husband's ruin. The rivalry between Eleanor and Queen Margaret is entirely fictitious. Historically, the two women probably never saw each other, since Eleanor was imprisoned for witchcraft in 1441, four years before Margaret became queen. The queen's hatred of Eleanor simply adds one more cause for the enmity toward Gloucester. Eleanor's practises in sorcery, too, Shakespeare points out as a factor in the accomplishment of Gloucester's fate. The duchess was imprisoned for witchcraft five years before her husband lost his office of Protector, but doubtless her supposed treason aroused suspicion of Gloucester and helped to ruin him. Shakespeare emphasizes the relationship of cause and effect by representing the two events in the same scene.

One motive for the conspiracy against Cæsar we find in the scene which takes place just before the Lupercalia. (Julius Cæsar, Act I, scene 2). Cæsar was at this time childless, so he bids his wife stand by the course at the Lupercalia that Antony may strike her as he runs by, and "shake off" her "sterile curse." Hudson says, "The poet justly ascribes to Cæsar the natural desire of children to inherit his vast fame and honors; and this desire is aptly signified in the play, as such an ambition to be the founder of a royal or imperial line would be an additional motive for the conspiracy against him." Although the whole scene has an air of probability, Shakespeare had no authority for this incident, but it furnishes another cause for Cæsar's assassination.

Rather like the adaptations marking cause and effect, in that these, too, emphasize the *relation* between events, are the "finger-posts" which Shakespeare erects, first, to make a unit

of each play, and secondly, to weld together the eight English histories covering the period from the reign of Richard II through that of Richard III. One kind of dramatic forecast, the prophecy, found particular favor with Shakespeare. Sometimes the chronicles record historic prophecies which the dramatist modifies for his own purpose. Again, he invents predictions to point forward to historic events.

Among typical examples of Shakespeare's adaptation of historic prophecies, I should place the scene (II Henry VI, Act 1, scene 4) representing the Duchess of Gloucester in her practises of sorcery. Under her direction, Bolingbroke raises a spirit and propounds to it questions about the fate of the King, Suffolk and Somerset. The spirit's ambiguous prediction concerning "the duke that Henry shall depose" points toward the death of either Henry or Gloucester, as far as its literal meaning goes; but it leaves us with a sense of the certainty of Gloucester's fall. In the spirit's answers to the questions about Suffolk and Somerset, Shakespeare follows the chronicles in some particulars. Somerset, so Holinshed says, had been warned to shun castles, and it was indeed near a tavern called "The Castle" that he was killed. Paston's story of Suffolk's death differs from that of Shakespeare. According to Paston, when Suffolk was seized and taken on board the ship, Nicholas of the Tower, "he asked the name of the sheppe, and whanne he knew it, he rememberd Stacy that seid, if he myght eschape the daunger of the Towr, he should be saffe; and thanne his herte faylyd hym, for he thowghte he was desseyuyed." In Shakespeare's version, Suffolk was slain by a man named Walter, or as it was commonly pronounced, Water, in fulfillment of the spirit's words:

"By water shall he die, and take his end."

The spirit and nature of Shakespeare's prophecy are quite the same as in Paston's record. The whole of the scene containing these predictions is imaginary, but altogether in accord with the accounts of Eleanor Cobham's attempts at sorcery.

Even the circumstances of the soothsayer's prophecy to Julius Cæsar (Julius Cæsar, Act 1, scene 2) are not entirely his-

toric. Plutarch says that such a warning had been given "long afore" Cæsar's assassination, but Shakespeare places the prediction at the time of Cæsar's greatest glory, one day previous to his death. The words of the soothsayer give the first intimation of the approaching danger.

The tragedy of King Richard III is unusually full of prophecies which prepare us for the future. As Richard plays the part of an instrument of fate, it is fitting that most of the events of his life should seem to be predestined. The only historic prediction in the play Shakespeare based upon Holinshed's account of Richard's evil dreams on the night before his death. According to the chronicle, "The fame went, that he (Richard) had the same night a dreadfull and terrible dream; for it seemed to him being asleepe, that he did see diverse images like terrible divels, which pulled and haled him, not suffering him to take anie quiet or rest." Shakespeare transformed these "diverse images" into the ghosts of Richard's murdered victims. After they have appeared (Richard III, Act V, scene 3) we are left with the sense that there is no need for a battle; all is over for Richard.

One of the most effective of Shakespeare's invented prophecies in this play is the tragic curse which the Lady Anne pronounces upon Richard, his children-to-be, and whomsoever he shall make his wife. (Richard III, Act I, scene 2). The pathos of these imprecations is heightened, when, at the end of the scene, we realize that Anne herself will be the victim of her own curses.

Farther on, in the fourth scene of the same act, Shakespeare has invented another kind of prophecy in Clarence's dream. Even though we were witnesses when Richard gave to the two murderers the warrant for his brother's death, the conviction that Clarence is to die is brought home to us only as he relates the dream of how he shall meet his end. In addition to these prophecies, the line in the very first scene of Richard III, "I am determined to prove a villain," has the nature of a prediction foretelling in a word the entire action of the play.

A prophetic bit of byplay is indicated in the stage directions of Henry VIII, (Act I, scene 1), when the Cardinal "in his

passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham." Although Wolsey made some remarks of purport sinister to Buckingham, still the real foreshadowing of coming events was in his look. The importance of that glance Buckingham emphasizes when he says:

"I read in his looks, matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object."

Hence we are fully prepared for the entrance of the sergeant-at-arms, and for the arrest of the duke.

A hint acquainting us of the coming downfall of Wolsey, King Henry gives (Act I, scene 4) when he says:

"You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord;
You are a churchman, or I'll tell you, Cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily."

Wolsey replies, unconscious of the sinister import of Henry's words:

"I am glad your grace is grown so pleasant."

These two speeches forestall any surprise on our part when Henry's jealousy of the Cardinal finds a vent. We are quite ready, too, for Wolsey's utter unconsciousness of the King's growing ill-will. This finger-post is an invention of Shakespeare's, like most of the others cited, and like them, it is historic in truth, if not in fact.

The only instance of a purposely misleading finger-post is that which leads us to expect a result favorable to King Edward to attend the embassies of Queen Margaret and of Warwick to France. King Henry, (III Henry VI, Act III, scene 1) as he soliloquizes on the probabilities for failure and success, draws the logical conclusion that Louis would naturally ally himself with the stronger English party. Hence the element of surprise adds interest to the scene at the French court.

Besides unifying each separate play, Shakespeare wrote the eight English histories covering the period from the reign of Richard II through that of Richard III so that they should form one dramatic whole. Here again, the finger-post appears, but now it points beyond its own play to those which follow. Without exception, in the examples which I shall

cite, Shakespeare invents the incidents he uses for dramatic forecast.

The first play in the series, Richard II, is bound to I Henry IV by the prediction the deposed Richard makes to Northumberland of his future fall. (Richard II, Act V, scene 3). The King's words are:

"Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption; thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all;
And he shall think, that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd another way,
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear, to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger and deserved death."

This speech looks forward to the dissension which does indeed break out between Northumberland and King Henry IV and is represented in both parts of Henry IV.

The two parts of Henry IV form in reality one play, but beside their unity through the character of the King, we find in the single combat of Prince Henry and Harry Hotspur the foreshadowing of the prowess of the prince in II Henry IV and Henry V. This combat (I Henry IV, Act V, scene 4) is not in the least historic, but the most telling way to symbolize Prince Henry's triumphant swordsmanship is by making him the conqueror of the enemy's greatest warrior.

To unite the three parts of Henry VI, Shakespeare invents several interesting episodes with quite a historic flavor. A very graphic representation of the beginning of the Wars of the Roses is contained in I Henry VI, Act II, scene 4. Richard Plantagenet and the earl of Somerset have come out into the Temple Garden to settle a dispute about some point of law. When they reach no decision, Plantagenet asks that all who think him in the right shall pluck a white rose with him, while Somerset bids his adherents declare themselves by pluck-

ing a red rose. This dispute King Henry settles, so he thinks, by putting on a red rose, considering that such an act should not be significant of partisanship. By this time, Richard Plantagenet has received the title of Duke of York, so we appreciate that the quarrel which presaged greater strife between Plantagenet and Somerset may now involve the houses of York and Lancaster. The death scene of Mortimer (Act II, scene 5) contains an exposition of York's claims to the throne, pointing the way to his ultimate success.

The second and third parts of Henry VI are knit together, and to Richard III by the character of the man who eventually gains the throne and rules as Richard III. His first dramatic appearance is at the battle of St. Albans. (II Henry VI, Act V, scene 2). Here he slays Somerset and acquits himself like a warrior born. As a matter of history, this phenomenal Richard was only a year old at the time of this battle. Shakespeare makes this change in fact with the probable purpose of gradually preparing us for King Richard III. The first finger-post pointing to anything definite in the future is the line, (III, Henry VI, Act IV, scene 1).

"I

Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown."

The introduction of Queen Margaret into Richard III joins that play to the preceding ones in an interesting and unusual way. According to history, after the deposition of Henry VI, Queen Margaret went to France in 1475, and seven years later, she died. Therefore, during most of the period covered by the tragedy of Richard II, Margaret was not in England at all, and her death occurred before Richard lost his throne. But even though she was not present in England in person during Richard's reign, the influence of her spirit had not yet disappeared. Shakespeare created Margaret as the very personification of the Wars of the Roses, and the spirit of those cruel and barbarous times predominated still in Richard's rule. Margaret seems like a ghost here, speaking as she does almost always in asides. Such she is, the ghost of the past haunting the present, making of the two an indissoluble whole.

Here we have one of Shakespeare's most effective adaptations of history to produce dramatic unity.

The development of plot in such a way as to heighten character portrayal is the result of a second group of alterations of history. Two striking examples of this kind of adaptation we find in the scenes which have Talbot and Joan of Arc as their central figures, in *I Henry VI*. Talbot's life and death form the main interest in Shakespeare's play, and in order to represent him in as heroic a light as possible, facts are altered in some cases so that he is really "larger than life" and perhaps "twice as natural." The most conspicuous instance of such an adaptation is found in the representation of the recapture of Orleans, the result of Talbot's triumphant generalship, (*I Henry VI*, Act II, scene 1). As a matter of fact, England never recovered Orleans in such a fashion. The circumstances of the scene somewhat resemble the chronicle account of the retaking of Le Mans, a city of less importance in the eyes of the English, and hence not sufficiently glorious prey for the mighty Talbot.

Since Talbot was distinctly a warrior hero, and played no important part in the civil dissension recorded in *II Henry VI*, Shakespeare found it convenient to transfer the scene of Talbot's death from 1453, eight years after the marriage of Henry VI and Margaret of Anjou, to some time before the peace of 1444 with which *I Henry VI* closes. Even in the circumstances attending his hero's death, Shakespeare is not altogether true to history. Talbot actually was killed when he went to relieve the garrison of Castillon as it was besieged by the French army. Bordeaux had previously opened its gates to the English, welcoming them gladly. Probably Shakespeare chose to represent a battle at Bordeaux for the scene of Talbot's death, because that city, being a place of greater importance than Castillon, would seem to his audience a more glorious background for a hero's death.

Shakespeare's adaptations in the scenes which have Joan of Arc as central figure, evince a much more generous estimation of the Maid of Orleans than that commonly presented by English chroniclers. True, John invokes fiends quite in ac-

cord with the idea which most Englishmen entertained of her evil powers. (I Henry VI, Act V, scene 3). But when she seeks to persuade the Duke of Burgundy to leave the English side and join in his countrymen's resistance of a common foe, Joan uses the arguments of a true patriot, not the wiles of a sorceress. This scene is entirely an invention of Shakespeare's, as none of the chroniclers, English or French, mention such an attempt of Joan's to influence the Burgundians, but we are left with just as strong a conviction of Joan's sincere loyalty to her country as though the incident were a fact.

The character of Cleopatra is developed partly by scenes of historic character, but chiefly by incidents which Shakespeare adapts or invents for the purpose of vividly portraying the "serpent of the Nile." Sometimes a termagant, "haling up and down" the messenger who announces Antony's marriage to Octavia, (Antony and Cleopatra, Act II, scene 5) she is again the tenderest of ladies as she helps to buckle on her lord's armour in preparation for battle. (Act IV, scene 4). Her jealousy of Antony and her power over him are most admirably represented in the scene of farewell before Antony's departure for Italy. (Act I, scene 3). All of these incidents are imaginary, adapted from history only in the sense that they are consistent with historic estimation of Cleopatra.

In presenting the character of Richard III, Shakespeare uses history in the way which will present his hero as undoubtedly a monster, but withal a fascinating monster. His power of fascination accounts for the unseemly speed with which Lady Anne consents to marry him. He is so audacious, so clever, that he can make himself irresistible when he chooses. The circumstances of his wooing are fictitious, except for the fact that the courtship was exceedingly brief.

Though Shakespeare created a fascinating hero in Richard, he does not allow us for one moment to doubt the evil of that fascination. Every crime remotely connected with Richard's name is represented as carried out by his personal instigation. In regard to the death of Henry VI, Holinshed says: "Poor King Henrie VI—was now in the Tower spoiled of his life, by Richard, duke of Gloucester (as the constant fame

ran)—although some writers of that time, favoring altogether the house York, have recorded that, after he understood what losses had chanced to his friends,—he took it so to heart, that of pure displeasure, indignation, and melancholy, he died the three and twentieth of May.” Shakespeare chooses the version of Henry’s death which makes Richard appear the more villainous, and develops the incident to produce an effect of brutality paralleled only by that which Richard displays whenever he plots the death of any of his victims. (III Henry VI, Act V, scene 6). Regarding Richard’s part in Clarence’s death, Shakespeare follows Hall, who says: “Some wise men also wene that his drift lacked not in helping forth his own brother of Clarence to his death, which thing to all appearance he resisted, although he inwardly minded it.” But Shakespeare omits all mention of Clarence’s trial, and invents the scene (Richard III, Act I, scene 4) in which Richard hires the murderers to kill his brother.

While studying the historical plays, one must remember that they were never closet dramas. Hence not only dramatic unity and character portrayal, but also concreteness of presentation had to be gained in some instances by the adaptation of historic fact. Foremost among examples in point I should place the many scenes representing battle-fields and armies in action. The dramatization of the battle of Towton (III Henry VI, Act II, scenes 2, 3 and 4) is quite typical of Shakespeare’s method. In scene 2, the opposing forces engage in a wrangle of words which gives the impression of a battle, and renders much actual fighting unnecessary. The strenuousness of battle is represented in the next scene by the utter exhaustion of those who have taken part. In the fourth scene the champions of the two armies engage in actual combat. All three scenes are purely imaginary, but they give the real spirit of war rather as impressionistic pictures interpret their subjects.

An instance of concrete presentation of an event which the chronicles merely mention in passing is the scene by which we are informed of the disbanding of the Welsh host before Richard II’s arrival from Ireland. (Richard II, Act II, scene

4). Here a captain appears in conference with Salisbury, telling his superior officer that he can no longer hold his men together. This scene, like those representing battles, is imaginary, but in every case Shakespeare bases his dramatization upon genuine historic material.

One of the most striking scenes in the historical plays is that in which King Edward is captured by Warwick. The impressiveness of the scene is due to this single act,—Warwick takes off King Edward's crown, signifying more plainly than by words that he wills to pull down the king he had himself set up. Although afterward Edward regains his throne, one cannot banish the feeling that he, more than the unfortunate Henry VI, was actually deposed, because before our very eyes he lost the mark of his kingly state.

Some scenes, rather bare of incident, have the function of supplying local color to supplement the strict development of plot. A few pages here and there present concretely the mode of life in a foreign country or the spirit of the time in which the action took place. The play of Antony and Cleopatra is full of such scenes, representing life in the Egyptian court. Cleopatra's maidens, gayly chattering with the soothsayer, (Act I, scene 2), Cleopatra herself, now languishing, now capricious, move before us in a series of tableaux, creating the atmosphere of the Orient.

Again, in some of the plays of English history, scenes of slight importance as far as action is concerned are vital to our real understanding of the plot, through the light they throw on the spirit of the people involved. The ignorance and lawlessness of Jack Cade's rebellion appear very vividly in the scene concerned with the condemnation of the clerk, who was a lost man when Cade and his fellows discovered that their prisoner could "write and read, and cast accompt," truly "monstrous" ability. The basis for this scene Shakespeare found in Holinshed's account of the Villeins' Revolt in 1381. At that time, the proposal was made to behead all lawyers, justices and jurors; teachers of children in grammar schools were forced to swear never to give further instruction, and it proved dangerous for a man even to carry a pence and inkhorn. While

Jack Cade's rebellion occurred seventy-one years after the Vileins' Revolt, times had not changed as far as popular understanding of education was concerned. The impression Shakespeare gives us of the attitude of Cade's adherents is undoubtedly true to life.

The spirit of the common people in Richard III's time is represented in the conversation of three citizens who discuss King Edward's death. (Richard III, Act II, scene 3). We feel the apprehension of the people who know the dangers besetting a land "that's govern'd by a child," above all when the child's guardian is the dangerous Gloucester. Perhaps Shakespeare derived a suggestion for this scene from the following passage of Holinshed's Chronicles: "Began there, here and there abouts, some manner of muttering among the people as though all should not be well, though they neither wist what they feared, nor wherefore."

At the beginning of this paper I mentioned four of Shakespeare's works as plays having a substratum of history which appears at the surface not infrequently, but which one may at times quite forget. These plays, Hamlet, Cymbeline, Macbeth, and King Lear deserve a different treatment from that accorded those of strictly historical character. The history underlying the plots is legendary and fragmentary. By the people of Shakespeare's day this history was probably accepted in just as good faith as the authentic accounts of the reigns of the English kings. However, such history could never be dramatized without the addition of a great deal of fictitious material. Hence we must discover what parts of these plays are dependent at all upon the chronicles. Instead of adaptations subservient to historic truth, we shall find quite arbitrary changes of fact made to further some dramatic motive of Shakespeare's.

For instance, let us consider Cymbeline. The matter which we should assume to be historical is that concerned with the embassy of Caius Lucius, Cymbeline's refusal to pay tribute to the Romans, and his defeat of the army sent to enforce the payment. Now according to the chronicles, Cymbeline "ever shewed himself a friend to the Romans." Augustus sent no

embassy to demand tribute money. The friendly visit of an ambassador from Rome is recorded by Holinshed, but the object of this historic embassy was to thank Cymbeline for his loyalty to the Romans. After his death, his son, Guiderius, "gave occasion of breach of peace betwixt the Britains and Romans, denieng to paie them tribute," a statement which probably gave Shakespeare a suggestion for his plot. For his description of the battle (Act V, scene 3) in which Belarius and his two sons turned defeat into victory for the Britains, Shakespeare may have used Holinshed's record of an exploit attributed to Hay, a Scot, who, with the aid of his two sons, defeated the Danes at the battle of Loncart. The rest of the play is entirely fictitious, while the historic matter is changed almost beyond recognition for the development of the invented plot.

The play of King Lear is more dependent upon history than Cymbeline, but here again facts are altered so as to change the whole tone of the course of events. In Shakespeare's work, the first step toward Lear's downfall he takes when he decides to divide his kingdom. The next is his rejection of Cordelia, and his blind acceptance of the protestations of affection proffered by his more politic daughters. In the trial of his children's love, and its outcome, Shakespeare follows Holinshed, but it was not by his own decision that Lear lost his kingdom. Holinshed says that Lear's sons-in-law "reft from him the governance of the land." Shakespeare adds the sin of ingratitude to that of unfilial behaviour, since Regan and Goneril mistreated one who was not only their father, and hence entitled to respect, but their generous benefactor as well, who had freely bestowed upon them all his possessions.

When at last Lear has been deprived of his Knights, Holinshed says, "He fled the land, and sailed into Gallia, there to seeke some comfort of his yongest daughter Cordeilla, whom before time he hated." She received him kindly, and with her husband, raised an army to win back her father's kingdom from her ungrateful sisters. Successful in this expedition, she restored Lear to the throne which he held until his death. Shakespeare's Lear was far too proud a man to appeal to the

daughter whom he had wronged. Kent says: (Act IV, scene 3).

"Burning shame detains him from Cordelia."

The reasons for Cordelia's coming to England Shakespeare does not indicate clearly, but he is quite true to history in his representation of her forgiving devotion to her father. In the battle which she fights to punish her sisters, Shakespeare reverses defeat and victory, giving over Cordelia and King Lear into the power of Albany, husband of Goneril. Cordelia is slain before the order of the wicked Edmund can be countermanded, and Lear dies of grief for her. The madness of Lear, while not mentioned in Holinshed, may have been suggested to Shakespeare by an epithet which, according to Mathew of Westminster, Lear's daughters applied to him. (Flores Historiarum, ed. 1601, p. 16). "Quae, (the daughters) cum indignatione verbum ex ore ipsius capientes, dixerunt eum senem esse, *delirum*, et mendicum, nec tanta familia dignum." Shakespeare's purpose in making these adaptations was undoubtedly in order to create a tragedy instead of the comedy which would have resulted from accurate transcription of history.

The play of Hamlet, too, derives its tragic character from the alterations Shakespeare makes in the use of his sources. A history by the Danish Saxo Grammaticus furnished the basis of this play. The theme of Hamlet, Shakespeare may have found in the words of the Danish "Hamblet," uttered as he killed his wicked uncle. "This just and violent death is a first reward for such as thou art, now go thy wayes and when thou comest to hell, see thou forget not to tell thy brother (whom thou trayterously slewest) that it was his sonne that sent thee thither with the message to the end that being comforted thereby, his soule may rest among the blessed spirits, and quit mee of the obligation which bound me to pursue his vengeance upon mine owne blood." But the theme which Shakespeare takes from the history of the time when the Danes were a "barbarous and vnciuill" people, he develops in the atmosphere of the court of his own time. His courtiers are distinctly Elizabethan in manners and intellect, and

none of the coarseness and grossness of the old history appears in the play.

The circumstances preceding the beginning of the tragedy have been changed somewhat from those attendant upon the murder of Hamlet's father in the old history. According to Shakespeare, Hamlet's uncle, Claudius, had secretly done away with his brother, Hamlet, by dropping poison into his ear while he slept. The historic Hamblet's uncle was named Fengon, and the story of the murder of Horvendile, Hamblet's father, is thus recounted in "The Hystorie of Hamblet—Imprinted by Richard Bradocke for Thomas Pavier." "But Fengon, having secretly assembled certain men, and perceiving himself strong enough to execute his interprise, Horvendile, his brother, being at a banquet with his friends, sodainely set upon him, where he slewe him as traiterously, as cunningly he purged himself of so detestable a murther to his subjects." Fengon, to purge himself, "slaundered his dead brother, that he would have slaine his wife, and that hee by chance finding him upon the point ready to doe it, in defence of the Lady had slaine him." Such a story was not sufficiently plausible for the basis of an intellectual tragedy like Hamlet. Shakespeare retained the facts of the murder of the king by his brother and the queen's subsequent marriage to her husband's murderer. He adapted the circumstances of the crime so that the affair might appear probable to his Elizabethan audience. Another reason for these changes may have been to prevent Hamlet's immediate certainty that his father had been murdered. Such knowledge would have left no room for the development of the "tragedy of indecision."

From the chapter headings of the "Hystorie" one can see upon what material Shakespeare chose to base his play. Chapter 2 of the "Hystorie" is summarized as follows: "How Hamblet counterfeited the mad man, to escape the tyrannie of his uncle, and how he was tempted by a woman (through his uncles procurement) who thereby thought to undermine the Prince, and by that meanes to find out whether he counterfeited madnesse or not; and how Hamblet would by no means bee brought to consent unto her; and what followed." The

incident of the uncle's attempt to test the reality of Hamlet's madness is paralleled by Shakespeare in the scene between Hamlet and Ophelia, through which Claudius and Polonius try to discover whether the prince has been crazed by unrequited love. Shakespeare leaves out the coarseness of the Hystorie, the boorishness of Hamlet's feigned madness, and gives the scene the court setting of his own time.

"Another subtilty used to deceive Hamblet" is related in the chapter headed, "How Fengon, uncle to Hamblet, a second time to intrap him in his pollitick madness; caused one of his counsellors to be secretly hidden in the Queenes chamber,—behind the arras, to heare what speches past between Hamblet and the Quen, and how Hamblet killed him, and escaped that danger and what followed."

In the Hystorie, Hamblet suspected treachery, and when he came into his mothers' room, he "began to come like a cocke beating with his arms—upon the hangings of the chamber, whereby feeling something stirring under them, he cried a rat a rat, and presently drawing his sworde, thrust it into the hangings, which done, pulled the counsellor, (halfe dead) out by the heeles, made an end of killing him, and beeing slaine, cut his bodie in peeces."

Shakespeare borrows, with the incident, the very words which Hamlet utters before killing Polonious, "A rat, a rat!" but Polonius's outcry drew attention to him, and Hamlet suffered genuine remorse for the miscarriage of the blow he had intended for the king. In the conversation of the prince with his mother, even in the access of his passion Hamlet never ceases to be a courtier and a gentleman, while the historic Hamblet, reviled Geruth with the brutality of an age which must have been "barbarous and vnciuill."

A third chapter bears the heading, "How Fengon the third time devised to send Hamblet to the King of England, with secret letters to have him put to death; and how Hamblet, when his companions slept, read the letters, and instead of them, counterfeited others, willing the King of England to put the two messengers to death, and to marry his daughter to Hamblet, which was effected, and how Hamblet escaped out of England."

After Hamlet had spent a year in England, he returned home, murdered the nobles of the Danish Court by setting fire to the hall where they lay in drunken sleep; he slew his uncle, and having thus avenged his father's death, Hamlet ruled as King of Denmark.

Shakespeare's inventions date from the point at which the fortunes of the historic Hamlet begin to change for the better. The first chapters of the *Hystorie* afforded good material for tragedy, and Shakespeare made use of them, adapting his source to conform with the civilization of his own age, and adding to his borrowed material a consistent tragic ending of his own. For the psychological study of Hamlet in the agony of indecision, Shakespeare drew from no source save his own knowledge of human nature.

A play with the centre of interest in the psychological development of its hero is the tragedy of Macbeth. The mainspring of the action, the prophecy of the weird sisters to Macbeth, Shakespeare takes directly from history. The powerful influence of Lady Macbeth over her husband is suggested, too, by Holinshed, who says in regard to the murder of Duncan that she "lay sore upon him (Macbeth) to attempt the thing." The murder of Duncan and Banquo, and the escape of Fleance are historic, but the attendant circumstances are very much altered in the play. In the first place, Holinshed says that Duncan named his son Prince of Cumberland, with the purpose of defrauding Macbeth "of all mane of title and claime, which he might in time to come pretend unto the crowne." Such a motive for Duncan's act would partly have justified Macbeth for his crime. But Shakespeare creates a Duncan guiltless of offense, so that Macbeth's ambition alone is responsible for his deed. In the particulars of Duncan's murder, Shakespeare follows Holinshed's story of the murder of King Duff by Donwald.

The attempt to murder Banquo and Fleance was prompted by the same motive on the part of Macbeth in play and history alike. Banquo, historically, had helped to murder Duncan, and so deserved his fate, although not at the hands of his partner in crime. Shakespeare's Banquo on the contrary, is quite

innocent of evil. All of Macbeth's victims are represented in the play as martyrs to inordinate ambition.

Analysis of the dramatic time of Macbeth's reign shows that only two months can be assigned to the whole period covered by the plot. Historically, Macbeth was king for seventeen years, during the first ten of which he governed justly and well. Shakespeare omits the period of good rule, since any virtuous part of Macbeth's life would have no place in a tragedy concerned with his moral ruin.

The purpose, then, of most of the adaptations of history in this group of four plays, is simply to further the development of some dramatic idea of Shakespeare's. In studying the group of plays in which history forms the plot, we discovered three main reasons for the deviations from historic fact; to create dramatic unity, to heighten the portrayal of character, and to promote concreteness of presentation upon the stage. But when we ask ourselves the value of this study of the adaptations of history in Shakespeare's plots, the answer comes not only in terms of scholarly investigation. By tracing the difference between Shakespeare's plays and the sources he used, striving always to discover the purpose underlying each change, we attempt for the moment to think with Shakespeare. The material results of such an effort may be of scant importance, but the ultimate value to the person who carries on this investigation cannot fail to be the attainment of a broader knowledge and a more intelligent appreciation of the genius of the greatest of English dramatists.

SKETCHES

WHILE THE YULE LOG BURNED

(A blithesome tale of a Christmas quest)

HESTER ROSALYN HOFFMAN

"Make me merry both more and less
For now is the time of Christymas!"

(Balliol MS. of about 1540)

Now 'twas Christmastide in merrie England in those olden golden days, when lords and ladies flourished, when frolicsome fools capered, when gray-cowled monks trudged on their holy pilgrimages, and time-worn bards, hoary with the snows of many a winter, wandered abroad to sing the deeds of brave-souled kings and noble knights. And in every lofty castle, fragrant with boughs of bay and bushes of yew, the Yule log blazed brightly, kindled with a brand from the last year's block, and even in the poorest hut a Christmas candle burned for joy at the Christ Child's birth. Within the royal palace fleet-footed mirth ran high and the lofty, smoke-blackened rafters shook with sounds of revelling. But no pleasure reigned in the face of the king. A scowl sat on his kingly countenance. The piece of holly stuck at a rakish angle in the jeweled crown only scratched the kingly ear and the flaming Christmas torches seemed to dazzle those piercing steel-gray eyes beneath their heavy black brows. No joyous spirit welled up in his heart to make him gay and cheerful as six lusty lads bore in the snowy Yule log; no pious fervor stirred within him when the Christmas hymns resounded; no good will went out from his heart toward his fellow-men because it was the Christmas season.

In sooth the peevish humor of the monarch seemed in ill accord with the merry-makings of his laughing courtiers, clad in their holiday silks and soft-napped velvets. And in that joyous throng one figure stood out in gay relief,—my Lord of Misrule, the jester of his majesty the king. Hal Hollyberry men dubbed him at the court by reason of the ruddy brightness of his face, and, as a waggish courtier once had said, the fool's wits outvied the holly's thorns for sharpness. Nimble alike of wit and toe, he spurred men's spirits on to blithe jesting or led men's feet through the winding mazes of the dance. 'Twas his joke that all men strained their ears to hear, his song that they all applauded till their hands burned, for he was well-beloved alike of high and low.

And when mirthfulness seemed to hold supremest sway, there rang out suddenly a sharp command for silence. Then many a nobleman's heart quaked beneath his bright-hued doublet, for in truth each courtier present had well-nigh forgot the dark-browed king, who sat so silently in the shadows and who took no part in the day's festivities.

"Hal Hollyberry!" and the sceptre beckoned with imperious sway.

With a gambol and a tumbling the fool stood erect before his royal master after a deep bow of mocking courtesy.

"Hal Hollyberry," the king continued in a voice that brooked no trifling, "'tis thy sovereign's will that thou shalt play the king at the morrow's celebrations. Thy king will lend thee this golden crown for thy cap and bells, this sceptre for thy jingling staff. In sooth thou shalt be king for a day,"—and his laugh was hard.

Great was the amazement that greeted this declaration of the grim humor of the king. But Hal Hollyberry, whom it most concerned, was not dismayed by so startling an announcement. Full many a time before had his sprightly wits been taxed to the utmost to meet the shifting whims of this moody monarch.

"'Tis not the first time that the king hath played the fool," quoth he, and relieving laughter broke out in the great hall where all had been silent so short a space before.

And so it was that in the early morning, when the stars began to pale with watching, and heavy-laden dawn lay yawning in the eastern sky, the king rose up from his close-curtained bed. First donned he the silken hose of gold and scarlet; then the doublet slashed with azure. Upon the head that had so often wearied 'neath the heavy golden crown, he drew a tinkling cap of light and wanton hue. Then with a soft, stealthy tread he stole forth, along the drafty hall-way, down the cold stone stair-case and through the great kitchen. So early was it that the royal cooks were not yet astir preparing the "plum-pudding, goose, capon, minced pie, and roast beef" for that night's feasting. Only a grimy scullion boy crouched fast asleep beside the spit which he had been set to turn throughout the night. The king paused but a single moment to fill his pockets with nuts and apples till they were well nigh bursting. Then he slid back the great bolts, pushed open the heavy iron-banded door and left the slumbering castle far behind him. The snow had just fallen and the majestic pines stood clad in a royal mantle of the finest ermine, whilst all the little firs and low-growing shrubs wore the soft white eider-down that frames a baby's face with such becoming grace. And as he strode on, the snow flying from his pointed leathern shoes in sparkling dust, his head bent low in meditation, he thought of the day's forthcoming celebrations, the caroling of the frost-pinched Christmas waits at the dawning, the festive boar's head crowned with rosemary, the Christmas dancing and feasting and mumming.

"'Tis not the real Christmas," he thought. "And now, in this motley garb of fool I'll go out to search for it as our knights set out on their holy quests. If 'tis not in the lofty castle mayhap I shall find it in some lowly hut—this real Christmas."

And as if in answer to his ponderings he spied a tiny cottage, with a thin wisp of smoke from its chimney showing like a wind-blown wraith against the early morning sky. And in that humble dwelling he found a hearty welcome.

"Ah now, dear fool," cried the buxom peasant wife, "thou'rt indeed a blessing to cheer us in our doldrums. My lame-backed Dick refused all his meal in peevish temper."

Beside the fire lay the crippled lad in stubborn petulancy, but when the king cut capers of which he had no memory since some long-past Christmas mumming before the king, his royal father, the boy's eyes 'gan to sparkle and a rosy flush tinged his pale face as the crimson sun did kiss the white-cheeked world without. And the mother set before her sovereign a plate of hard, black bread, with but the simple statement,

"'Tis the best we have, but thou'rt welcome in the name of Him whose day it is."

Then the monarch contrived a cunning artifice to tempt that lagging appetite. They made a great pretending—the humble lad and the mighty king—for the thick-cut slices of dark bread were none other than fearsome dragons guarding a thick stone castle that concealed a youthful princess, beautiful as a spring morn's dawning. And great was the delight when the monsters had been vanquished and from out behind her prison, which was none other than the heavy crockery plate, there came the blushing princess, an apple from the fool's great wallet. It was with the utmost reluctance that the king left that lowly dwelling, for he had felt the wonder of a weak child's clinging arms, the bewitchment of eager questioning eyes intent upon his every movement.

And so it was that throughout the day he found a ready welcome in many a poor man's cot, and ever to his lips came tumbling long-forgotten jests, the wavering phantoms of his light-hearted boyhood—those far-off, care-free days of hawking, fencing and jousting in the castle court-yard. Now he must relate the legend of the Christ Child's birth to a group of wide-eyed peasant children, or once more crack a joke for the wonderment of revelling rustics at the road-side tavern. The minstrel and his love-lorn ballads, mine host and his drinking songs, hoar-headed elders and their ghost tales—all must give way to the quirks of the fool, who warms the cockles of men's hearts with blithe pleasantry. So it was that the sturdy yeomanry served their king with a rude, coarse fare that tasted withal more sweet than many-coursed banquets, for 'twas flavored with the kindest good will. So his majesty travelled throughout a goodly portion of his wide domain, finding the fool most welcome where the king would be most feared.

And when gray-gowned evening, bearing her crystal lamps, stole down her purple stairs, the king turned homeward, weary of body but peaceful of soul. And forth from the castle where he was wont to rule there came the sounds of feasting; flaring torches shone forth brightly, reflected in the fallen snow; songs resounded, light laughter tinkled; and all was joyousness. In the great hall flamed candles without number, lighting the throne that had skulked in deep shadows the night before. Hal Hollyberry wore the crown of the Lord's anointed tilted full jauntily, and waved the golden sceptre with solemn majesty. And great was the unbridled merriment at that moment, for there had been a most impressive knighting. The new-dubbed Knight of the Mistletoe Bough arose and ambled away with but little consciousness of his weighty honors, for he was none other than the royal grayhound. Upon this scene of gay disport the returned king looked with eyes of new-found sympathy, for the essence of the Christmas spirit, more subtle than the potions of a star-gazing wizard, had entered his kingly heart. Humbly he walked to the throne that was his by ordained right, and humbly he bent his knee before it. And the wise-souled Hal, who knew the secret hearts of men, struck his monarch lightly on the shoulder, saying,

"Arise, O King!"

And he stood there before his loyal subjects garbed in the motley of a fool, and in a voice as low and sweet as the first soft notes of an organ that chants a Christmas anthem, he told them of his quest.

Then turning to his kindly jester, he said simply,

"'Tis plainly seen that within this royal palace 'tis thou in sooth who hast been king, whilst I have but played the motlied fool. For thou dost rule the hearts of men, and dost see their throbbings buried deep beneath the silken doublet or concealed beneath the peasant's ragged blouse. 'Tis there in truth the true Christmas spirit lives."

So ended the great king's quest, and as he sat late before the dying embers with the drowsy Knight of Mistletoe stretched beside him, he marveled much that love, so mild a

power, is in sooth more strong than enthroned might. So, as the great Yule log fell silently in ashes and the ruddy glow began to dim, as the Christmas candles sputtered and went out one by one and all the festive garlands drooped in slumber, the king alone sat dreaming of new conquests. And down from some distant tower room, where dwelt the royal pages, there floated the soft notes of a carol, languourous as the dreamy swaying of tall pines in the winter wind, lulling the the dulled senses of the king into drowsy contentment:—

“God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Savior
Was born this Christmas day!”

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

EUNICE BURR STEBBINS

Little Christmas Jesus, we
Pray thee bless our Baby's Tree.
It is very straight and tall,
Decked with many a shimm'ring ball,
And at its foot, upon some grass,
Stands jolly old St. Nicholas,
Round him there are pretty toys
Which he brings to girls and boys
If they're good, but naughty tricks
Santa Claus rewards with sticks.
But our Baby seldom cries
When in his bassinet he lies.
He's not sulky and perverse
And he never scratches Nurse.
For he is a cheerful child—
He is very sweet and mild.
Little Jesus—as of old
When they brought the myrrh and gold
Thou didst shed on them thy light—
Make our Baby's Christmas bright.

A SHAKESPEARE PAPER WITHOUT A POINT

ELSIE GREEN

Araminta came home from college after her Junior year with the idea firmly fixed in her mind that she was going to write a Shakespeare paper before college opened in the fall. She began to read "Hamlet" before she unpackd her trunk, because forsooth, she had read that before, and could skim through that quickly. Araminta is naturally a slow reader. Not since she began to walk had she shown so much attention to a subject, and we (the family) set back and marvelled; not for long, however, for Araminta saw several other things besides Shakespeare in the world.

All through July she revelled in good times. Picnics, dances, tennis and swimming completely blotted out Shakespeare from her mind. Once her father asked her mildly if she had given up trying for the Shakespeare prize, but Araminta answered absently, "Given him up? How you talk! I like him, of course, but Louise's cousin is a much better dancer and he's a marvellous swimmer."

August came on, furiously hot. Araminta's strenuous life moderated somewhat. A letter came from one of her college chums asking if she wasn't going to try out for the Shakespeare prize. Araminta looked at the row of Shakespeare and sighed. She picked out one volume and walked languidly out on the porch. All was silent for some minutes, and then came an agonized exclamation from Araminta,—

"Mother, I've got to read five hundred pages a day from now on, and that only leaves me two days to write my paper."

I said nothing, as is the habit of moralizing mothers. In a minute Araminta stalked past on her way to her own room. Dignity and determination fairly radiated from her.

From that day on we breakfasted with Shakespeare, lunched with Shakespeare, and dined with Shakespeare. Five hundred pages a day of solid Shakespeare did not agree with Araminta. Neither did they agree with the family, but we stood it

better than Araminta. She grew pale from lack of exercise, fretful on account of the heat and lack of society, since she rigidly turned down all her friends on the plea of work. Early and late she read Shakespeare. I found her once in the middle of the night asleep over Shakespeare. I woke her up and suggested that she go to bed. She leaned over to look at the clock and murmured wearily,

“‘I’m glad I was up so late
For that’s the reason I was up so early.’”

“Say your prayers, dear,” I warned her, but she was truly awake, for she declaimed,

“‘I am no baby, I, with the base prayer
I should repent the evils I have done.
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform if I might have my will.
If one good thing in all my life I did
I do repent it from my very soul.’”

But as I turned to leave her she softened,—

“‘Yet, for that I know thou art religious
And hast a thing within thee called conscience
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies.’”

I left her and went to bed, wondering where the fever for Shakespeare would finally end.

Her father asked her the next day if she wasn’t carrying the thing a little too far, and she remarked like an early Christian martyr,

“‘Haply this life is best
If quiet life be best.’”

Even the cook did not escape having the utterance of the bard of Avon flung at her head. I reached the kitchen one day just in time to hear the conclusion of a monologue on suffrage.

“Why, Mis’ Arryminty, I think any natural woman at arll ought to look up to a man. I may be an owld maid, Mis’ Arryminty, but I ain’t against the min fer all that.”

“Aw, rats!” said Araminta. (It was the first un-Shakespearean expression I had heard from her for some time.)

“Araminta!” said I, reprovingly.

“Pardon, Kate. ‘You put me to forget a lady’s manners by

being so verbal,' " said she by way of apology as she picked up the inevitable Shakespeare and departed.

My older sister, Martha, who is usually somewhat of a thorn in Araminta's flesh, said nothing about the constant flow of Shakespeare for three whole days. Then when the minister's wife came to call on her, Araminta pulled herself together from her deep perusal of "Richard III" barely enough to remark,—

" 'To say you were welcome were superfluous.' "

The storm broke at breakfast the next morning. Araminta came to breakfast looking like a ghost. She eyed her peach in a bored way, saying pensively,—

" 'Why then, the world's my oyster
Which I with sword will open.' "

Martha gave a ladylike snort, but held her peace till near the end of the meal. Then she launched her bomb.

"Minty, I should think you'd better be doing housework than reading Shakespeare. You look as if you had been pulled through a knot-hole. Of all your fool performances I think this is the worst."

" 'Fools are not mad folks', " was the composed reply.

"I think the man that offered that prize was crazy, and I also think you're getting that way," went on Martha heatedly.

" 'Heaven make you better than your thoughts', " said Araminta, piously rolling her eyes as she left the table. As she picked up the copy of "Two Gentlemen of Verona" her voice trailed out to her Aunt Martha,—

" 'And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar
Making the hard way sweet and delectable'."

Even the subject of clothes failed to awaken Araminta. When I questioned her about winter dresses, she replied,

" 'One for superfluity and one other for use'."

On the subject of remodeling clothes her airy contribution was,—" 'Your old smock brings forth a new petticoat; truly the tears live in an onion that would water this sorrow'."

Her new evening gown elicited only the expression,—

" 'This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think'."

Finally it was the last night of her vacation. While I did the final sewing, Martha packed the trunk, saying rude things about Shakespeare. In her room Araminta wrote sheet after sheet of theme paper. I found her later standing by the window, murmuring,

“‘In such a night as this
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise’.”

“Is your paper finished, dear?” I interrupted.

“Yes,” she answered. “‘Tis not so deep as a well, nor so broad as a barn door, but ’tis enough, ’twill serve’.”

But this was not all. She quoted Shakespeare as we said goodbye at the station, and her first letters had Shakespearean quotations galore. At last came a letter that rejoiced our hearts. After several pages that were much like Araminta’s former self came the paragraph:

“The Shakespeare prize was announced this morning in chapel. I didn’t get it. I couldn’t possibly have gotten it with that paper written in

‘My salad days
When I was green in judgment.’

P. S. Tell Aunt Martha I’ve stopped quoting Shakespeare.”

A PRAYER FOR CHRISTMAS DAY

MADELEINE FULLER McDOWELL

Before me lie the symbols of the day,
Beribboned, holly-decked, a goodly horde
And yet from Thee for one more gift I pray,
Give me a Christmas gift of courage, Lord,—
A slim, clear flame to light me on my way,
Rekindling dying hope within my heart,
A beacon light to tell with every ray,
That all is well, do I but play my part.
Life is not all a holiday. The year
Upon whose threshold now I stand will be
Stained with grey hours of grief and pain and fear;
With bitter struggles which I fain would flee.
Help me to wield right valiantly my sword,
Give me a Christmas gift of courage, Lord!

THE REBELLION

FLORENCE VIENNA RUSSELL

The hot August sun was just sinking as Mary Barrett drove slowly back from the cemetery to the home which had been hers and Daniel's now for twenty years. The door of the carriage opened, and she stepped resolutely out, petulantly pushing away the arm which her daughter offered her. On the door sill, she halted and then stooped to straighten out the mat in front of the screen door. Daniel had always liked to have things neat, and she did it almost unconsciously. Once inside the familiar parlor, she untied her bonnet strings, and pushed her bonnet back farther on her head. Then she sat down to rest for the first time that day.

Mary Barrett was a short, fat, little woman with just a suggestion of faded prettiness. Now, her blue eyes looked dull under their heavy lids, and her face sagged, but her mouth had a strange contradictory expression. One minute it seemed to quaver and fall back into its old weak lines, and then again it took on an expression of determination and strength.

Jane watched her mother curiously. She was utterly unlike Mary,—“Daniel's own daughter,” the townspeople said. Mary had always been weak and childish—why Daniel had even selected her bonnets!—but now she was strangely different. As she stood there, she was the picture of capability.

“Can't I take off your bonnet, mother?” Jane said. “It'll cool off your head.”

“I'll take it off myself,” snapped Mary, “I ain't a baby.”

Jane was hurt. Could this woman be her mother, her little childish mother, whom every body thought the shock of Daniel's death would kill? All day long she had acted queerly. Jane was puzzled. She had refused even the slightest help from the neighbors.

“It's my house,” she said, “and I don't want them working around in it.”

So Jane and Will's wife, Martha, had decorated the rooms

and arranged the flowers themselves. Mary had cooked the noonday meal much as if nothing had happened. Now, to-night, she insisted on doing the same.

"You set the table, Jane, and I'll fry some potatoes and fix some eggs," she said.

Jane remonstrated to no avail. Mary was already in the kitchen, trying on an apron. There was a queer, set expression about her mouth as she worked. They ate their meal in silence, and in silence washed the supper dishes.

At eight o'clock the crunching of carriage wheels on the gravel walk outside was heard. Jane looked up expectantly, but Mary did not move. The door was pushed open, and Jim, Jane's husband, walked in. He stopped awkwardly on seeing Mary.

"Is she ready?" he asked, turning to Jane.

"Ready for what, James?" said Mary, looking up. "You ain't going to take me away?" She turned to Jane with a look of frightened defiance.

"Why, mother," said Jane, "we naturally thought you wouldn't want to stay here alone, and I can't stay with you on account of little Daniel, so we brought the buggy to take you home with us. We thought maybe you'd like to see little Daniel. You haven't seen him you know, since his hair has been cut."

Mary wavered. The thought of seeing little Daniel was always pleasing, but no, she would stay in her own house. She wanted to be away from Jane, away from everyone.

"I'll stay right here," she announced.

"Come now, mother, you're just tired. I'll get your shawl and bonnet, and James, you unhitch. We'll be out directly." Jane put her arm around her mother, but Mary drew away.

"I'll stay right here," she repeated. "Jane, you go home with him, and I'll get Mrs. Fletcher to stay with me."

Jane pleaded, but Mary obstinately refused to go.

"I'll stay right here," she kept saying, and it was useless to argue further. She was childish stubborn in her decision.

Jane, very much annoyed, was finally forced to go alone.

"Mother's crazy," she told Jim, as they turned towards

home. "She won't let anyone help her, not even me. Think of her not wanting to come home with us tonight, and proposing to have Mrs. Fletcher stay with her instead! Poor mother, she has always leaned on father so. What'll she ever do without him?"

"What do you suppose she'll say to selling the house and living with us?" suggested Jim, between puffs at his pipe.

"Say,—why, there isn't anything for her to say," Jane replied. "She can't live alone,—she'll have to live with us."

"Just the same, I have an idea that she won't do it," returned Jim.

Mary Barrett watched the buggy roll slowly out of sight. Then she sat down to think. She had no intention of asking Mrs. Fletcher over for the night. For the first time in the forty-four years of her married life, she longed to be alone. She had to find some way in which to readjust her life to the strange new order. She had loved Daniel of course, and he had always fascinated her. It was the submission of a weak will to a stronger, and she had been content to have it so. Daniel had done everything for her, selected her clothes, disciplined her children, directed all of her most unimportant actions. She had never thought of rebelling. But now Daniel was dead and the spell was gone. She didn't want Jane to be doing things for her. She wanted to do them for herself, to cook her own meals, untie her own bonnet strings, make up her own mind.

Then too, back in her mind lurked the terrible fear that they wanted her to live with Jane. She would never do that! That was why she was afraid to go to Jane's house tonight. Once there, and under the old dominating spell, (for Jane was "Daniel's own daughter") she might yield, might leave her home forever. No,—she would live her own life in her own house, take boarders if necessary, but live in her own house,—her own house. She fell asleep with the words ringing in her head.

She was up early the next morning, and had the rooms dusted before Jane arrived. Jane had had a bad night, and was surprised to see Mary so calm. There was a slight flush on her face, and she looked younger.

"Mother," Jane broached the subject carefully, "Jim and I were talking it over last night, about selling the house, you know. You'll live with us of course." Jane expected some remonstrance, but was not prepared for the calm response.

"I've been thinking it over, too, Jane. I'll stay right here in my own house. You and Jim have your life, Will and Martha theirs, Daniel had his, and now I'm going to have mine. I've made up my mind, Jane,—I'll stay right here."

"But mother," broke in Jane, aghast, "you can't—alone—"

"I've been thinking of that, too. There's Margaret Woodbury's daughter, Annie,—you remember Margaret Woodbury who died a while ago? Annie is an orphan now, and she can live with me. It'll give her a home, and she'll be a real help around the house."

Jane interrupted impatiently.

"Mother, mother, don't you know that Annie can't live with you? She's living with her aunt now."

Mary's face fell.

"That's right," she said, "she can't; but I can live alone, Jane, I can live—" Her words died out as she looked at Jane's face. After all, things were too strong against her. Daniel had always said she was weak. She began to cry, then made one more effort to regain her former courage and decision.

"I've got my life to lead."

"Mother, you can't live alone,—you can't live here!"

It was Daniel's voice, and Daniel's old imperious manner. Mary's face lost its animation, and she suddenly appeared very old.

"That's right, Jane, I can't, I can't."

ABOUT COLLEGE

BEING LITERARY

MARGARET NORRIS JONES

Have you ever had a reputation to live up to? Almost everyone has, I suppose, but I hereby proclaim that the reputation of being literary is by far the hardest of any to fulfill. Just how this particular accomplishment was laid at my door I have never yet discovered. The first tribute to my powers that I received was Freshman year, about English A time when I made the intensely original remark that I knew I was going to flunk my English A paper, and received the consoling rejoinder, "You, my dear! You won't flunk it, you can write." So it began. Sophomore year I took English 13. That was proof positive, and by Junior year when on account of a temporary brain storm that attacked twelve ordinarily sane members of the class of 1915, I became a member of the Monthly Board. I might as well have proclaimed that the moon was made of green cheese and College Hall of gingerbread and expected to be believed, as try to convince my faithful friends that I was not literary.

If they could only see me when a week or so before finals thirty hours of English 13 begins to loom large on my horizon. 'Tis then that I fill up every minute of my time. I study for my other classes most assiduously. I make play dates three deep for all my afternoons and evenings, and when the awful moment arrives for which I have failed to provide other occupations, 'tis then that gloom unspeakable descends upon my soul. I wander around my room disconsolately banging my toes on all the excrescences on my furniture—and it seems to be mostly excrescences about that time, by the way; I smooth

out imaginary wrinkles from the couch cover; I rearrange the cushions at a more becoming angle or according to a more artistic color scheme; I get out my duster and remove all the bric-a-brac from my desk that I may dust it the more thoroughly; I straighten the articles on my dressing table, and even sometimes go so far as to pick up my clothing from the floor of my closet. Next I sharpen all my pencils and fill my fountain pen. Then I unearth reams of inviting looking clean white paper from the lowest desk drawer and arrange it in orderly piles at each side of the desk; I look about hopelessly, I hesitate, I draw a long sigh and finally seat myself.

Pen in hand, I pause. I review all my little and long cherished ideas. I look at the phrases jotted down from time to time in the back of my notebook. Such cryptic remarks as "GUM" faintly recall that I had planned to compose an essay on the habits and customs of the American nation but I can no longer see any possible method of development. Next comes a statement, "inclination lasts longer than resolution." 'Tis true assuredly, I would never dream of doubting it, but what of it? So I go down the list.

"Absolutely no material there," I say to myself with a sigh and look around the room for further suggestions. My eye falls on my account book and by some psychological action of synapses, that suggests Prom. Ah, I will describe the ins and outs, or rather the ups and downs for it is a very hilly country, of our trip to Williamstown the day after Prom. But it occurs to me that such an account will be rather personal, a subject better suited to letter or diary treatment, and there are those who object to the letter or diary form of literature. I fall into a reverie, rudely interrupted by a voice at the other end of the hall inquiring of a neighbor,

"How long does it take a plant to soak up all the water it needs?" I spring to my feet in horror. It is late afternoon and my window box is as yet unwatered. I run for my tea kettle and liberally besprinkle it, removing dead leaves with tenderness, counting the new buds on the pansy plants and incidentally watching the nice looking man who is passing on the side-walk below. The brilliant thought strikes me; I

will write an Ode to my Window Box, delicately facetious, ironical, and appealing. I seize my pen

“Window box dear, blooming in the sun,
Relic of another year and a girl agone
Willed to me with love and tears,
Blooming fresh.....”

Bangity, bang, bang! The door bursts open and in comes one of my most vivacious friends.

“Girl, you don’t mean to say that you are working on a day like this—it’s a crime; come on down town to Kingsley’s with me. ”Who can resist the temptation of a college ice? Not I.

“I’ve done enough work for one day anyway,” I remark as we go out the door. To which she answers as for once I hoped she would.

“You should worry about English thirt anyway, it comes easily to you.”

RESPECTIVELY

ELEANOR EVEREST WILD

My roommate is extremely short
And I’m—well—rather tall
(Pray do not think I speak with pride
Or boast—oh—not at all).

And though my slender figure’s
An attenuated sight
I know she must admire the way
I reach the electric light.

And though she’s short and dumpy
She thinks I think instead
How deftly she recovers things
Which roll beneath the bed.

So each of us to our own sphere
Is suited perfectly.
At least, that’s what I say to her
She says the same of me.

RELATIVES ON THE FACULTY

LOUISE BIRD

Unlike the freshman who once put down heavily my efforts to entertain her, I have no "connections on the faculty." In fact, at the time this particular rebuke was administered I was sincerely glad that I had none; for if a cousin in the History Department and an uncle teaching Physics made one so world-weary at the beginning of freshman year, I was thankful from the bottom of my heart that all my uncles were plain business men. However that may be, I have at other times during my college course felt the necessity of expressing adequately to myself my appreciation of my instructors and in response to this demand of my nature that excellence in members of the faculty receive the highest recognition I can give, I have adopted into my family all my favorite faculty.

It began freshman year when I happened to think one day what a splendid uncle my adviser would be. He was so kind and approachable and understanding, the ideal uncle in every respect, and my heart warmed to him more than ever when I pictured him coming in quite red-nosed and breathless just in time for Thanksgiving dinner and then sitting twisted around a dining-chair when the nuts came on and discussing politics with Father.

It was only a step from uncle to aunt, and the next adoption I made was of the comfortable, kindly front-row lady whose entrance into chapel always suggested that somewhere in her capacious skirt was a black silk pocket, just the kind to hold peppermints and hoarhound drops. That is how my faculty family started. The personnel changes from time to time, but the family as a whole is a great comfort to me, and the mere fact of a change in its make-up detracts from my affection to the group not at all. Indeed this variability is one of the family's greatest charms. Real relatives stay put,

whether you want them to or not, but my faculty aunts, cousins, and uncles, bound as they are by a tie of fancy, I can abandon and adopt at will. In the words of the President, "Flexibility is the key-note of the system."

Another charm lies in the fact that all the choosing is done by me and me alone. They have nothing to say on the subject. Indeed I was extremely incensed at one of my instructors last year—I had purposely omitted to take her—when without any invitation at all she tried to claim relationship with Mother whom I had taken to visit her abominable class. Even if her grandmother's cousin was a "Huntington from Albany, too," I considered her most presuming. One cannot be too careful whom one admits to one's family.

My doing the choosing this way may seem to make the relationship one-sided. The relationship *is* one-sided but I like to keep it so. It might disconcert my adopted relatives if they knew. I can picture one of the younger ones fairly purpling with chagrin and embarrassment should he ever find out that I was seriously considering him as an unconscious candidate for the degree of second cousin once removed. So I shall not inform them for they will not miss the honors they know not of. For the sake of academic fairness in the classroom and social ease when we meet outside, it will be better for them and for me that they know me simply as a student, rather than as a niece of the spirit.

AS THE POETS SING

ELSIE GARRETSON FINCH

I hitched my wagon to a star
And dreamed of greater lives than mine,
I looked into the realms afar
And gloried in the joys divine;
And yet I found when I was turned
Back to this world of woe and wrath,
And saw again the things I'd spurned,
That I had sadly flunked in Math!

REVIEWS

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS IN BOOKS

To my mind there is one perfect Christmas gift, a book. There are books for everybody, books grave and books gay; poetry and prose, essay, biography and fiction. The only question to be decided is what book for what person. Of course certain conservative friends are collecting Dickens, Scott, or Thackeray, and others the more recent authors, Stevenson in his olive-green leather, Kipling in his cheerful crimson, or even Conrad in his "Deep Sea Edition" the very thought of which irresistibly attracts the Christmas book buyer.

But some of our friends possess most of these volumes, or else they prefer the most recent of publications. There are good books for them also. In poetry we have several collections of interest. "The Lord of Misrule and Other Poems" by Alfred Noyes is a delight to those hitherto unfamiliar with his work and is no disappointment to those already acquainted with it. Some of the poems have the color and musical cadence for which he was first praised. Others are militant while some are whimsical and charmingly philosophical. In short, there are all kinds of poems and each of high standard. To quote from a review in the "*Literary Digest*," "those whose duty it is to sample new books of verse and report flavor and quality no longer need to hesitate over volumes bearing the name of Mr. Alfred Noyes. This poet has earned great popular approval and high critical praise."

I also wish to call attention to "Verse" by Adelaide Crapsey, just published. "These poems, remarkable alike for their originality and power, and for their metrical perfection were

left by the author for posthumous publication," to quote from the prospectus of the publishers. The verse is reviewed at greater length in an essay "Adelaide Crapsey" by Miss Lewis of the Department of English which appears elsewhere in this magazine.

Another book of poetry is "The Little Book of American Poets" edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse. This makes an excellent companion volume to "The Little Book of Modern Verse" which was also compiled by Miss Rittenhouse in 1913. Here we meet old friends and new, Longfellow, Whitman, Field, Lanier, Moody, Le Gallienne and others, living and dead. It is a pleasant volume to have for intermittent reading and an excellent book for those who have hitherto failed to appreciate that America also has her poets of note.

Then there are "Poems" by G. K. Chesterton, a collection interesting both in itself and in comparison with other work of that well known writer. The poems are grouped under such heads as war poems, love poems, religious poems, rhymes for the times, and ballades. The verses thus classified are as varied as the grouping suggests, tragic, humorous, ironic, tender, heroic. They make a very agreeable volume.

There is one other writer of verse of whom I would speak, Arthur Guiterman and his book, "The Laughing Muse." By some authorities Mr. Guiterman is considered one of the two best writers of light verse to-day. Probably most of us know his general manner who have read his rhymed reviews or his "Antiseptic Baby" but his whole delicious, apparently easy and effortless humor cannot be appreciated without reading further in his writings. Even such a staid periodical as "The Bookman" compares him to W. S. Gilbert, the writer of the words of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas and the author of the "Bab-ballads." We are sorry for the reader who cannot enjoy his delicious nonsense.

Now let us turn to fiction. There is a wide field to choose from and space will permit me to mention only two. The readers of "*The Century*" already are familiar with Jean Webster's "Dear Enemy," a wholesome and charming book for the invalid or the mentally tired. It is a bright and lova-

ble story of a society girl, Sally McBride, who undertakes to manage an orphan asylum on family lines. Needless to say, there is a love story interwoven with her experiences.

If one's friends prefer stronger mental pabulum, let them read* "Duke Jones" by Ethel Sidgwick. Miss Sidgwick is already known to the readers of good books as the author of several successful novels and again she has given them great pleasure in the creation of such characters as Duke Jones, Violet Shovell, Dr. Claude Ashwin and the astounding Ingestre family. The plot to one accustomed to the Young Lochinvar type of romantic love story may at first seem slow and somewhat vague, but the characters themselves are sufficient to hold the reader and the dialogue is irresistible in its adroitness and cleverness. Miss Sidgwick has created some remarkable men and women, Duke Jones, the "man of the street," Shovell, the young Englishman of a society type and Lady Eveleen Ingestre Ashwin whose impenetrable indifference and vanity would seem an impossibility unless developed by a skillful hand. The contrasts of the characters, the thread of the unusual in the plot which binds them together, and particularly, the excellence of its execution make the book noteworthy among the publications of the year.

The MONTHLY acknowledges the receipt of the following:

"The Lord of Misrule and Other Poems," Noyes, \$1.60, Frederick A. Stokes Co.

"Verse," Crapsey, \$1.00, The Manas Press.

"The Little Book of American Poets," Rittenhouse, \$1.25, Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Poems," Chesterton, \$1.25, John Lane Co.

"Laughing Muse," Guiterman, \$1.00, Harper & Brothers.

"Dear Enemy," Webster, \$1.30, Century Co.

"Clown's Courage," Scarlet, \$1.00, R. G. Badger, the Gorham Press.

* Courtesy of Bridgman & Lyman.

EDITORIAL

The approach of the Christmas season arouses in most of us happy memories of rollicking good times, and an eager anticipation of the gayeties which we feel sure the holidays have in store for us. For two weeks we shall dance and play to our hearts' content. For two weeks we shall be, in our own minds at least, carefree and irresponsible. Happiness—youthful exuberant happiness—that is the keynote of our conception of Christmas. This kind of happiness contains not a single serious element. "Seriousness? Why we left that behind us at college,—up in "libe" to keep company with the "pill" and "Bible" books," you exclaim in indignation, "who ever heard of being serious during a vacation—and a Christmas vacation at that?"

You are right, dear reader. Few of us ever have, yet there is much that is serious about vacations—especially Christmas vacations. For Christmas contains two messages for us—one of happiness, the deeper happiness that is love, and one of humility. We all realize the significance of the happiness message—we cannot help it. There is happiness in the buoyant tread of the passers-by as they march homeward with their arms full of bumpy bundles; there is happiness in the gaily lighted shop windows and in the swirling dance of the merry snowflakes. The air we breathe seems surcharged with happiness. And there are fifty-seven varieties of it!—the spontaneous delight of a child with its first Christmas tree, the feverishly insolent happiness of youth, the joy of living and working of men and women, and the quiet, recollective content of our grand parents. They all have their place in the spirit of Christmas.

Now for the other message of the Christmas season—the message of humility which is neglected and half-forgotten by our careless modern world. Yet it originated with “happiness” at that first Christmas in far-away Bethlehem. “Good gracious!” you wonder. “You don’t suppose she’s going to talk about humility, do you? Why that went out of date long ago. Its—its mid-victorian,” thereby damning it as effectually as your limited knowledge will allow. Ah, but wait a minute. With the “first families” in the intellectual world of today, humility has never become old-fashioned. Isn’t it curious that our great American colleges should have become veritable breeding places of arrogance rather than of humility? One would naturally suppose that the more one learned, the more one discovered there was to learn; and in consequence one would be properly meek and humble. But unnaturally enough this works in a diametrically opposite fashion. A slight knowledge of verse forms and metre enables us to set up as a poetic critic; because we have read Shaw and Ibsen we think we can talk about all drama intellectually. When we enter upon a student activity office, we officiously assume the prerogatives and rights that belong to a trained worker of the same kind in the outside world. In short, we know not the virtue of humility. And yet humility is still the best style with the truly cultured. Who wants to be behind the fashion?

Merry Christmas to everybody! And down in the toe of your stocking may you find two most precious gifts of all—love and humility—enough of the former to crowd your days and enough of the latter to bring you peaceful dreams at night.

EDITOR'S TABLE

THE CHALLENGE OF COLLEGE SETTLEMENTS

VIDA DUTTON SCUDDER

[EDITOR'S NOTE:—This is the first of a series of syndicated articles which have been prepared by the College Settlements Association and which are now appearing in many of the women's magazines. Miss Scudder, Professor of English Literature at Wellesley College, is a Smith alumna of the class of 1884 and is one of the founders of the Settlement Movement in America.]

Vassar the pioneer has just celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. The College Settlements Association celebrated last year its twenty-fifth. Not long after women's colleges were founded, this movement toward pure democracy spread through them, catching its first spark from England and Toynbee Hall, only to develop instantly authentic fires of its own.

Those fires are burning still, and ever new generations of students and graduates are called on to tend the sacred flame. Meantime, many things have happened. Fighting without and fears within have been the portion of democracy. The awakening of the social conscience, in which settlements have played a leading part, has lagged behind the fierce development of industrialism. The effort from the levels where life has opportunity and ease to extend those privileges downward, encounters a grim effort from below to leap into the regions of freedom and claim such privileges as a right. This effort echoes as yet faintly in the homes of learning; but even in the quietest colleges, radical voices are not quite still.

Meantime countless practical activities which seek to mitigate social injustice or relieve suffering, press their claims. From mild philanthropy through all phases of reform, to the call of socialist or syndicalist, college students listen to a bewildering variety of appeals for allegiance.

In the confusion, the unobtrusive steady plea of that earliest movement seems at times overborne. Yet if only from its tradition, it deserves a hearing. For the settlement movement is the only original contribution of the colleges toward the solution of social problems. Other worthy movements.—Consumers' Leagues, Peace-Parties, etc.—enter the college world and are welcome. But settlements are of the household. As the drama was born at the Altar, so they were born in the heart of that academic life which quickened in young women the stirrings of a new age. The C. S. A. depends wholly for control, largely for support, on its undergraduate and alumnae chapters. Just as surely as alumnae drop subscriptions, as graduate classes fail to furnish new memberships, as interest in the college itself weakens, so those houses in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore, which are the most distinctive expression of the social conscience of college women, feel the slackening and lose power. To maintain settlements is a distinct College responsibility,—voluntary of course, but sanctioned by the loyalty of a quarter century, by a record of productive and noble work, by devotion and sacrifice which can never be narrated, on the part of college women. The movement is knit into the very fabric of college life; if the colleges dropped it, probably no one would pick it up.

And would that matter so much? may be asked. Perhaps the day of settlements is over. Perhaps it is time that they yielded, either to the claims of more definite work, like child-saving and better housing, or to political movements, picturesque and full of vague promise, like socialism or suffrage. Settlements are an old story, accredited and commonplace. The impatient radical scouts them as centres of superficial pottering dullness; the reformer sees on them the dreaded

trail of the sentimental amateur; the average undergraduate regards them with indifference in which ignorance and familiarity meet. What place have they in the modern college?

What can take their place? would be a wiser question. For the more radical and the more specialized forms of social activity alike are surely in the main for a later day. Although college students, being human, will and should dogmatize ardently and variously, an undergraduate movement based on dogmatic assumptions is often a doubtful good; for conviction, to be of value, should not be premature. As for specialized social work, for that, too, the undergraduate and the graduate are hardly ready. These activities fix life on over-narrow lines if undertaken while personality and thought are still fluid, before wide and rich contacts with varied social classes and conditions have been established. There is need for an instrument of social service, a centre of social experience, which will afford to people still on journey the opportunities they need for shaping conviction and discovering vocation. Here is the function of settlements. They are the right channel for a social feeling that has not yet hardened into conviction, for a desire to serve which requires the guidance of life before it can discover its true direction.

In the older generation of social workers and leaders, it is easy to distinguish those led by the way of experience from the shriller natures, often lacking in elasticity and depth, which have followed the way of theorizing or sentiment only. In the first class, a surprising number—one hears that this is as true in England as it is here—have gained their start in settlements. The patient practical work that goes on silently in every settlement, however insignificant if compared with need, is so far as it goes a true payment of a tremendous debt: college women owe it to their honour to join in such payment. But this work—clubs, classes, dispensaries, folk-handicrafts, popular forums, vocation schools and houses, and what not—is only the lower reality of settlements. Beyond it lies the opportunity offered to form, through personal contact with the conditions in which our problems centre and through actual experiments in fellowship, a social attitude

at once sane and brave, emancipated from both false custom and ideological rashness. Through every living settlement thrill and vibrate the organic filaments that are weaving a new life for society. To support such settlements by membership in the College Settlements Association, thus adhering to the religion of fellowship, is the duty of every undergraduate; to spend a winter, at least, in one of them—if possible, not as paid worker but as learner and volunteer—is a privilege which every graduate might well claim.

AFTER COLLEGE

PERSONALS

Contributions to this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in next month's issue, and should be addressed to Eleanor Wild, 36 Green Street, Northampton, Massachusetts.

ENGAGEMENTS

- '11. Jeannette Kennedy to Albert William Boulton, of Chicago.
Eleanor Fisher to Laurence Rich Grose, student of Forestry at Harvard.
- '12. Gladys Drummond to Theodore Delmarest Waker, of Morristown, New Jersey.
- '13. Frances Long to Douglas Hoffecker.
Gwendolin Moore to Thomas Fernald.
Margaret Nye to Malcolm Vail, of Chicago.
Irene Overly to Clyde E. Cowen.
Dorothy Rowley to Edward S. Brockie, of Philadelphia.
Rhea Talmage to Frank M. Roby.
Meron Taylor to Ercole Cartotto.
Louise Weber to Guilbert Kilduff.
Ruth Agnes Wilson to Homer Borst.
- '14. Lois Gould to Philip Weeks Robinson, of Ware, Massachusetts.
Grace Kramer to John D. Wachman. To be married in December.
Madeleine Mayer to Clarence H. Low, of New York City. To be married in December.
- ex*-'14. Marian Brooks to Walter O. Cralk.
Myrtis Davidson to David Saunders 2nd, of Lawrence, Massachusetts.

MARRIAGES

- '11. Mary Camp to Earnest A. Hooton. Address: 40 Prentiss Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts.
 Ruth Hawley to Harold W. Brown.
 Katherine J. Powell to D D. Daly, July 30, 1914. Address: Ellensburg, New Jersey.
- ex-'11.* Therese Roquemore to John E. Jones.
- '13. Eleanor Cory to Henry Smith Leiper, May 15, 1915.
 Louise Elder to Donald Murl Thomson, July 17, 1915.
 Jane Garey to Maxwell Barns, September 4, 1915.
 Ruth Johnson to Jessel Stuart Whyte, October 9, 1915. Address: Kenosha, Wisconsin.
 Mary Lorenz to Courtland Van Deusen, August 26, 1915. Address: Tsing Tau via Japan.
 Helen McBurnie to Dr. Herman Bumpus, December 29, 1915
 Ella Matthewson to Allan Mauro Eldredge, June 19, 1915.
 Clara Murphy to Ordway Tweed, July 29, 1915.
 Ruby Parmelee to Lyman Bartlett Phelps, August 17, 1915. Address: Bernardston, Massachusetts.
 Clara Ripley to George Fullerton Evans, August 4, 1915. Address: Dean School, Santa Barbara, Montecite Valley, California.
 Harriet Scholermann to Harold Raymond Lary, June 14, 1915.
 Cora Stiles to Herbert Lancaster Yates, July 24, 1915. Address: 789 State Street, Springfield, Massachusetts.
 Helen Spring to Ernest Gaunt, June 29, 1915.
 Mildred Tilden to Burton Wolcott Cary, September 9, 1915. Address: Linnean Hill, Cambridge, Massachusetts.
 Emily Van Order to Walter Clark, June 29, 1915. Address: 802 So. Halsted Street, Chicago, Illinois.

CALENDAR

- December 11. Sophomore Reception.
 18. Play given by Division B.
 22-January 6. Christmas Vacation.
- January 8. Meetings of Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.
 15. Division Dance.

The
Smith College
Monthly

January - 1916

Owned and Published by the Senior Class

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THE

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PAR FRATRUM NOBILIUM

FRANCES HALLOCK STEEN

The reading public of a college President's Annual Report seldom includes the student body with whom most of the report deals; but the recently published statements of President Burton before the trustees of Smith College hold for any student points of peculiar interest in view of a similar publication issued at Poughkeepsie.

The neat brown bulletin recently sent by Smith College to her alumnæ and friends throughout the country bears the title, "Report of the President of Smith College, 1914-1915," but it is more; it contains a careful analysis not merely of one

academic year, but of the five years during which our college has been under the present administration. There exists among the students a vague sense that during those years the College has consistently developed along lines indicated by her founders, but few could state comprehensively the changes which have taken place since 1910. It is interesting, therefore, to note upon which of these changes President Burton feels that the College should be congratulated, what features he considers significant of the present condition of the College, and what definite problems she should immediately consider.

In the matter of the completion and adaptation to the needs of the College of the Million Dollar Fund, President Burton expresses a deep sense of satisfaction because of the spirit exhibited by the prompt paying of subscriptions at a time of unforeseen financial depression and because of the care and discretion exhibited in applying the Fund to the specific uses for which it was raised. He speaks of increase in the number of administrative officers and members of the teaching force, particularly with reference to the representative nature of the Faculty as a group of persons chosen exclusively on the ground of personal ability, and as a force whose members are in some degree proportionate to the size of the student body.

Those who were present at the chapel exercises in which President Burton announced the election of Doctor Henry Noble MacCracken to the Presidency of Vassar College find in the report of the recent changes made in the faculty an expression of the same spirit of deep appreciation with which Doctor MacCracken was bidden "God-speed," and in spite of the recognition of the loss to the teaching force of Smith, intense satisfaction because of the relationship thus established with a long-honored sister college.

The presentation to the Trustees of the new curriculum as it was recently outlined before the student body is made with the statement that it is illustrative of the most valuable contributions to modern education—the system of groups and that of directed electives, articulating easily with the work of the preparatory school. President Burton recognizes in it

also an expression of the principle underlying the life of Smith College: that she should be a college of liberal arts.

In tracing helpful results of the Trustees' decision made several years ago to increase the tuition fee, President Burton describes the apportionment of the fund set aside to aid students who might find it impossible to continue their college course without financial help, mentioning especially the high grade of scholarship demanded of those receiving such help. The success of the Lawrence House is cited as an example of the value of the coöperative system. Just as the operation of this house has from time to time been made possible through the generous interest of the alumnæ, so the deepest life of the College has been continually fostered by them. President Burton speaks with delight of the organization of the Alumnæ Council as an expression of their concern for their Alma Mater and as a means of their directly influencing the student life. He mentions also the loyalty and activity of widely-scattered alumnæ clubs shown during the visit of the President to the West in the fall of 1914 and reaffirmed by financial gifts at Commencement, particularly in the purchase of the home of Sophia Smith. Among changes made in the activities of the student body, President Burton speaks with especial satisfaction of the establishment of the Smith College Weekly, and of the organization of the Suffrage Discussion Club and the Debating Union. In this connection it is significant that his endorsement of the Point System, now that it has for a long time been in operation, is as positive and enthusiastic as at the time when the tentative outline of it was presented to him for consideration. Another system introduced since 1910 is that of Deficiencies, and this is regarded by President Burton as a step toward a higher grade of scholarship.

The report clearly points to the normal character of the year 1914-1915—the gradual growth in numbers accompanied by a widening geographical distribution of the student body, and the small number of students leaving college during the year. Among the interests of the students, President Burton notes the frequent offering for entrance of units in excess of the requirements, the inclusive scope of elections in the vari-

ous academic departments, and the flourishing condition of student activities.

In the course of his report, the President makes several suggestions regarding changes which he feels would tend to develop still more desirable conditions. Although he states that no definite decision has been reached by the Faculty upon the question of adopting the new entrance system of Harvard, he indicates a strong preference for the regulation. Also, for the purpose of impressing Freshmen with the importance of academic work, he suggests the publication of honor lists at the end of six weeks of college work; and to recognize excellence in any line of work, he advocates the conferring of the degree of Bachelor of Arts with distinctions.

However, to prevent a lazy sense of contentment with the present conditions of the College, the President has placed before the friends of Smith for serious consideration several of the specific problems which she must face today. The question which perhaps most frequently rises to our minds, the possibility of arbitrarily limiting the number of students, President Burton does not recognize as a problem because he believes that numerical limitation is contrary to the spirit of the College and that the wisest method is that of increasing the teaching force in direct proportion to the growth of the student body. He declares that the size of Smith College is one of her assets. It is, rather, upon the immediate material needs of the College that the greatest emphasis is laid; the necessity of a radical change in the method of buying and the still more imperative demand for an adequate dormitory system.

The closing paragraphs of the report are significant because they reflect the spirit shown throughout—a deep satisfaction with the development of the College along essential lines during the past five years, and a confident hope of an even greater development in the future. President Burton indicates the explanation of this satisfaction and conviction in two great influences—the administration of President Seelye and the European War.

In examining the bulletin of Vassar College, containing the

first report of her new President, one finds mention in many cases of changes and problems similar to those dealt with by President Burton, but they are presented by several different administrative officers. A distinct separation is indicated between the address of Dr. MacCracken to the Trustees as President of their Board and that made by him as Chairman of the Faculty, and many of the student statistics presented by President Burton are by Vassar considered to be exclusively in the province of the Dean. Just as President Burton congratulates Smith upon her choice of a Dean, so President MacCracken speaks of the satisfaction felt by himself and by the Faculty in the appointment of Miss Palmer as Head Warden, an official extremely influential at Vassar but unknown to the undergraduate of Smith. In suggesting a possible extension of the powers and duties of the Head Warden, President MacCracken emphasises the need of an educational bureau at the college for the benefit of Vassar graduates, the value of more accurate alumnæ records, and the need of someone to be personally responsible for the comfort of visiting alumnæ. Speaking of the spirit of coöperation exhibited between Miss Palmer and the student body, President MacCracken makes the significant remark that "the changes made in their rules which have tended toward a simplification of their regulations have been well-received."

The relation of the Alumnæ to the college is throughout President MacCracken's report dealt with in an interested and interesting way. Among the most valuable changes of the past year he mentions particularly the establishment of a Provisional Council through which Alumnæ may confer upon matters in interest to all college graduates. Dr. MacCracken nowhere shows more candor than when he says, "The President regards the work of an Alumnæ Council as distinctly valuable, since it provides an official organ of expression for opinions which, expressed in an irresponsible way, are more likely to do harm than good. It is possible always to coöperate with official bodies; it is sometimes impossible to do this with irresponsible individuals. For this reason the President welcomes this means of connections with alumnæ from his own

office, and pledges his efforts to render what aid he can towards their work." Furthermore, he considers peculiarly significant of a tendency toward greater unity in the administration of the College the request of the Faculty for conference with the Board of Trustees. He speaks also of the transition period through which the Faculty as an organization appears to be passing, characterised by a desire for a restatement of its aims and functions and for a codification of their procedure for reference in the future.

A distinctly new experiment now being carried out by Vassar is outlined by President MacCracken: a system of lectures complementary to the curriculum, based upon work in different departments yet open to the whole college, and each year dealing with a different branch of knowledge: in the year 1915-1916, the history of scientific progress. This subject indicates that there may be in Vassar at the present time something of the feeling expressed by President Burton: that by some means the students of Smith College should be brought to a recognition of the value of elective courses offered in the scientific departments.

In spite of the general confusion of the world during the year just completed, Vassar appears to have lived a life as normal as that which President Burton observed at Smith. President MacCracken speaks of the unusually good health of the students; the spirit of sympathy between the administration and the student body, shown particularly by the fact that no cases of serious discipline arose, and by the reception of the personal letters sent by the President to those students whose work showed especial promise; the cordial relations between the college and her preparatory schools as shown by the attitude of those schools which the President addressed; the breadth of intellectual interests shown in the number of different courses actually taken, in the excellent work recognized by prizes and scholarships, in the large proportion of students who had never incurred a deficiency, and in work of the Faculty not only in the classrooms but in other services both within and without the college. To the Smith undergraduate it is surprising to find in such a report a published list of the committees to whom the problems with which the Faculty must

deal have been assigned. Little emphasis is laid upon the extra-academic activities of the students. They are mentioned only in connection with questions arising from them. Of the Good Fellowship Club House, President MacCracken says, "It must be clearly borne in mind. . . that the use of the plant as an apparatus of education and of interest in college work differs from the use of a plant as a sociological model."

Many such questions are before the mind of President MacCracken and as he enters upon his administration he mentions several of the great problems before Vassar. The matter of the mode of admission to college, now so widely discussed, is one which President MacCracken considers vital and it is illustrative of the mutual respect now existing among the great women's colleges that he proposes to discuss the matter in conference with the Presidents of Smith, Wellesley, and Mt. Holyoke. But there are in the admission of students many other problems involved, as is recognized especially by Vassar because of her numerical restriction of registration. President MacCracken suggests as a means of preventing the exclusion of promising applicants who present themselves after the lists have been closed "that the places in the nomination of the President shall be hereafter reserved for students of exceptional promise."

Of the problems especially mentioned by President MacCracken the larger number deal with financial methods and the need of more complete equipment. Among these are the adoption of the budget system modelled on that in use at Smith; the steadily increasing appropriations which will be necessary for the operation of administrative offices; and a subject full of meaning to the Smith College student: the raising of a million-dollar endowment fund. As President Burton has clearly pointed out, the Smith endowment was used exclusively for an increase in the numbers of the Faculty and in their salaries, but Vassar is considering the possibility of appropriating part of her million dollars-to-be for the material needs of the college. The specific needs are recitation rooms, laboratories, and accommodations for the administrative offices. A unique plan is suggested: the erection of a large building containing apartments for the Faculty combined with rooms for

visiting alumnæ. Many other suggestions are contained in the report, particularly interesting to Smith College because of the relation between Vassar and herself.

The nature of this relation becomes apparent by a comparison of the reports of the men who hold the highest position in the gift of each. It is characterized by a fundamental sympathy and esteem; a mutual effort toward the realization of what is best in education and an earnest purpose to coöperate in the expression of that realization although through widely differing methods.

SPORTS

MARTHA TRITCH

Sally knew she should never have accepted the Paysons' invitation to dinner. As the daughter of an old school friend of hers, Mrs. Payson thought that she had to be nice to her, and Sally should have remembered that this was the only reason she had been asked, and should have had another engagement—"Thank you so much, Mrs. Payson."

In the first place, the Paysons and their friends called themselves "the country club set," and their god was sport. Sally came from a small country town where golf and tennis were still unknown in her childhood. She couldn't swim, or drive an automobile, or skate, or play tennis, or ride horseback, or play bridge, or do any of the kindred things that one must do in every proper community. Her forte was looking up references in an archeological library.

She knew from sad, sad experience that she would probably be seated between the amateur golf champion of the east, and a man who had a racing stable in France. The one would ask her if she played golf and the other, which mare she thought would win, Starlight or Julia M?

Finally both would give up in despair, and Sally would be left to her own devices. She had the horrible suspicion that she was known to the Paysons' friends as "the girl who doesn't play tiddledewinks."

But because she had a new evening dress and had just learned how to do her hair in a most becoming fashion, she disregarded all prophetic warnings and went. That the first miss-step should spring from such an innocent event!

She looked her dinner partner over anxiously as he was introduced to her, and she had the usual hopeless feeling. He was tall and brown and athletic, and looked as if he wore Arrow collars and had jumped straight from the advertising section of "America's Greatest Magazine." Undoubtedly he reveled in polo and horse and golf. Her mouth took on a petulant droop. She was sorry she had come.

For a moment after they were seated, she was blissfully certain he was going to begin on the war. She could almost see the apologetic gleam in his eye which means, now-a-days, "I know this is awfully overworked, but have you heard that the Russian retreat was all planned by Petrograd months ago?" He evidently changed his mind rapidly, however, for Sally heard to her despair, the dreadful question:

"Are you as keen on sport as the rest of the people I have met at Grasmere, Miss Ellis?"

("He doesn't live here; must be the California tennis champion," her brain registered dully).

"Well, Mr. Harding—" she began. She started to confess as usual. She wanted to blurt out in a long, exhaustive string, the crimes of omission that she was accustomed to see dragged out slowly and remorselessly one by one: "No, I don't skate, ride, hunt, play golf, tennis or croquet, swim or—or—anything else!" Then she reconsidered, and fell.

Was this very attractive man to lose interest in her at once? Was he to be ensnared by the capable-looking girl at his other side without one little struggle on her part? Sally became feminine, and thought not.

"Well, Mr. Harding—I'm awfully interested in everything of that sort, but I'm afraid I don't do them as well as I should."

This was not so bad. So far, she had told only one little, white, insignificant, parlor lie.

"I don't believe you!" he smiled. To Sally this had a gruesome sound! "All modern young ladies are athletic. Do you live here, Miss Ellis?" he asked abruptly.

"No, I come originally from Kentucky," she smiled calmly, soothing her panic-y conscience by muttering, under her breath,—“several generations back.” Kentucky had a sporting sound, and Indiana hadn't.

"There, you see I was right," he showed his white teeth in a very engaging grin. "I am quite frightened by young ladies from Kentucky—they know so much about fox hunting, and all that. But of course," he teased, "I know you can't do one thing!"

He looked so self-satisfied and mischievous and triumphant that Sally forgot herself in her rôle and thought only of making that twinkle in his eyes turn to respect.

"What?" she boldly demanded.

"Ride properly!"

"Why, Mr. Harding!" she gasped, indignantly; and then, "I can too!" she hotly declared, in spite of all truth or morality. Then she realized that such vehemence made her sound like a ten year old, and was increasing the twinkle in the gray eyes bent upon her with such interest. She added sedately, yet emphatically, "I have always ridden."

"I take it all back!" he laughed; then asked half-seriously, "Isn't there something you can't do and never have done? Confess."

"We—ll, I have never shot big game in Africa," she smiled back, speaking her first truthful sentence that night.

He sighed, exaggeratedly. "Thank Heaven! I was beginning to be awed into silence by your proficiency."

Half to Sally's relief, half to her disappointment, he changed the subject then, and they talked on other matters. The capable girl on Philip Harding's other side was almost neglected, but he and Sally got on together very well indeed.

They got on so well together, in fact, that, as Sally was leaving, he came up to her and said, "Mrs. Payson tells me that you, too, are going back to town tonight, Miss Ellis. May I see that you get there safely?"

On the train, Sally was silent—luxuriating in the depths of self-abhorrence. She was a wicked, wicked girl, deliberately misrepresenting herself to a man who admired her only for

that which wasn't and never could be—an Amazonian, dare-devilish creature.

As Philip bade her good-night at her boarding house, he remarked very casually (as if he had not been planning it all the way in)—“My sister—I'm staying with her, you know—has two awfully good horses that I know would remind you of Kentucky. I'm coming around some morning and we'll have a ride in the park.”

“I am busy every morning—but S—S—Saturday,” Sally stammered in a panic, and all in a breath she added, “Thank—you—so—much—but—I—am—afraid—” her vague excuse trailed off.

“Saturday will be just the thing,” he broke in hurriedly. “I'll be around about nine. Next Saturday. Good night,” and he was gone, before she could do more than murmur a wobbly, “O—o—o—h!”

Every minute of the intervening week that Sally was not engaged in hunting up books for asthmatic old gentlemen (being a librarian, all her male acquaintances consisted in that unprepossessing variety of being) she was desperately thinking up excuses. Excuses, that is, to break that horrible engagement for Saturday morning. The thought of it haunted all her leisure hours, and cast a drab and dyspeptic shadow over her whole life.

She lay awake for hours that first night—thinking; and only fell asleep after she had concocted a most brilliant plan. She would kill off some of the family!

Next morning about ten o'clock she slipped out of the library and found a public telephone. Almost before her conscious mind realized what she was doing she found herself telling the young man at the end of the wire that she—she was so sorry to miss the ride—but she had had a telegram that morning, and—she was afraid she wouldn't feel like—

Then to her despair, she heard that most delightful and sympathetic voice grow still more delightful and sympathetic. He was so sorry for her that tears of self-pity came into her eyes and a very realistic catch of the breath went into the receiver.

He hoped she wouldn't think him intrusive, but—ah—there was nothing wrong in Kentucky, was there?

"My Uncle Harry's dead," announced the little liar, cooling her red face against the patent leather pocket book.

"Oh. . . . I can't tell you, Miss Ellis, how sorry I am." He was so uncomfortably consolatory that Sally felt doubly guilty and embarrassed, and hastened to soften her mendacity.

"Well, you know—he was only my Aunt Helena's husband," she temporized.

"Oh, is that it?" A silence, and then he added eagerly, "Well then, Miss Ellis, I am sure you are over-scrupulous. I know you have been trained to regard these things in a more ceremonious light, but I am sure I am right when I tell you that you should not let this—this sorrow interfere with your—er—exercise. In fact, now is the very time you should safeguard your health. I assure you that it is no disrespect to your uncle. No, I am not going to release you from your promise, Miss Ellis."

All her plausible excuses left her. No more wicked but most necessary lies came to her aid. She faltered out a cause she—was—afraid—she—wouldn't—be—a—very—gay—companion,—but—if—he—thought—. He repeated emphatically that he did think, and the brilliant plan ended in a complete rout.

Wednesday night she had another inspiration. It was so simple, yet so conclusive she wondered that it had not presented to her at once. Thursday morning she again sought the telephone.

"Yes, is this Mr. Harding? This is Sally Ellis, Mr. Harding. Something just occurred to me that, I am afraid, will spoil our ride next Saturday. I have just remembered that I have no habit with me, and so, I am sorry—. . . . Yes, I am. . . . Oh, indeed; I'd be delighted!. . . . Why—why—that is very thoughtful of you, but—t—t—. . . . Ye—s. . . . You are sure she won't?. . . . Well, then, I suppose—. . . . Yes, indeed, I'll expect you at eight-thirty. Thank you so much! Good-bye!"

Sally's poor little heart felt very sick and scared as she turned away from the 'phone. Bringing his sister to call!

Forcing his sister's habit upon her! Oh, the provoking male!

The whole revolting list of lies, white and black, that she had told this attractive man in the course of their short acquaintance, came vividly to her mind. Kentucky—riding—"Uncle Harry"—were words destined, she felt with a shudder, to bring ever an ashamed, red blush to her face. How could she meet his sister?

But in spite of all tremblings and qualms the meeting went off splendidly. Mrs. Jackson was so friendly and cordial, and she offered Miss Ellis her riding habit so tactfully and unobtrusively that Sally could do nothing but accept it and promise most docilely to call.

During the remainder of the week she hourly planned dashing schemes and bold subterfuges, only to reject them all. Her diabolical bravado seemed to have deserted her in her time of need. On Saturday morning she was pale and hollow-eyed, and the sight of her egg made her leave the breakfast table in haste. She stood in front of the glass and looked at her demure little figure in the habit, and thought, dismally, that it was a pity she had never ridden: in spite of her pallor, the clothes were quite becoming. Goodness knows she had had a fiendish time getting into the unfamiliar outfit.

"Gent'man in the parlor," sing-songed the maid, and slowly Sally went down to meet the gent'man, as fast as her legs would carry her.

Outside, he assisted her into the limousine and seated himself beside her. Sally was gay and vivacious; she laughed and chattered; but her hands clutched each other in a cold, tight clasp.

Philip Harding's eyes rested upon the little figure with satisfaction. She was so dainty, so dear, so sweet. She looked as trim as even his fastidious taste demanded. By Jove, though! What peculiar puttees! Why they—no, they couldn't be—they were on the wrong legs!

Sally saw the puzzled look of amusement and she squirmed uneasily. What was coming now?

"Your puttees, Miss Ellis!" he finally got out in a strange, throaty voice.

"Yes?" she inquired, very calm and unruffled on the surface.

"They seem to be on the wrong—side," he explained.

"Why," said Sally, glibly, praying desperately for inspiration as she went dauntlessly ahead, "W—h—y—I always wear them that way; er—they do for—for spurs, you know."

"Indeed!" Philip Harding answered, coldly. He was amazed and displeased. To think of Brown Betty's aristocratic skin in danger of being worried by a little chit's improvised—spurs! He kept a gloomy, disillusioned silence until they reached the park.

When Sally saw the horses she shrank back for a moment in horror. If at that instant she had been asked her impression of the lovely creatures before her, she undoubtedly would have gasped out: "Fierce—wild—demons; with awful rollings eyes and currunching teeth!" She noticed that the groom could with difficulty restrain their prancing, which to her eyes resembled that of the rocking horses on a merry-go-round at their very dizziest.

Actual faintness overcame her, and she faltered out a truthful, "I feel ill!"

"Why you poor little thing!" Harding said compassionately, forgetting his irritation. He steadied her against him, and she shut her eyes and sobbed, from her heart:

"Oh, take me home!"

"Of course I will," he soothed. "Come, let me put you in the car. Take the horses back, Murphy."

Sally huddled most uncomfortably in one tiny corner of the car and sobbed, and applied her handkerchief, and sobbed again. Harding was silent, but it was a most sympathetic silence, and Sally was grateful for it. But she knew, like the gentleman she was, that she had honorable amends to make, and she resolutely blew her nose and quieted her breathing.

"Mr. Harding?" she said, inquiringly, freeing one eye.

"Can't I do something for you, Miss Ellis? I'm so sorry! Do you feel a little better now?" he asked anxiously.

"I—I think so. Mr. Harding!"

"Yes?"

"I—I want to confess. I—I can't ride," Sally said in a shamed, muffled voice.

"What?" she heard enunciated sharply by an astounded young man.

"I lied," she admitted in a small voice.

"Well, I'll be—" Philip Harding ejaculated hoarsely. "I'll be—! And you—can't—ride!"

"Oh, I got so tired," Sally said passionately, "of having everybody ask me if I could play golf—and ride—and skate—and swim—and do all the other maddening things which you may consider the whole end of life, but which I don't, that I just got desperate and lied! I'm ignorant; I'm an out-and-out fraud; I can't do anything. And I don't care what you think of me!" Her breath caught, in spite of her brave assumption of indifference.

"So that was why—" He paused; then laughed. Yes, really laughed—a big, blooming bass.

Sally was so surprised she uncovered one eye again, and made a most agreeable discovery. He looked amused. But not horribly so. And his eyes twinkled. He wasn't angry! Or disgusted! Sally felt more cheerful.

"Excuse me," he finally got out between laughs, "but I couldn't help it. When I think of—er—'Uncle Harry'—" He laughed again, then leaned toward Sally eagerly. "Do you mean it, Miss Ellis? Don't you go in for sports at all? Oh, I know you do; that was just a figurative way of putting it, wasn't it, now? You must play tennis, or—"

"There you go, too!" Sally interrupted, temperishly. "How many times do I have to tell you! Know, then, Mr. Philip Harding, that my single, solitary athletic accomplishment is rowing a boat down stream on a very gentle river! There! that is the—"gulp—"truth!"

"By Jove," he ejaculated; and then, under his breath, "Thank heaven!"

"Wh—what?" Sally demanded opening her slightly pinkened eyes very wide upon him.

"I thought you were extinct," he shook his head at her, while his eyes twinkled delightfully. "I didn't know there was any body like you left in the world!" With momentary vehemence he added, "I'm so damned sick of the modern horsey young lady, that—" he paused, then returned to his mischie-

vous tone,—“that you don’t know how you have relieved me by this confession!—as well as relieved your conscience!”

“But I thought you looked so—so athletic,” Sally protested. “I thought you must be a golf champion,—or an aviator, or—something—” she ended, vaguely.

“What!” Harding exclaimed in amusement. “Me? That’s good. I must tell my brother-in-law. No, I’m an Egyptologist. I dig for mummies!”

RAG, TAG AND BOB-TAIL

(A Fairy Phantasy)

MARIE EMILIE GILCHRIST

SCENE I.

Scene—A hollow in the midst of a deep woods. The Lady Pine, a majestic tree, stands on the slope a little to the right. It is late afternoon in early September, and the long yellow rays of the sun slant across the pine-needles that carpet the hollow.

Enter—RAG, TAG and BOB-TAIL: three elves of the meaner sort. If they were human, they would be peasant or beggar children. They wear the patchiest of nondescript garments in which leaves can be distinguished here and there and a downy bit of feather. They carry small lumpy bundles on sticks over their shoulders. RAG and TAG are about of a size. BOB-TAIL, the smallest one, trails wearily along after them. He has a hare-bell set awry for a hat and beech-leaves bound about his tired feet with grasses. A Lady-Bug is perched upon his shoulder. RAG and TAG have paused beneath the Lady Pine and BOB-TAIL seats himself dejectedly on his bundle and putting his fists to his eyes, begins to cry.

RAG—Poor Bobby-Tail—I told him not to come;
Small chaps like him is better off at home.

TAG—He said he’d *have* to tote old Lady-Bug,
And pets is always such a job to lug.

(He takes a berry from some cranny in his clothing after a writhing search, and going over to BOB-TAIL, pats him on the shoulder.)

Cheer up, Bobby—here's a berry,
Wipe your eyes. Now *there's* the fairy!

RAG—(unpacking his bundle)

We might as well sit down and feed—
Here's a nut and a sun-flower seed.
Set Bob's hat out to catch the dew,
And we can drink when we get through.

(He makes miniature domestic preparations, and they eat with greedy, inarticulate murmurs. A red Squirrel runs out on the lowest branch of the Lady Pine and looks at them in great surprise.)

SQUIRREL—Chitter, chatter,

What's the matter?
Look who's goin' for to dine
Here beneath the Lady Pine!

(He drops a bit of bark into the midst of the supper party.)

Hi! You little beggar elves—
What you doin' with yourselves?

RAG—(swallowing his last bite hastily)

Please Mister Squirrel, we've lost our way—
We've tramped and tramped since yesterday,
To see the wedding of the King—
But we *can't* find the Fairy Ring.

TAG—The King he asked both high and low—

BOB-TAIL—And so we thought we *ought* to go.

TAG—You haven't seen a Bumble-Bee
A-zipping past your piney-tree?

RAG—Here's the directions that says where to go—
(dubiously) There's no satisfaction in this as I know.

BOB-TAIL—It's put in a song—
That's why its wrong.

They Sing—

Follow the Bee from clover to clover,
Over the meadows and into the glen;
Follow, oh follow the dusty-winged rover
Far, far away from the dwellings of men.
Into the woods where the cardinal grows
And the butter-cups spatter the ferns with gold—
Where is the Fairy Ring? Honey-Bee knows;
How do I know it? Why, Honey-Bee told!

BOB-TAIL—The Honey-Bee we used for guide,
He went so very fast;
And flew so zig-zag far and wide
That we got lost at last.

SQUIRREL—(scratching his head meditatively)
That's pretty hazy for a map,
But maps are always silly.
You'd best curl up and take a nap—
The night is growing chilly.
To-morrow you can start all over
To follow Bees among the clover.

RAG—A piney bed sounds warm and nice,
I guess we'll follow your advice.
Good-night old Squirrel, though Bees is hateful,
You're very kind, and we are grateful.

(BOB-TAIL has been sleepily caressing the Lady-Bug on his lap. Now, he and the other two burrow among the needles at the foot of the Lady Pine. The SQUIRREL goes into his hole higher up in the tree. The sun has gone, and everything is gray against the blackness of the Pine. One or two fire-flies circle in and out among the branches. A hint of silver moon-light touches the edges of things, and the branches of the Pine stir to a melody.)

PINE-TREE LULLABY.

Sleep in your pine-needle bed—oh sleep,
Weary wee folk that have wandered so far;
My branches weave shelter for each sleepy head,
And only the light of a glimmering star
Shows where my slumbering Elf-Folk are,
Sleeping, all curled 'neath a blanket of brown—
Sleep, little Elves, till the moon goes down:
Sleep my weary ones, sleep.

CURTAIN.

SCENE II.

The curtain rises, disclosing the same scene bathed in moon-light and sparkling with dew. Suspended from a branch of the Pine, a jewelled Spider is spinning a web which shines like a frost-pattern.

The SPIDER sings (quaintly)

Silver-silken threads
Do I weave about—
When good folks are in their beds,
And the stars are out.
Weave and weave my web so subtle—
Weave my threads without a shuttle.

(A distant humming breaks in upon her song. It grows into a honey-song of a drunken Bumble-Bee who tacks tipsily through the air. He glows with dusty golden pollen.)

The BEE sings—

Hollyhock's sweet
But clover is sweeter;
Buttercup beckoned
And I went to meet her.
Drowsing for hours
In honey-sweet flowers,
Drinking and drinking's the life for a Bee—
Who could be, who could be drunker'n me?

(He heads stupidly straight for the cob-web and gets well tangled therein. The SPIDER has been watching warily in the corner all this time.)

SPIDER—(virtuously)

Oh, bibulous Bee—
Oh, gay honey-sot;
You went on a spree,
Now see what you've got!

BEE—Why here's Missus Spider,

Now I *am* mortifieder.

Zish net is as sticky as sticky can be—

(sings) Oh, who could be, *who* could be drunker'n me?

(The SPIDER retires to her corner in the web and spins. There is a pause.)

BEE—I say there, Missus Spider,
I guess I got to go.
My dishposition's transient
As all the flowers know.
I'm on my way now to the Ring—
(pompously) Important business of the King.

SPIDER—So you're the Bee that led those Elves astray.
As if I'd ever let *you* get away.
Praise be, I wove that corner good and stout—
Though you're so drunk you couldn't wriggle out.

BEE—What's this; that ain't no way to treat a Bee,
I just been on a little jubilee.
I never dreamt of doin' harm to you,
And as to Elves—*what* you referrin' to?
I gave three little ones the slip
'Loeg 'bout the middle of my trip—

(He chuckles reminiscently)

SPIDER—Yes, that's just it—that's why you'll stay
Right here until the break o'day.
I'll learn you to go teasing Elves
Too young to travel by themselves.
They're sleeping here by Lady Pine—
Poor little things, all tuckered out.
You thought that leading them astray
Was just a lot of sport no doubt.
I've one more thing to say and that one thing is
You've got to show them where the Fairy Ring is.
Or else you'll stay right here and *die*,
And then I'll eat you like a fly.
(chanting greedily)
Like a fly but fatter meat—
Honey-sweet and good to eat!

BEE—(wriggling with terror)
Oh, *please* kind Missus Spider, I'll be good.
My way of jokin's most misunderstood.
And if you think I hadn't ought to tease 'em,
(virtuously)
Why I'll do all that's in my power to please 'em.

(breaking down)

This night's been such an awful strain,
I'll *never* be the same again.

CURTAIN.

SCENE III. It is several hours later.

A gray light in the sky dims the wan moon-light, and a few birds begin to chirp. Then the gray changes to saffron as the bird-notes swell into a dawn-song. The SPIDER is dozing in her web and the BEE is snoring luxuriously.

DAWN-SONG.

The moon is weary of her watch,
All night she shepherded the stars.
'Tis time the herd is led away—
The sun is at the pasture bars.
Awake, awake, ye forest-folk,
All things that grow and creep and fly,
Awake, and greet the sun again
Before the silver dew is dry.
Too short the day for forest play;
Too soon the star-flocks graze once more:
Awake! and find the dewy world
Far lovelier than e'er before.

At the end there is a riot of bird-notes and a swirl of darting, bright-colored wings BOB-TAIL wakes and turns to his sleeping companions—

BOB-TAIL—Whoop! Rag and Tag, the daylight's here:
I never felt the air so clear.
I'm wet with dew
And hungry too!
Get up! Get up! Get up!

RAG—(yawning)

I dreamt we caught the Bee at last,
And made him reins of grasses;
And we held on while he flew fast,
Just like a sunbeam passes.
O deary me, where do you spose that Bee is?

TAG—(mournfully)

Lots nearer to the Fairy Ring than *we* is!

(The SQUIRREL runs out on the limb, looking very tousled and and sleepy. He catches one paw in the web and sits up on his haunches, carefully disentangling his toes with exaggerated caution.)

SQUIRREL—Good-morning, Spinster Spider
I almost tore your thread;
Did you move in at midnight,
When I was safe in bed?

SPIDER—I came when day-time folks were hid.
I guess it's lucky that I did.
See what I caught while you were napping!
He buzzed in drunk, with wings a-flapping.

SQUIRREL—Oh, Beggar-Elves, look up and see!
The Spinster caught the Bumble-Bee!

RAG, TAG and BOB-TAIL—(jubilant)
Oh! Oh! At last the Bee is caught,
Perhaps he'll act now as he ought.
Please, Spinster Spider—let him go,
And he'll be *very* good, we know.

BOB-TAIL—(nodding his head slyly at the Bee and chanting in glee)
There's nothing you can say now,
You'll have to show the way now!
We'll tie your feet and pull your stings,
If you won't take us to the Fairy Ring.

BEE—(sheepishly)
Oh, I was only foolin' yesterday.
I don't object to showin' you the way,
If Missus Spider just will let me out,
We'll find the Fairy Ring without a doubt.

SPIDER (admonishingly)
I let you out for just one thing,
And that's to take 'em to the Fairy Ring!

(She bites the threads that bind the Bee as the Elves join hands and dance in a circle, singing—)
Sing ho! for the wedding of the Fairy King!
And ho! for the Spinster Spider!
She caught the Bee on drunken wing
And tied him tight beside her.
He's kind and sober now you see—
A sadder, wiser Bumble-Bee.
And so we sing right merrily,
We're off for the Fairy Ring!

(The Bee flies in a few unsteady circles for a moment and then starts slowly and steadily in a straight line towards the left. The three Elves follow hand in hand, singing.. The curtain falls when the sounds have passed into the distance, but just a few notes are caught after it has fallen to show that the Elves are still safe on their way.)

THE ELVES SING—

Follow the Bee from clover to clover,
Over the meadows and into the glen;
Follow, oh follow the dusty-winged rover
Far, far away from the dwellings of men.
Into the woods where the cardinal grows
And the butter-cups spatter the ferns with gold—
Where is the Fairy-Ring? Honey-Bee knows;
How do I know it? Why, Honey-Bee told!

THE END.

SKETCHES

TOO MANY AUNTS

MARGARET BEEBE

Hands clenched in his absurd little trouser pockets, and with what he felt to be a manly scowl disfiguring his babyish countenance, Philip Henry Stanford Jr. kicked wrathfully and viciously at the blank, unyielding wall in front of him. Amazement and disbelief struggled with the rage so plainly expressed upon his rosy face, and his youthful mind was utterly unable to grasp the meaning of the awful, actual fact confronting him. Here was he, the one and only dear little nephew of a houseful of adoring aunts, cruelly shut up in the attic store-room by the very youngest, and formerly privately considered nicest aunt of them all, despite his loudest and most ear-splitting protests, while not one of the others had come to his rescue! It couldn't be that they hadn't heard him for he distinctly remembered seeing Aunt Mary sewing downstairs in the living room; Aunt Sylvia had played over his new kindergarten song not fifteen minutes before, and, what was positively incredible, he had passed Aunt Margaret buried in her book on the third floor landing, and she hadn't even looked up as he was borne along kicking ignominiously in the arms of the now hated Aunt Dorothy. Never before in his brief life could Philip Henry remember such a calamity. Often and often had his innocent pastimes in his grandmother's house been even rudely interrupted, but in such a crisis he had only to raise his voice in indignant distress and at least two of the aunts would come rushing in with sympathetic protection, and while lengthy discussions regarding discipline immediately ensued, Philip Henry would quietly slip out unseen and direct his ener-

gies in a new line until discovered in that also, and again forcibly made to desist.

Grandmother, it was true did have to be obeyed, but her interference was infrequent and she, too, would come quickly to his aid when any of the aunts were scolding him by calling out decidedly, "Laura, do let that child alone for a few minutes. Can't you divert his mind quietly by suggesting some other form of entertainment?" Or else "Send Philip Henry to my room, I have something here to show him," and then he would spend an enchanting half hour in her white and lilac room playing with the ivory elephants and china mantel ornaments which usually stood so sedately and mad-deningly high up over the fire-place opposite the window. But Grandmother was not here to-day. Alas, not one encouraging voice sounded in his ear and consequently the sky of the universe came tumbling down upon his bewildered little head. How he hated women, anyway! Now that he thought about it he realized that he never had been able to stand their ceaseless nagging or their eternal caresses. Nothing he ever did was allowed to pass without notice or comment from some one. And there were so many of them! It was Aunt Laura who had spied him stretching a long cord from one high stone wall to another one on the opposite side of the street in order to catch unwary travelers by the interesting process of nearly strangling them; Aunt Margaret had caught him hiding the disgraceful white girlish collar and big flowing tie behind the tall hedges opposite the school house, and it was always Aunt Dorothy who was sure to come back to the dining-room after he had paid his nightly visit to the big house at supper time, and find him helping himself to the tempting and forbidden cakes, iced far more thickly than was ever allowed at home.

And if they weren't finding fault with him they were smothering him with affection. Undesired and very ticklish kisses were bestowed at frequent unguarded intervals upon his neck, caressing hands unvariably rumpled the straight bristly hair the wrong way on his head in vain attempts to make it curl, and what was worst of all, he would find himself suddenly seized from behind and tossed squirming and kicking to the

level of some laughing face, where, all unprotected, he was forced to submit to another series of kisses placed anywhere or all over his resisting person.

As the unfairness of the situation struck him more and more forcibly, Philip Henry ceased kicking at the wall and sat down upon an upturned box in a far corner, where with his head propped up between his hands and with elbows digging into supporting knees, sobs of supreme self-pity shook him from head to foot, and real tears splashed down upon a headless baby doll at his feet. He hadn't wanted to come over here in the first place. There never was anything to play with in this old house except some tiresome blocks and picture books he had already seen hundreds of times, while at home he had a wonderful new tool chest with which he was planning to construct a new stable for his fire horses, just the occupation for a rainy day like this. Instead he had been dragged over here because Mother was sick and they were afraid he would make a noise. The idea, as if he wasn't always quiet as a mouse when his darling mother had a headache, and if she was sick she would much rather have her own little son sit by her bed and bathe her forehead with green cologne from the tall glass bottle on the dresser, than to have Grandmother and Aunt Laura fussing over her as it seemed they were doing to-day.

Finally, since he had been so nice as to come over to see his aunts, why had they treated him so? Did they consider it "polite and gentlemanly" to entertain a person by ignoring him altogether except for giving him a box of paints with which to amuse himself all the morning long, and then just because he had painted all the available surface on his paper, and in order not to disturb any of them, had proceeded to decorate the woodwork around the bottom of the room with enchanting purple cows, blue horses and long wobbly freight trains, why should Aunt Dorothy suddenly descend upon him like a "frightful ogre" and drag him up here to die probably all alone like the knights in the dungeons?

The telephone bell rang sharply in the lower hall, but Philip Henry was now occupied in picturing the horror and despair which would overwhelm Aunt Dorothy and the rest when they found his lifeless body, weeks later, stretched out stiff and cold

upon the floor; he slipped down from his box and proceeded to try the effect with the aid of a window as a looking glass, pretending that mice and rats were running over him, then he jumped up so quickly, that he never heard the rush with which all the aunts flew to answer it. Nor did he hear the joyous shouting which immediately followed as the four gathered together in the upstairs hall and most undignifiedly executed a general triumphal dance up and down the length of the uncarpeted, polished floor with its perilous sliding rugs. But he did hear a loud excited voice calling his name, and quick, decided footsteps sounding on the stairs, followed by the appearance of his persecutor who advanced rapidly. And instead of falling on her knees before him, and with repentant tears begging his forgiveness, a firm hand was laid upon his collar, and too surprised now to resist, he found himself rapidly pulled down the same stairs to the front parlor where some one else hustled him into his rubber coat and hat, fussed a minute with his overshoes and then told him "never to mind them" while the other aunts merely stood impatiently in the door-way and unsympathetically demanded "why couldn't he hurry a little?" Still finding no chance to ask questions, Philip Henry again found himself vainly striving to keep up with the fast disappearing forms of his transformed relatives, clutching desperately at the wet hand of what he later discovered to be Aunt Sylvia, who never even noticed the immense puddles he splashed through unprotected, or the breathless state at which he was rapidly arriving. At last they all turned in at his own gate and he saw the aunts almost literally fall in through the door where, when he arrived several seconds later he found them talking to a tall bearded man with a shiny black bag in his hand who was smiling broadly as he reached for his soft felt hat, and who stepped out so suddenly that he nearly fell over the dripping figure of the child standing shivering upon the threshold.

At last a voice sounded mercifully in his ears, and as he felt himself being drawn inside while someone hastily removed his coat and hat, Aunt Sylvia whispered to him mysteriously, "Come up-stairs, Philip Henry, Father and Mother have a wonderful present there for you; but be very, very quiet so you

won't disturb them," with which injunction they ascended the stair-case last of all and tip-toed softly into the big comfortable room in which Mother was still lying in bed. But what a surprise greeted him now—not a person rushed forward at his entrance, not a hand was held out to him as he stood uncertainly in the doorway, and what seemed most incredible of all, there was Father sitting on the edge of the big four-poster and he didn't even look up at his son's exclamation of surprise. Philip Henry stood perfectly still and gazed at the picture before him. On one side of the room was Mother with both Father and Grandmother leaning over her and looking tenderly into her sweet tired face with its closed eyes, while on the other there were all the five aunts crowding silently around the funny little basket arrangement Mother had had in her room for a long time now, and evidently displaying something to the newly arrived Aunt Sylvia.

Besides this, a strange lady in a white uniform and cap suddenly bustled into the room and on seeing Philip Henry she paused, walking over to him and taking his hand in a plump firm grasp led him directly into the center of the group of aunts, took a white bundle from one of them, and lowered it toward him saying in a kindly tone, "There, little boy, here is the greatest surprise of your life. Look at your brand new little baby sister." With these words, she lifted up a corner of a soft blue and white blanket under which lay the littlest, reddest, ugliest bit of humanity Philip Henry had ever seen in his life. As he gazed at it fascinatedly, the tiny face screwed itself up into a thousand deep wrinkles, the eyes closed themselves tightly, and from the wide open mouth issued a peculiar noise so thin and so purposeless that Philip Henry realized scornfully that his two days old baby kitten could do better than that when it wished to express itself.

At the sound, the aunts gasped delightedly and closed in again with low exclamations of admiration and wonder, but Philip Henry had seen enough! Wriggling through the group he took up his stand in the middle of the floor and looked about him. So this was the surprise his Father and Mother had for him, this was what the aunts had been persistently talking

about lately, and this was what he had to put up with for the rest of his life! A baby! And another girl! The prospect was too appalling, and Philip Henry stood there too much overcome to utter a sound.

Gradually he realized something else was wrong. What was the matter? Why didn't somebody do something? Why didn't somebody say something? Why didn't somebody even look at him? Then he knew what he had lost. Aunt Laura wasn't ever going to scold him again, Aunt Mary wasn't ever going to tease him again, Aunt Sylvia would never think of playing kindergarten songs for him again, while Aunt Margaret would have no more bed time stories for him, and Aunt Dorothy would never pick him up in her arms again and call him her own little baby. And why not? Why because of that! That useless, homely, squalling baby girl whom nobody wanted anyway. At least he couldn't imagine why they wanted her. Hadn't the Aunts always declared that a little nephew was the only desirable thing in the world? Hadn't they always said that he would be their baby for ever, no matter how old he grew? And finally hadn't they always insisted that no other baby could possibly be half so sweet or lovable as he? And look at them now! Even Mother had forgotten him for she lay there, smiling gently to be sure, but with her eyes still shut, while Grandmother looked as though she had never even heard of another baby except Mother, whose hand she held softly, patting it over and over as though to reassure her that there was nothing to be afraid of since she was there to take care of her.

As his glance wandered still further, one ray of hope illumined the future. Father looked up suddenly and seeing his son standing there alone, shorn in an instant of all his glories, and doomed to take second place hereafter in the fickle hearts of his aunts, he held out his hand with a smile of perfect sympathy and understanding.

Then Philip Henry drew himself up in one last valiant attempt at self-control. He was no longer a petted spoiled baby. His education had jumped ahead incredibly during the last ten minutes, but he also knew his revenge. Opening his

mouth determinedly, and speaking in such a clear and distinct tone that everybody involuntarily turned to look at him, Philip Henry pronounced slowly from the depths of his outraged, scornful heart, "One more old maid in the family!" and fled precipitately to the comforting arms of the one friend he had wind—hark yonder—the wind, the wind!

THE WIND

ELIZABETH MORTIMORE DAVISON

There are calm lakes and clear skies. The earth in verdant spring awakens loves newborn in glad young hearts. But I care not for the lakes and skies, and the loves of a passing spring. For I, oh, I love only the wind, the roaring howling wind—hark yonder—the wind, the wind.

LOVE IN ADVERSITY

MADELEINE FULLER MCDOWELL

Dear heart, I loved you under sunny skies
Where blithely, hand in hand, we romped along
Loving this great green world, our Paradise.
Singing its song—

I loved you as the spring stars love the sky
And as the eager flowers love the bees.
We were like happy children, you and I,
Under the trees.

But now our smiling sky is overcast
And rain has dimmed the buttercups' bright gold.
Our Paradise is spoiled, our playtime's past,
And yet, behold,

My love is quickened like a wind-blown flame,
Which leaps to meet yours with an upward flash,
And fearless vigor which time cannot tame
Nor life abash.

A VISION OF THE NEW YEAR

HESTER ROSALYN HOFFMAN

Now 'twas that time in the bygone ages of romance when a certain painter's fame had traveled far and wide throughout the kingdom, when there wandered not a minstrel but did sing his praises to the tinkling lute's refrain, when stalwart warriors and smooth-faced youths did mark his work and marvel, and many a maiden in her tower chamber blushed as she fashioned a silken pennon for her own true knight and half-breathed a wish that Tinterel might find in her some beauty to disclose. For Tinterel was not the unskilled worker who would daub a canvas with gaudy pigments in the wooden semblance of a man. His tints so daring bright and still so subtly soft did blend and intermingle as the varied perfumes of a garden's blooms ascend in one sweet incense to the starry heavens. In sooth, men said, 'twas the rainbow flowers that first revealed to him the secrets of their hues. When but a strippling youth, he had sported full often in the springtide festivals of that sunny southland, which gave birth to him. And oft when the joyous throng of dancers had wearied of their mirth and left the flower-strewn streets deserted, the lad had noted that the blossoms crushed and trampled under heedless feet had left their stains upon the marble stones. And thus it was that with the juice of many a bright flower's petals he had first fashioned the face of a beautiful maiden, whose cheeks blushed with the vermeil tint of summer's roses and whose lips the scarlet poppies colored.

But 'twas not in the commingling of his paints alone that Tinterel excelled. 'Twas an open secret at the court that men believed some fairy magic lingered in that swift-darting brush, for in truth, not only the painted likeness peered from out its canvas, but the inner souls of men stared with oftentimes startling clearness from their pictured faces. 'Twas the portrait of the king that had first won Tinterel his great renown and many came from all four corners of the wide domain to see

the figure of their ruler, arrayed in all his royal purple, that stood in rich relief against a background of the purest burnished gold. But in the kingly countenance there shone the gracious spirit that was so often cloaked beneath a formal majesty, as a priceless jewel oft hides its living fire within a leaden casket's bounds. And all his subjects from the mightiest iron-clad baron to the lowliest fishwife that outdid the screaming sea-gulls in shrill laughter, did sense a softened heart and departed thence with the greater loyalty to the kingdom's sovereign.

Thus had it come about that Tinterel's name was emblazoned on the royal scroll as court painter to his majesty the king. And full many a portrait had he painted of valorous knights who won their spurs for golden deeds of gallantry, and virtuous ladies whose fair faces had wakened lords to noble works. But strange to relate no courtier that did cherish sinful lusts or practice vile deceit dared trust himself to the painter's searching eyes, much less to the uncanny powers of his wonder-working brush. For the most dire results had followed the painting of a proud and haughty lady of the household of the queen. Though attired in a most costly gown of pale blue satin, the picture revealed a pattern of the iridescent peacock's tints, while in the face that still possessed faint traces of a singular beauty false pride enthroned himself and wielded there supremest sway.

But 'twas not of a face of such a mold that Tinterel did meditate in the last hours of the dying year. The sounds of feasting and merry-making in the hall below were borne upon unhearing ears. The garlands of holly and ivy and bay that were left from the Christmas festivities for the Twelfth Night revels did but display their charms in vain. The little chilly breeze that had crept past the unbarred door unnoticed, and had shrilled down the long hallway in keen delight must needs hide its disappointment behind the rich tapestried arras. For Tinterel was not to be disturbed. 'Twas passing strange that his eyes did ever turn upon the unfinished canvas of a beautiful maiden. But ever and anon he did glance at the hour-glass of curious workmanship that stood upon a table at his

side. And behold the sands were almost run. And with a patience that was withal ill-concealed he waited till but a few grains of the sand remained. Then with the utmost sprightliness he mixed the pigments upon his palette and applied the paint, musing aloud the while.

"And 'twas written in the stars," so quoth the old astrologer, "that Tinterel should paint when 'twas neither night nor morning, when 'twas neither day nor dawning. And when a star should shine forth for him alone in those mystic hours that belong neither to the old year nor yet to the new, it shall be for a sign that he shall attain his heart's desire."

And as the last grains of sand fell slowly into the lowermost compartment, there came a lusty shout from the hall below, and the thick door, heavy with iron bands, was swung wide to let the new year in. And the wassail bowl passed freely as each man exchanged good wishes with his neighbor and drank the health of their royal master and his painter. But one second paused the artist and then but to turn the glass that the grains of sand might start their endless course anew. With skilful flying strokes he worked: a deepening of the carmine dye for the curve of the lips, a few bold dashes to draw forth the damsel in striking relief from her background, one last glint for the laughing blue-gray eyes.

In a trice 'twas completed and when he stepped back a little way the better to view the ending of his work, he started with amazement and then grew wellnigh abashed at the tale which the eyes too plainly told him. 'Twas love he saw reflected there, a love which he had not seen in the lovely Astrahilde, whose voice among the other ladies was most often raised in gay snatches of tuneful melody, who could strike the lyre with skilful fingers and embroider silken cases in devices drawn from her own wit. She was beloved alike of king and page, noble woman and scullion maid and 'twas she that had most suitors at the court.

"Hath the charm failed at last?" he queried as one stunned by a blow. "Never before hath it played such tricks with truth."

But so well pleased was he by what he saw that he drew up a heavy oaken chair before the picture and sat himself

down to muse upon this most curious happening. And as he pondered, the tall waxen candles seemed to burn more brightly, and when he peered more closely at the portrait, it did seem as though the damsel breathed and smiled. And behold the white and downy clouds that he had pictured in a spring-time sky began to float if breathed upon by some vagrant zephyr. The pink-blossoming trees waved gently, sending showers of delicate petals down upon the fresh-sprung grass. The tinkling of the tiny silver freshet that raced between the flower-strewn meadows with the happy abandon of a care-free child, was borne upon his ear,—and high and sweet the first note of the cheery robin sounded. But most wonderful of all in the eyes of Tinterel was the maiden Astrahilde, clad in virgin white, with her draperies moving softly in the breezes, and in her face all the joyous freshness of the morning.

And as he watched, the picture slowly changes. The sun's bright blazing chariot mounted higher in the heavens and drove away the timid fleecy clouds, leaving the sky a brilliant azure. The little stream in its bed ran dry, the leaves upon the trees hung limp in the noon-day heat and the humming of insects resounded in dull and heavy monotony. The maiden too had altered; the sweet unfathomable smile of motherhood now trembled on her lips for by the hand she held a toddling child. And still again the picture faded and was transformed. The sun was setting in the western sky, all clad in his royal robes of gold and scarlet. And gold and scarlet were the trees, and over all the country-side there hovered a purple autumn haze. And once more changed the woman Astrahilde and in her noble face there shone all the peaceful serenity of middle age. And the sun went down, leaving but a few pink clouds afloat o'er all the snowy earth. And in all, that spangled wintry sky, one star shone forth with surpassing brightness and its silver rays reflected on the face of Astrahilde with an all-pervading peace. And the painter perceived how lightly time had touched her brown locks with his whited fingers, how gently he had creased the placid forehead—and Tinterel's heart was glad.

And the king's jester, passing by the room on his way to the

highest turret where he made his bed, thrust his jingling head in at the open door. And observing how the candles were but heaps of softened wax within their golden sconces and how they did flicker with a vigor almost spent as the weary stars are wont to pale and disappear before the dawn, and seeing Tinterel so silent before the canvas, he stole softly on his way.

"Gadzooks! Th man dreams peacefully," he murmured.

And all in the darkness sat Tinterel and "when the scale of night had turned the balance and weighed up morning" and the sunshine of the morn flashed brightly through the casements and all the dust motes danced gaily on their golden stairway,—the painter awoke. And he could scarce give credence to the vision that he had beheld the night before. But when he looked once more into the deep gray eyes he saw again that shy and yet revealing look of love. And as he stood gazing on the pictured maiden with greedy eyes, he did not hear the door swing back upon its hinges, nor did he see a damsel garbed all in white poised with timid maiden modesty upon the threshold, as wavers a snowy butterfly upon the chalice of a golden buttercup. She paused but an instant and then sped silently to the side of the dreaming Tinterel. But one moment she viewed the painted image, then,—

"'Tis true, thy works are in sooth the mirrors of the souls of men—and maids," she faltered, with a tiny indrawn breath.

Then did Tinterel spring toward her with a joyous cry for he saw that the eyes of the maid did in truth reflect those of the painting. And so it was that the astrologer's prophecy, cast for Tinterel at his birth was at length fulfilled, for in those mystical hours when the old year died and the new was born, the star of love shone forth for him. And it was for a sign that he should gain his heart's desire and like unto the brave-souled prince and his princess of the golden tresses in the ballad of a roaming troubadour, should dwell in joyful happiness forever after.

ABOUT COLLEGE

LATE—TEN MINUTES

MARY COGGESHALL BAKER

I woke up with a dull feeling, resulting from unpleasant dreams. From the window at the head of my little cot I could see the sky, gray and unfriendly and cold. "What time is it?" I asked shivering of the partner of my domestic happiness.

"Twenty minutes past seven," responded my roommate. "Get up."

"Oh, no, not quite yet," I murmured, pulling the bed clothes up over my head and relapsing with a blissful feeling into unconsciousness. I was rudely awakened by the forceful impact of eight pillows impelled in quick succession against my head.

"It's half past and you're so awfully slow that you won't get any breakfast," said Jean as she went to the dining room. I jumped out of bed and tried to race through with my dressing but some of the buttons were off my clothes. I couldn't find my tie and Jean had walked off with my shoes because her own hurt her feet. At length after surmounting these and sundry other difficulties, I went downstairs to meet the inevitable and all too frequent fate. The dining room doors were closed. Sadly I retraced my steps and sat down before my desk to meditate upon the Vanity of Human Wishes.

Jean returned and found me thus. "Why aren't you making your bed, Mary?" she asked.

"I hadn't thought of it," I replied sadly, "Oh if I only had something to eat."

She put a piece of toast down before me. "I could have

snatched a muffin or a boiled egg just as easily," she said gravely, "but that would have been encouraging you in your procrastination. You ought to get up earlier." She put on her sweater and went off to "take in" with Biological. I ate my cold toast thankfully and drank some water. Jean is good to me, though sometimes a trifle direct in her remarks. She had not wanted me to be hungry till lunch time. I was duly appreciative and wished to show her how I felt. So I made my bed. She would like that.

Then I went to chapel. It was very late and everyone had gone in. The man was just closing the last door and he frowned forbiddingly as I slid in under his arm. I took a back seat on the end. "Hymn 146," I read, "Why that was the date of the third Punic War that I studied about last week." While I was thinking about the third Punic War, its causes and its results, some other girls took the only hymn book in the vicinity. So I could not sing that morning. Apologies and explanations to an irate, unreasonable chapel date, who met me outside the door after chapel, took up much time.

"I hate to go to chapel alone!" she stormed.

"Well you needn't be so cross about it! I went alone too!" I replied, and we parted, never to speak again.

I trailed into my nine o'clock class at twenty minutes past the hour. The professor looked annoyed as he changed the attendance mark in his book and asked me a question I could not answer.

"Well anyway," I said comfortingly to myself after I had flunked, "he ought to be glad that I came at all."

In my next class we had a written lesson.

"Describe," said the professor, buttoning and unbuttoning his coat fast and furiously, "describe—anything you want to."

"What a funny question," I thought, "I don't want to describe anything." I watched him fascinated as he put his hand inside his coat, drew forth a case, removed his glasses from his nose, put them in the case, returned it to his vest pocket, buttoned up his coat, and then carefully reversed the operation, ending with his glasses once more upon his nose. While he was doing this many times an idea was gradually insinua-

ting itself into my head. "Why I'll describe him!" I exclaimed "and he'll think I'm bright and give me a triangle." But just then the bell rang and I had only time to write my name on a blank piece of paper and pass it in.

It was Friday when we always have soup and fish at noon. I was too late to get any soup and I hate fish. So I did not enjoy my luncheon. That afternoon I was late for an appointment with a faculty who did not wait for me. Father had telegraphed that he was going through the city on a certain train and would like to see me in the station. I arrived just after the train had left. In the five o'clock mail I received an announcement of the engagement of a friend of mine to a man I had wanted for myself.

We had a grind party in the evening. The girl who wrote my grind is not, by nature, a poet. The grind, accompanied by a tiny watch and reminiscent of a trivial incident which had occurred two nights before, was as follows:

"On the floor morose and surly,
Sat Mary thinking it still early,
Squelcher thought quite otherwise,
And said she in pained surprise:
'Woman, why aren't you in bed?'
'Why should I be,' small Mary said.
'It's ten o'clock!' In accents quaint
Said Mary then, 'Y'lie—it ain't.'
She did not know she was not right
Or she would not have had a light
That this may not again occur,
We've bought a little watch for her,
And Mary will, henceforth, 'tis said
Wake up in time to go to bed."

"Do you think," I asked my roommate as I was undressing that night, "that that grind was fair? Do I go around in my sleep?"

"Well I don't know," replied Jean from her bed, "but you never get anywhere on time. You'll be ten minutes late to your own funeral. Turn out the light, please. The clock has struck."

As I finished undressing in the dark I thought over Jean's remark. "Late to my own funeral." Miss Jordan has de-

clared herself in favor of an impromptu exit from this life but I want everything to be planned beforehand so that it will go off without a hitch, and it would be as messy if I should, by delaying my arrival, keep the mourners waiting. Perhaps it would be advisable for me to reform.

By a supreme effort I did reform. The next morning I had the first civilized breakfast I can remember. I did not make my bed, so I got to chapel on time and enjoyed my chapel date. The professor in my nine o'clock class looked gratified when I came in at nine and three quarters minutes past the hour. My next professor smiled a triangular smile when I suggested making up right away the written I had flunked the day before. I had a good luncheon. In the afternoon, I kept all my dates on schedule time. We did not have a grind party that night and I went to bed in peace and harmony with all the world.

So things went on for a week. It was difficult to change the habits of years and once in a while I backslid but I became more and more accustomed to being on time and persuaded myself that I rather liked the hurry and bustle of my new way of life.

Then came the crash.

"Hereafter," said President Burton, sternly, from the platform, "everything will begin on the hour instead of at ten minutes past.

There was bitterness in my heart as I marched out of chapel. It was hard enough to get to places on time but to get there ten minutes early was unthinkable. I could not refrain from meditating upon the words of the great astronomer poet of Persia:

"Waste not your hour in hurrying here and there,
But take your time in getting anywhere,
If 'tis essential, things will wait for you,
If not, well, let them go—why should you care?"

"How true it still is, after all these years," I said thoughtfully to myself.

And now each morn in bed I lie,
The world wags on, and so do I,
Though I do not appointments keep,
I'm happy quite—I'd rather sleep.

AT TEN P. M.

ELIZABETH SKELDING MOORE

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day—
The crammer quickly turns another leaf,
And onward plods her dreary, weary way,
And longeth for the end to bring relief.

The breezy call that tells 9.40's hour,
The maidens chattering just outside the door,
A girl's shrill laughter, or the proctor's glower,
No more can rouse her from her search for lore.

But Knowledge to her eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time, doth not unroll,
Dumb ignorance increaseth helpless rage:
To-morrow's "written" scares her very soul!

Full many a light-cut has she had this week:
She dares not ask another one to-night,
And so she bends her head and hugs her feet
When lo! some monster turneth off the light!

Then, struggling blindly dressing gown to find,
And stubborn buttons to unloose from place.
She blames with bitterness her fate unkind,
While wayward slippers doth she seek to trace.

Fearing the proctor's keen and watchful eye
She soberly unrobes as best she may,
Along the darkened hall she passes by
And squeaks an even tenor all the way.

'Till last, to dreadful recklessness a prey
The haven of her room she seeks to find
Leaves the warm precincts (with Old Nick to pay)
Nor casts one longing, ling'ring look behind.

And when at length her bones in bed relax
And closing eye doth aim to give her balm
E'en from her sleep doth Knowledge seek her tax
E'en at 5.30 sounds the tin alarm!

ANTI-MOVIES

ELEANOR PATTERSON SPENCER

I am a social outcast. I am a stranger and an exile in the midst of those whom I once thought my friends. I have not murdered my family. I have stolen neither money nor diamond tiaras. Far be it from me to say that I shall never do one of these wicked deeds. Already I am on the downward path. Once started, no one knows what may happen. And what was the cause, you ask? Can you not know? The movies! the movies!

If you believe in the educational, social, moral and spiritual value of the movies you will read this with scepticism—if at all. I do not want to prove logically a single thing about the value of the movies. If I did, in order to conform to the Law of Sufficient Reason, I should have to go to the movies—from which may Heaven preserve me! I know whereof I speak, nevertheless, and it is difficult to see any value, educational or otherwise, in moving pictures of “insects and other small animals.”

I have been once, twice to the movies. The first time I watched the hero rescue the heroine in at least five different ways, all in the midst of a continuous sputtering and sparkling. “How realistic,” I thought in my innocence, “to have the bullets flying around the hero as he does his mighty deeds!” but when the bullets seemed to continue while the blessings of formerly irate parents, I perceived that this was the natural state of the movies. It was like seeing stars—and that analogy straightway gave me a headache. For some time thereafter I managed to evade the movies until one day I was taken by surprise and dragged in. I didn’t even offer to pay my share; for an hour I managed to look at anything except the screen, as I believe it is called. At the end of that time I whispered of an important engagement and escaped. That was where I left the straight and narrow way. Who knows but what I might have had a reputation equal to that of the Father of our Country, had I not gone to the movies?

From that moment I became an unscrupulous character. Cheerfully did I lie.

"O, I'm so sorry, but I simply can't go to the movies. I've such a lot of work to do for tomorrow!" I varied my assortment of lies. I lay in wait for new ones. Sometimes I had a headache; other times I was afraid I should have one (which was more or less the truth, though not the whole truth); more often, as I became skilled in detecting the approach of an invitation I warded it off by suggesting nourishment (at my own expense, of course) or by subtle hints of a cake in the pantry at home.

For a time these excuses—that is a mild word, for while they worked they were life-preservers to me—seemed to satisfy my friends. At last, however, it came to the point of confession. I told them frankly that I did not like the movies. I told them that I hated the movies. They looked at me with wonder and incredulity, then, worst of all, pity, then I hated them—my friends, I mean. Why under the moon do those who like the movies pity those who do not like them? I've since found that it is the way with human nature. If some benighted beings want "Votes for Women" and you do not, they pity you. You do not pity them on the other hand, you only have an immense scorn for them. It's all very queer.

To return to the movies. They tend to immoralize and degrade those who come under their influence. Witness myself. I believe that I am not the only living specimen, else I should not have the courage to say that I hated the movies, but I know that I am in the smallest of minorities, ostracized as it were, because of a reasonable dislike of the movies!

THE TYRRANY OF MATTER

MARIE EMILIE GILCHRIST

Shoes upon the window-ledge; books upon the floor:
Dust in every corner; Sunday hat behind the door.
Tooth-brush, skates and Listerine tangled in the clothes;
Chiffonier behind them all within the closet goes:
Last year's notes and growing bulbs and a brand new party-dress;
Life in crowded quarters is an everlasting MESS.

"I'M SORRY"

ELSIE GARRETSON FINCH

There is a person that I know
Who steps upon my favorite toe,
And then says, as she turns to go,
 "I'm sorry."

I meet her sometimes in the hall,
She knocks my books and when they fall
Just murmurs, if she stops at all,
 "I'm sorry."

I realize my toe is sore;
I pick my poor books from the floor,
Remembering that I've heard before,
 "I'm sorry."

Sometime, I fear, I shall conclude
To state my mental attitude,
Well, if I do and I am rude,
 I'm sorry.

REVIEWS

"The Research Magnificent," what is it? Perhaps the best answer is given by the author, Mr. H. G. Wells, himself, in the first pages of his book. "The Story of William Porphyry Benham is the story of a man who was led into adventure by an idea.- - -It grew with him and changed with him, it interwove at last completely with his being. His story is its story. Yet essentially, Benham's idea was simple. He had an incurable, an almost innate persuasion that he had to live life nobly and thoroughly. His common expression for that through living is "the aristocratic life."He meant an intensity, a clearness; nobility for him was to get something out of his individual existence, a flame, a jewel, a splendour—it is easier to understand than to say."

Benham ran the gamut of life's fascinating adventures but for him all experiences were bounded by certain limitations that must be swept aside before the true aristocratic life could be attained. There are four of these limitations, fear, sex or indulgence, jealousy, and prejudice.

The book is treated from a philosophical point of view. Mr. Wells has many ideas to offer us; in fact, we are forced to read slowly in order to find time to think about them all. Perhaps the doctrine of the true aristocrat is one that we find hard to accept. In the words of Benham he is "The Invisible King who is the lord of human destiny, the Spirit of nobility, who will one day take the sceptre and rule the earth." We long to reply with the young American of the novel, "I have never heard the underlying spirit of democracyso thoroughly expressed."

John Masefield's latest work is entitled "The Faithful." His occasional readers think of him chiefly as a writer of poetry and in particular, of poetry of the sea, but here we find him writing a tragedy in prose, the scene of which is laid in the heart of ancient Japan. The prose, however, has a lyrical quality and is interrupted by various songs and chants which suggest the Masefield of "Dauber" and "The Everlasting Mercy." The theme is that of the struggle of the old, the noble and the lofty ideals against an influx of arrogance and greed, and the final victory of the highest through selfless devotion and faith. The opening and the closing speeches alone give excellent illustration of the theme and style.

Asano, kneeling in the dawn speaks, "Light that my soul has followed, bless this beloved soul where I work with my men to make life nobler. For now my work here is threatened by an evil man, who draws nearer daily, violating Right and Law." For the sake of his beliefs, and by a trick, Asano dies, but his followers and his friend Kurano remain faithful to him enduring fearful hardships until at length having avenged his death they undergo death themselves in extreme proof of their loyalty. The play ends with Kurano's cry, "You trumpeters, who call the faithful to death in all the armies of the world, blow a long point

That long dead heroes
Manning the ramparts of God
May hear us coming,
Bearing our hearts to the sword
For him we loved so."

It is difficult to imagine the tragedy actually shaped, for we find the action stilted and its beauty and appeal lying chiefly in its idealism and the flocks of color, the imagination and the vision with which the thoughts rather than the deeds of the characters are described.

"The Faithful" does not leave a feeling of discouragement with the reader as one might almost expect but rather a desire to reconsecrate himself to his ideals and believe with Kurano whom he says, "Evil is very strong but men who will give their lives are stronger" and "fellowship goes on after death, dear brothers, in its struggle against wrong."

I know of no more romantic figure among authors of to-day than that of Rupert Brooke, the young English poet whose collected poems have recently been published posthumously. Youth always responds to youth and I have had friend after friend kindle in immediate response to the throbbing vitality of his lines, their vigor, their inspiration, their passion for living.

His life may be briefly summarized; born at Rugby 1887, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge 1913, sub-lieutenant R. N. V. R. 1914, Antwerp expedition 1914, sailed with British Mediterranean Expeditionary Force February 1915, died in the Aegean, April 23, 1915, but that does not tell all that he meant to his friends one of whom said, "Some of us who knew him may live to be old men but life is not likely to give us any richer memory than his."

His personal appearance, "to look at, he was part of the youth of the world. He was one of the handsomest Englishmen of his time," his desire to see and taste of life which led him to Europe, to America, and on to the South Seas of Stevenson, his blithe acceptance of his duty in the war, "Well, if Armageddon's on, I suppose I should be there," and finally his death in the Dardanelles and burial in Scyros "amid the white and pinkish marble of the isle, the wild thyme and the poppies, near the green and blue waters," all go to make him one of the gods of youth, and at the same time an ideal of manhood.

His poetry is marked by his passion for life. He is the "Great Lover," the lover of

"—grainy wood; live hair that is
Shining and free; blue-massing clouds, the keen
Unpassioned beauty of a great machine;
The venison of hot water; furs to touch;—"

and so on through a catalogue of vital sensations expressed in exquisite phrases.

But his most perfect work is his last great sonnet sequence written after the beginning of war. The lover of life came face to face with the thought of death and became almost the lover of death also because it was death for his country, Eng-

land. Two passages from this sequence cannot be too often quoted:

These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
 of work and joy, and that unhopèd serene
 That men call age; and those who would have been,
Their sons, they gave—their immortality."

and again:

If I should die, think only this of me:
 That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
 In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
 Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's breathing, breathing English air,
 Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home."

M. M. J.

EDITORIAL

Every year, the mid-year examination period calls forth a perfect avalanche, in college magazines and newspapers all over the country, if editorials upon "cheating," "honor" and kindred subjects. It seems to me that all of this pother about honor during examination is becoming rather banal. The sentiment of public opinion is set strongly against it and is, I believe, becoming daily more active in expressing its opinion and in proposing effective measures to insure its prevention. The would-be offender must face this as well as the risk of detection; and few of us, even our pseudo-unconventionalists would dare to do this. Besides, since the total abolition of all "trots" by the freshman class, it is no longer even fashionable to struggle through the course with the boast "and I never really translated one line!"

We are outgrowing the puerile inclination to cheat for the sheer excitement of it and we are so engrossed by the modern idea of efficiency that we would scorn to cheat because of lack of intelligence. In my personal experience I have never seen a case of flagrant cheating in an examination, during the three and one half years that I have been in College and I am sure that there are many other seniors who would testify to the same thing. Also this new aversion to cheating has grown indirectly out of a very superior sort of pose that, more or less consciously, all American college students are beginning to assume. It is now the rage to consider oneself an intellectualist—and as such we work for the love of it and interest in marks is a thing of the past. At least this is what we say and sometimes even succeed in fooling ourselves into believing. It is true that a sincere scholar loves and enjoys his work as an

end in itself; but when he has put the best of his mind and heart into it, he naturally desires recognition. In our little college world, marks are practically the only form of recognition that we have and there is no reason in the world why we should not exult if they are good. If only these would-be intellectualists would get over the idea that pride in good marks is incompatible with their high ideals!

But if we perceive a decreasing propensity to cheat, we must also note a certain increasing laxity in what may be called our intellectual integrity. By this I mean a variety of things. I mean our carelessness in neglecting the use of quotation marks, and of foot-notes to explain the source of our ideas. I mean the indiscriminate appropriation of ideas gleaned from one's neighbors in the customary free-for-all discussion that occurs in the last five minutes before a class is called to order or before a written lesson begins. I mean the curious habit that many students have of preserving a discreet silence during a weighty class-room discussion of which they know nothing and then when a question is asked, the answer of which is plainly apparent, of hastening to volunteer as if they had just made a new and striking discovery. There are other instances too numerous to mention; almost all of us, I believe, have some little lapses of intellectual integrity that are peculiar to herself.

So instead of devoting our attention to an almost defunct system of dishonor, why not carefully consider the reform of this phase of our mental life? There must be first a rigid inquiry into our intellectual ideals. Some of us I am sure have none; in others of us they lie dormant, hidden by this vicious habit of intellectual laxity. Yet they would not be hard to stimulate and once aroused, I fancy that they would prove efficient in keeping us in the straight and narrow path of intellectual integrity. It is an experiment well worth trying.

EDITOR'S TABLE

Mr. Chesterton once wrote concerning the class of people who assiduously attempt to prove that they have no feelings:—

“The most sentimental thing in the world is to hide your feelings; it is making too much of them.” Mr. Chesterton spoke the truth as he usually does. We all know the type of person who is so afraid that he will be sentimental or unusual that he hides himself under a mask of the commonplace. We have also learned that he incurs a great danger by wearing this mask. Some morning he might awaken to find that it has grown fast to him and may never be removed! But he faces a greater danger also. A few astute observers, who know that a man with real feelings about real things would not be afraid to let the feelings show, might strongly suspect that the masked gentleman was hiding, behind this convenient cover,—*Nothing*—that if they should snatch it away they would find merely darkness and vacuum when you are told,

“Oh, but, my dear! One cannot talk about deep matters all of the time!” What are you to think of the one who makes the statement? Is he—or let us say she—hiding behind that objection real thoughts which she feels can better be expressed later? Probably it is only an excuse for a total lack of thought. But in case we grant her objection as everyone will because everyone knows that

“A little folly now and then
Is relished by the wisest men,”

What else have we heard the same person say?

“Oh dear! I did so want to “bat” tonight but I must study!” Is she here attempting to hide her intense desire to work, be-

cause she is too sentimental to let her feelings be known? Mr. Chesterton assumed that the boy of whom he wrote had this reason for his similar complaint. But we should be magnanimous to our heroine to believe that she had any such thought. She simply did not want to study (excusable for one time but not for a long succession of times). She did not come to college for that purpose.

Again she says,

"I was given D on my last paper. Come on a bat with me so that I will forget my woes."

Does she really want to "drown her sorrows in a bat?" Or has she only felt that the D was an inconvenience which might change her plans somewhat?

"When the devil was sick
The devil a monk would be;
When the devil got well
The devil a monk was he!"

Whatever may be thought of the respective merits of devils and monks, it is clear that this particular devil felt he should be a monk—only he forgot his resolves when his cause of grief was removed. He did not hide his feelings afterward. He simply had none to hide. Being a devil he knew this, but a mortal sometimes is deceived as to the true state of his feelings.

Naturally the only person here discussed is the one who is trying to hide something—or is it nothing?—behind the mark of the commonplace. It is well for such a one to lay aside the mask, lest, being the mere sentimentalist described by Mr. Chesterton, one is mistaken for Nonentity protected from disclosure by an assumed desire to hide feelings. It is not well to be a sentimentalist. It is worse to be a Nonentity. One might better follow the example of those who use no masks. They do not (if they are really unmasked) go to the opposite extreme and "wear their hearts on their sleeves." That implies egoism from which they alone are free, for the same reason that their example should be followed, because they are genuinely interested in genuine things and are not afraid to say so.

The first question asked as the Exchanges arrive, is "What do they think of the *Monthly*?" It occurred to us that our readers and contributors share this interest. So we invite you to look over our shoulders as we read. Since of the two score and five magazines, less than half publish intercollegiate criticism, it is particularly gratifying that these find us, so often worthy of praise.

Of the June 1915 number, the *Phaethra* says: "'What is Poetry?' in the *Smith College Monthly* gives us an interesting discussion of one of the most difficult questions in art. There is poetry, too, that is really deserving of the name—such as 'Marsh Fire,' 'The Ridge,' 'Spring Fancies.' There are several short stories, one of the best, being 'The Gift' in the *Smith College Monthly*."

The *Lesbian Herald* comments also on the poetry in this number: "'Sleep and Death' and 'Eternity' seem rather too lofty for amateurs. 'I'm telling ye guid bye Lad,' a touching Scotch song, and the 'Whiff of a Rose' are excellent word pictures—artistic, and full of suggestiveness."

The criticism in the *Hollins Magazine* is in itself an excellent piece of work. Of the "Valley Heart" by Marion M. Walker 1915, it says in part: "The 'Valley Heart' has a depth of feeling and personality rarely discovered in a college poem. . . . it is original in every detail."

The *Fordham Monthly* praises the "Ragged Cavalier" in the October Monthly. Of this issue the editor of the *Goucher Magazine* says: "The essay in the *Smith College Monthly* 'Conrad's Genius is Foreign to the most advanced English Tradition' is particularly fine, and is by the way a redeeming feature of this edition of the magazine. The sketches especially are weak. For the most part they have an adequate excuse for being in their subject matter, but it is the handling that is mediocre. They strongly bespeak the classroom exercise." This adverse criticism is constructively suggestive and therefore appreciated.

Among college magazines a feeling for style, maturity of thought and individuality are rare qualities: *The Occident*, of the University of California, and the *Yale Literary Magazine*,

stand out as the most original in thought and character, the *Harvard Monthly* as the most cultured in expression. "Le Bel Art" in the *Occident* is a truly remarkable poem, because of the fundamental unity between the theme and the gripping narrative, and the tense, living style. "Imagists and Gargoyles" in the *Harvard Monthly* is one of the strongest expositions of the theory of vers libre that has appeared.

"At first the work of the Imagists challenges contempt, but upon further acquaintance with their tattered little lines of print in magazine covers, the emotion changes to a spirit of inquiry, of dagger-like questioning into the true native of their art and aim, flickerings of conception too swift for words to follow. And at the end we find ourselves asking, "What is metre? Rhythm? Cadence? What, indeed is poetry?. . . . Poetry then is a sudden tread of the foot of grace and wonder upon this heavy earth. . . there may break through bushes on her way, the swift shy eyes of poetry. Poetry is a presence, rare but of ubiquitous possibility. She may adorn briefly the most barren prose, and again she may totally abandon that form of ordered rhythm which you are pleased to call by her name."

That "rhythm is often her companion; and through her throbs an echo of old earth's feet" is illustrated by a "Morning Song" in the same magazine.

"A MORNING SONG."

Attlus, make; the whispering river rushes—
Pale to softest green at the steps of morning,
Look, lest we lose a tint of the willows blushes,
Over Hymettus.

Attlus, break a rose of the field's adorning,
Give the leaves to the waking winds of Heaven,
Bow to the rose-red glory of risen Morning,
Kneel to Apollo.

E. G.

AFTER COLLEGE

PERSONALS

Contributions to this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in next month's issue, and should be addressed to Eleanor Wild, 36 Green Street, Northampton, Massachusetts.

MARRIAGES

- ex*-'11. Rhoda Moore to Charles L. Haskell.
Margaret Shephard to F. Maurice Newton, May 15, 1915. Address: Harvard Club, New York City.
- '13. Sara Brouwer to Clarence Robin Heaume, April 23, 1915. Address, 342 Warburton Avenue, Yonkers, New York.
Ellen Irwin to Arthur Dudley Whitman, August 26, 1915. Address: 338 Orchard Street, New Bedford, Massachusetts.
Aline Smith to Harold L. Ballard, April 15, 1915. Address: 3434 Baldwin Avenue, Berwyn, Illinois.
Mary Worthen to Waldo Knapp, June 29, 1915.
- '14. May Brooks to Dr. Roland E. Wynne, U. S. P. H. Service, Washington, D. C., November 9, 1915.
Carolyn Davis to Thomas O'Connor, October 27, 1915. Address: 31 Essex Street, Holyoke, Massachusetts.
Anne Deyo to Donald C. Van Buren, October 28, 1915. Address: 10707 Detroit Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.
Vivian Humphrey to Herbert Sproul Morrow, October 20, 1915.
- '15. Helen Van Duzee to Warren H. Taplin, October 1915. Address: Milford, Massachusetts.
- ex*-'15. Ruth Brady to Alan Leggett, November 10, 1915. Address: Nyack, New York.
Marion B. Pierce to Harry H. Williams, October 21, 1915. Address: 18 Newton Street, Brockton, Mass.

BIRTHS

- '11. To Margaret McCrary Boutwell, (Mrs. Cyrus), a second daughter, Suzanne, November 18, 1915.
To Gertrude Lyford Boyd, a daughter, Mary Lee, August 15, 1915.

- '11. To Ruth Segur Burke, a son, Charles Clinton Burke 3rd, October 26, 1915.
To Maron Ditman Clark, a son, Frederic Baylis Jr.
To Pauline Crossman, a daughter, Faith Sutton, April 25, 1915.
To Helen McManigal Hay, a daughter, Margaret, January 7, 1914.
To Ruth Weber Schaefer, a son, Walter Augustus 2nd, September 29, 1915.
To Katherine Burrell Sicard, a second daughter, Esther Benedict, August 17, 1915.
To Eleanor Williams Vandiver, a son, Almuth Cunningham Vandiver 2nd, July 9, 1915.
- ex-'11.* To Katherine Berryhill Goddis, a daughter, Virginia, December 5, 1915.
To Josephine Hoyt Gilbert, a daughter, July 20, 1915.
To Rosina Mandelberg Freedman, a son, Robert Edward, October 5, 1915.
To Edith Henley Judd, a daughter, Mary Leslie, May 13, 1915.
To Margery Brady Mitchell, a son, Joseph Brady, September 25, 1915.
To Kate Rice Neuhans, a son, Huga Victor Jr., March 5, 1915.
- '13. To Vera O'Donnell Jones, a son, Richard, May 25, 1915.
To Edith Warner Patton, a daughter, Doris Warner, November 4, 1915.
To Margaret Eno Percy, a son, George Eno, July 28, 1915
To Florence Herscheimer Rosenwasser, a daughter, Elsa, May 27, 1915.
To Marion Sisson Weed, a daughter, Jaue, May 1, 1915. This is 1913's class baby.
- ex-'13.* To Marjorie Montague Davis, a son, Lloyd Salisbury, May 6, 1915.
To Marion Foster Allen, a daughter, Elinor Foster, June 1, 1915.
To Muriel Heebner Axt, a son, Wallis, September 4, 1915.
To Clara Wishart Hoerder, a son, James Jr., October 1, 1915.
- '14. To Elsie Terry Blanc, a daughter, Suzanne, April 30, 1915.
-
- '11. Nancy Barnhart has had several exhibits of her painting in St. Louis, and is now maintaining a studio there.
Elsie Baskin Adams (Mrs. Huntington) has returned to New York from Chili, and her address is 142 E. 40th Street, N. Y. C.
Marion Ditman Clark, (Mrs Frederic) has changed her address to St. Albans, Vt.

- '11. Helen Earle Johnston, (Mrs. Henry R.), is in Japan where she expects to stay for at least a year. Address, The Antoinette, 32 Water Street, Yokohama.

Augusta Evans is State Leader in charge of Boys' and Girls' Clubs, in care of the Montana State College and the U. S. Dept.. of Agriculture.

Genevieve Fox is Assistant Editor, Silver Burdett and Co., Boston.

Miriam Gouldis is teaching Psychology and Logic, half the day at the University of Pittsburgh, and half at the Pittsburgh Academy.

Joyce Knowlton is secretary to the principal at the Finch School, New York City.

Marguerite Lazard is Social Worker at the University Hospital in Philadelphia, Pa.

Mary P. Little is teaching commercial subjects in the Perth Amboy, New Jersey High School.

Elizabeth Nye is Agent for Dependent Children in Oneida County under the N. Y. State Charities Aid Association.

Sophonria Roberts is doing social work in Pittsburgh. Among other things she managed a Baby Saving Campaign and has worked on a District Survey.

CALENDAR

January 9. Group Dance.

13. Concert.

15. Miss Huntley's Song Recital at Assembly Hall.

16. Meetings of the Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.

The
Smith College
Monthly

February - 1916

Owned and Published by the Senior Class

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THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

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FEBRUARY, 1916

No. 5

EDITORS:

MILDRED CONSTANCE SCHMOLZE

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ELLEN BODLEY JONES

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FLORENCE MAY HODGES

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BUSINESS MANAGER AND TREASURER

MARGARET SHEPARDSON

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

HARRIET EVELYN MEANS

HARRIET BOND SKIDMORE

"LETTERS TO JIM"

(Letters which were detained by the censor, mislaid, and afterwards forwarded at the end of the war.)

BERNARDINE ALGERT KEISER

In the wilds of Servia, Irtysk, Aug. 1.

DEAR JIM;

Your letter came after about a month's delay in crossing the border of this confoundedly suspicious little country. I had to go down and read it before the local sheriff, or what's its name, under the eyes of an interpreter. I stayed in Nish, with some English chaps from St. Thomas's Hospital, they remembered you well. Was there about a month, quite a place, hotels, theater, etc; society in the metropolitan fashion.

Glimpses at night of the "fascinating foreign women" at the opera, but they prove homely in the day-time. Too dark and oily; looked as if they needed sterilizing. Guess I am due for a blow to my ideas on cleanliness, no convenience or even sufficient water to spare. Makes me kind of writhe when I think of the operating-room at St. Luke's. You'll have to admit that it was CLEAN in capital letters. By the way, stopped a day or two with Ryan, in Belgrade; never saw a finer hospital than he has there; with practically no outside help and all the natives against him, even the English staff he's got; he's built up a wonderful organization. Mark my words, boy, you'll hear of Ed Ryan again. He was quite interested in that new serum, don't you remember, the typhus one we tried three years ago with Jacobs, and he thinks the first failure a mistake. Wish I'd kept a record like you did, Jim, I haven't even got the formula. Send it along, sometime, will you? Ryan says that they have fairly frequent epidemics south of here. Wish I'd studied up this blooming place a bit before I packed up and came over. But the last two years routine work pretty nearly did for me, Jim, I never had a chance to breathe and I have got to get away every so often or the boiler will blow up. I know you and Curtis and the rest think I'm a fool to give up staff and clinic both, to come out here; but I had a fight with the trustees, if you want to know it, and that was the last straw, so I came out before I could get breath enough to cause a real row. Well, let's not go into all that.

You speak of "environment"; there ain't no sich animal here. The town is nothing but convulsions of mud and lumber. About five hundred people here, mainly in a starving condition—no decent water supply. I'm the only white man in the place. Nish Hospital promised to send me a nurse or assistant, a good, homely one; middle-aged and not superstitious. Now watch them unload a blue-eyed incompetent on me. Medicine, Old Top, is no place for a womanly woman, huh? It seemed awfully funny to sterilize my own instruments and write prescriptions, the first time. Well s'long, and write me how things are going.

Yours ever,

JOE

Sept. 13.

DEAR JIM;

I wish mightily you could come over here now, for I'm thinking we'll have trouble soon and the country will be impassable—trouble's brewing all around; my old cook brought in her mirror the other night; it was cracked clean across. She was shaking her head and muttering and I had a time convincing her that the world wasn't going to end. That's the worst of it here; people are so full of superstition that they are scared of baths even, let alone surgical instruments. Scared of baths is a figure of speech. We are lucky to have enough to wash our faces daily. You asked about the work; it isn't very hard—grinding, mostly. No artistic work as you call it; but lots of complications in tubercular cases. The "town" is low and swampy—full of malaria. I live up on the hill, where I'm trying to persuade the populace to accompany me, but they are stubborn. The hill, because otherwise it would be "requiescat" for me in about two months; and I intend to last a bit longer than that. The only thing is, I've no helper as yet; cases are pretty frequent and I'm the only operator in 85 miles.

You'd be surprised to learn how many of the fellows do go to pieces out here. Not stiff enough and then leading a dog's life; up all day and all night. Met a chap on consultation last week, who hadn't slept for four days and nights and had ridden twenty miles since daybreak on the case. He was all doped though, so his grit did him little good, for he could hardly keep his mind on the case enough to help me. Comminuted fracture of the bone and some native doctor had actually nailed the tibia to the fibula. Nailed! a regular carpenter's job! The other chap was absolutely indifferent. Not even surprised. I caught him with a fist full of cocaine and he never even dodged. When I knocked it out of the beggar's hand, there wasn't enough spunk in him to fight. He draws himself up and says, "When you've been out in this country a little longer, Doc, you won't be such a blankety-blank moralizer!" Found out later from the Nish crowd that he'd been the prize of his class at St. Thomas's four years ago. Believe

me, Jim, this country is not conducive to honest methods, and there's a damn sight more to be done than I thought there was. I get pretty fair sleep. Hope for three days vacation this month. Do you remember the shooting, last September ?

As ever,

JOE

Jan. 3.

DEAR JIM;

Yours to hand this three months and I've been so bloomin' busy that I was too lazy to write when I did get time off. Say be sure to write Cooper & Co. to send me some barium subcarbonate. I wrote them about two weeks ago and no word yet, of course mail is slow on account of that bomb plot. You'd better wire Cooper's for me and if necessary get it smuggled in. I've got to have it and can't get any here. I forgot to say in the beginning that things are getting brisk. Belgrade is attacked and we're entirely cut off from Nish. I've busted my best "scissors" and have lost two cases on that account already. Sent to Vienna before the row began and won't hear now for three weeks, if at all. So you knew my "friend, the dope fiend?" I guess I was pretty raw when I wrote that, Jim, and I'm ashamed of it. I got to know Sykes better and he's a pretty good sort. I fancy he drifted into it from sheer loneliness. He comes over to see me now right often or I go over there. You say who's "we?" There isn't any we, here, but the cook and Self; but a fellow has to keep up the title for the ethics of the "profesh," if for nothing else. About Sykes though, I got hold of that mercuric chloride compound that Jacobs used and you said was no good. You can say it's a fake if you like but I think it will work in Sykes' case. He seems a bit better and has cut down a little on the amount of cocaine. Don't forget to send that formula for the typhus serum, Jim. Although no danger, and I'm so busy in any spare minute with a thing Sykes and I are trying on a tubercular patient, that I can hardly try out the other, but still—. How does Broadway look now? You know sometimes I look back on the wild times we had as internes and after, and I get

to wondering if they "was?" Crepe-hanger! Sure enough though I started out to be a cheerful correspondent. Glad your new assistant is so good—and best of all, three cheers for the New York Central; Chief Consultant *is* a prize. Oh, and speaking of cheerful subjects. I got my vacation about a month ago; took a guide and went up hunting in the mountains. We lost our way one rainy night and landed in a regular hornets-nest of bandits—sure enough ones. They took pot-shots at us as we did a Paul Revere to a more secluded region. I was laid up in the shoulder for two weeks—if it hadn't been for old Sykes, I guess I'd have pulled my freight for fair. I remember one night when things were kind of gray; Sykes hadn't been able to find one of the bullets and it was making an awful fuss inside me. I could just make out through a kind of haze, Sykes, under my big operating lamp. He was reading some big book and all the while his hand kept going into his coat-pocket, fishing for something. First he'd jerk his hand out and go on reading, then dive into his pocket again. Finally he got up and threw whatever was in his pocket into the fire with a groan and began to read like mad. He had me up on the operating table that night and blamed it if he didn't do the McGinnis operation with a pair of suture-scissors and got the bullet. I was kind of wobbly next day, on account of no anæsthetic, I guess, but I was sitting up in bed when the cook burst in on me. She was scared to death, said Sykes had gone mad and was smashing up the kitchen. You can bet I was glad he hadn't selected the "operating room," as we call it by courtesy. Well, when I got out there—mostly snarled up in a blanket, I found Sykes had taken cocaine again, and a good stiff dose. He hadn't been on a tear for a long time but he let loose on that kitchen all right. Afterward he said that the feeling for it had come over him the night before and he'd been drinking strong *vinegar* to clear his mind and wake him up enough to let the cocaine alone and still do the operation. He was all right though a couple of days later, and I'm sure in time he'll pull through without the habit. He insisted on staying here after I was better and finally I got him to move over entirely; two's more company

than one and I can oversee him better close at hand. I've just got to fix him up. It's a regular obsession with me. One night not long after this all happened, we had an evening free, and were sitting by the fire. He started to talk about London and the chaps back there and his pals. It made my flesh creep to hear him talk as if he'd been interred for about twenty years and forgotten. And that's the man who could write M. R. C. S. and any amount of others after his name. I'm getting to be a regular sentimental old fool, and shudder when I read "The Man Who Was." It was one of Sykes' books, and the first I've read this six months. Write soon—

Yours,

JOE

P. S. Little outbreak of typhus at Nish, we hear by rumor, Don't forget that serum. Guess you have my cable by now; hope the stuff will be here soon. Expect Cooper's second barium subcarbonate tomorrow; have been waiting over a month. This was begun three weeks ago, Just had time to finish.

Jan. 31, 2 A. M.

DEAR JIM;

Why in Heaven's name doesn't the serum come, and no trace of Cooper's barium either. I cabled both you and the company for the second time tonight and no word yet. You telegraph Cooper's for me. I got kind of shaky tonight after mail was brought across from the railroad, three miles away; so thought I'd write a chaser for the cable. The stuff is absolutely essential, three typhus cases in a town fifteen miles away, and a suspicious looking chap here that I've separated from the rest. I know that Jacobs' trial was a failure but I'm convinced he didn't do it right and anyway there's nothing else to try. Keep on telegraphing Cooper's till you get an answer for me; such neglect is criminal when so much is at stake. I haven't even all of the formula, only one experiment which I found in a note book, and no chance of being able to get anything except the meta bisulphide. A month is surely long enough time for them to get it here. I can't think of any-

thing but that your letter is delayed somewhere, I know you must have sent it. Gee, I'd like to put some holes in a government that would hold up a thing like that, in a case of life and death. A year ago I suppose I'd have whooped with joy at a chance to try the thing out in such favorable circumstances, but I don't find it so darn funny now. I wish you could have come over before things were stirred up. But it's better now perhaps. The Nish crowd sent me an assistant, she's not so bad, although pretty old to be a help in big cases. However, if this scare is typhus I'll have to ship her off. Sykes is living with me now. He's a lot better. Last week he did a superb sinus operation. I think he's beginning to cheer up a bit too. The other day he caught himself up on "When I get back to London," and then looked foolish. Well, so long,

JOE.

P. S. Post-boy just in, special, with some sort of news from Belgrade. The town can't hold out against attack long and Ryan's dying with typhus. Lord, Jim, what a man he is! You ought to hear how the people revere him. Don't forget to cable.

Feb. 18th

DEAR JIM;

I just found out that all cable messages have been suspended for two months. Inside view of red tape, suspicious circumstances, and so forth but still I don't see how you didn't know from my letters unless they were bagged too. There's no way of finding out things here. So my hands are tied, I guess, and we'll have to do the best with old methods. There are ten cases of typhus in the village and promises of more. Three deaths so far. I had to send the nurse away. She was good, I will say and didn't want to go, although she wasn't a lot of assistance. I hated to have her leave. Sykes is a fine chap. He still sticks on, though he had a chance last month to get out. We have our hands pretty full; the cook packed her tin dishes and departed at the first typhus scare. We work like devils all day and then grub at night on any rank stuff we can pick up. We are pretty poor cooks, I tell you. Most

every place of supply is shut off. The only place we can get meat is so far off that there's no time to spare getting it and we'd probably fall asleep on the way, anyhow. But there's still some tobacco left of that big jar you gave me, and we've wood enough for a log fire, when there is time to lay it, which is luck indeed in the wintertime. When we have a free hour in the evening, we sit around and smoke, gingerly, so as not to use the tobacco up too fast, and have a great time listening to the rains whooping outside. Do you remember the lobster and champagne suppers we used to blow ourselves to, in the days of Bellevue, and more mad jaunts—we talk about them until you can fairly see the lobster—what's the use of raving, anyhow? Got to stop, Sykes just came in soaked to the skin; been out since noon, he had a report of four new cases. I wish you could know him, Jim! Lord, I wonder sometimes how I could have lived in this hole without him. It's funny to be writing this and never know whether you'll get it or not. But I feel like taking it out on someone, as that old lady used to say. You know the one that built the new wing, and that always come around twice a month after I cured her, "to give me a piece of her mind," she said. You know I miss that old lady more than anyone on the staff. You haven't written in a long while. What are your plans, and what work are you doing now? Give 'em my regards all around and a good Easter, for it will probably be that before this reaches you. Sykes and I are "hitting the straw" now and it's really straw for a fact. I wasn't sure the mattresses could be sufficiently disinfected.

As ever,

JOE.

May 14th

DEAR JIM;

Things are looking up a bit. Cavalry attack before daylight, yesterday. They evidently expected some resistance, the fools; as if all the men not off at war weren't dead with the typhus. We are entirely cut off from the rest of the country and food supplies are scarce. Of course we surrendered with-

out a whisper, and as there wasn't any loot to take from this miserably poverty-stricken little hole, the enemy contented themselves with setting fire to the better of the hovels and departed. They left me discreetly alone on account of being under risk of infection, but smashed up things a bit in my laboratory. I got there as they were leaving, too late of course; I'd been out in the country twenty miles on a case. The woman died, as usual owing to lack of care and general filthiness of the place. It used to be, I remember, rather an affair of honor if we lost a case—still is, I guess, with you chaps back there—but the best here is to take whatever precautions you can and hope for an easy death. I didn't tell you—a few weeks back—that Sykes died. I had to—I buried him myself, there wasn't any minister or anyone even to dig the grave. He was the only pal I had, Jim, the only one in a hundred and fifty miles. God, Jim, I wonder if you know what that means?

As ever,

JOE.

July 2d.

DEAR JIM;

A letter of yours some three months old or more came through last night, somehow or other, and I fell upon it with a whoop of joy. No wonder the stuff didn't come! I could tell by your letter that you hadn't got my frantic scrawlings yet or you surely would have mentioned them. I couldn't imagine what happened and there were about two weeks when I thought I should go crazy if that stuff from Cooper's didn't come or your cable of that old serum formula, but it isn't so bad now. Your warning about the typhus was the darndest, most ironical thing I ever read. I felt as if some old skeleton were reading it over my shoulder and laughing in my ear. How's that for a trick of the imagination? The typhus has cleared up considerably, after practically wiping up the surrounding country. I am snatching precious time to write you this, in hope you may get it and it will explain my others. This will surely go through as I heard mail was coming in

south of here, and anyhow I've got to tell it to someone besides the horse. Old nag and I are keeping house and I must say I couldn't think a lot of my cooking. I haven't time enough to establish an elaborate cuisine and mostly use the grate. Thank the Lord, I have one saucepan left. There are so many people to be buried though, to return to grewsome details, which you said you wanted, and there isn't anyone to bury them. Some of the old women are fearfully strong and then I'm in requisition as pall-bearer and general grave-digger all hours, but a chap can't be everywhere at once. Just finished my twenty-fifth burial today. Regular trenches of them, bodies laid in like cattle. Not only here but in the country all about. No more feeling left in a person than a sponge squeezed dry. Good thing I laid in a heavy supply of disinfectant before we were cut off from Nish, or there'd be one less general-utility man in these parts. The fighting has gone to the east and things are slowly straightening out; we'll be clear of war soon, I guess. The villagers are doing fairly well, what few are left. We got some supplies through the other day from a non-war-scoured district and I have set the strongest of the women to work on more huts. Hope to be able to get the government to pipe water down here from the hills, next year, it's a long way though. Say does this sound terribly gloomy, I never thought, it really doesn't look so hopeless as it sounds. Heard from Carpenter of the Belgrade Hospital. He says Ryan didn't die after all, isn't that great news? But I forgot you'll probably hear that long before I can tell you. The people up there expect to send me a new assistant, a man, this time. Hope to run up to Belgrade for a few days overhauling soon, as I'm pretty scrubby after this seige. When I get my new assistant broken in, I may even be able to run home to New York for over Christmas—if I'm not so dog-tired. Sorry, got to hike off on a jaunt into the country, bad relapse of the patient. You save a place for me at Christmas dinner, Jim, I've a feeling I'll be there. So goodbye, till then,

JOE.

Irtysk, Servia, July 15th.

DR. JAMES CAVANAUGH,

Chief of St. Mary's Hospital, New York.

Dear Doctor;

I regret to state that Dr. Joseph Lylburn died the night of July 8th of malignant typhus fever. He was buried here by two old women who had helped him in taking care of patients. When I came here from Belgrade, as Lylburn's assistant, on July 11th, I found the enclosed letter addressed to you. Very sorry indeed to break this news to you, I am,

Respectfully yours,
HORACE VALLAND, M. D.

THE BUTTERFLY

FRANCES MARGARET BRADSHAW

Soft walls surrounded me, I lay in sleep—
Sleep without dreams to wake the soul in me.
A sunbeam kissed the cushioned walls. It burned
Deep in my heart, I woke to long for life—
To wrestle with the silken chains that held
My body in that stifling prison cell,
Out through the walls I pushed, and clung afraid.
The world stretched up and out, and I was weak.
A strong sunbeam caressed my doubtful wings,
Then I was glad, glad with the joy of life.
Into the air I flew, exultant, free,
Glorying in my first sweet summer day.
A rose put up her face for me to kiss.
A lily rang her ivory bells for me.
The world was mine! For life was mine at last.

A sluggish snail upon the garden wall
Lifted his surly head as I flew by,
"Dance, silly butterfly, dance well," he said,
"Your dance will not be long— To night you die."

What care I for to-night!

The day is long. A glorious summer day
Full to the brim with fragrance, light and joy,
Is all I ask of life— a day to live.

TO KITTY

NELL BATTLE LEWIS

She's like a summer's day at dawn,
Sweet with the early rose;—
She's fresh as dew-wet fields at morn,
Where the green shamrock grows;
She's blithe and fair, this charming lass
Beyond the finest art;
But, still 'tis sad I am to say
The darling has no heart.

But, oh, her bright and laughing eyes,
Her winning elfin wiles!
I love the colleen's tender sighs;
I love the colleen's smiles.
So, I'll not sigh;—the luck have I:
Her beauty's mine to see
For if the darling had a heart
'Faith! 'Twould not be for me!

COMPENSATION

ELLEN BODLEY JONES

Yo do not want the little I can give,
Your store outnumber's mine, and I now see
That others claim the life I longed to live.
But had I choice, my gift to you would be
This gift—the kind of joy the angels had
Before this sorry lot of life arose;
It is not in my power to make you glad,
Nor bring one moment's sorrow to a close.
Yet if, in all the countless weary years
Your flame of joy sickens and fades away
To blackness, if your pearls melt into tears,
If cold turns fields of flowers to decay,
My love will then come drifting back apace;
New suns will wake old smiles on Winter's face.

LITTLE WILLIE AND THE CHURCH, OR A BROTHER'S SWEET REVENGE

DOROTHY ADAMS HAMILTON

To jump from such a title as this straight into the story would seem the acme (I love this word—as a child I thought it was pronounced ‘ach-‘em’) of the inartistic; unless of course one could commence with a dark and dim cathedral, many daggers, or a lady hanging by her locks in a dark and dirty dungeon. (How well the ‘ds’ do express the dreadful!) But we cannot so begin; first, because in the rough but graphic language of our hero, ‘there ain’t goin’ ter be no daggers’; and secondly because the only lady in the tale wears a switch, and I leave it to you to decide how long any woman could swing by false hair even in the best of dungeons.

Little Willie Pickel was as squirmy as an eel. Welcome or not, he squirmed into all the mischief that his brother, two years older, could cococt, and out of it again with an equal facility. You see he had large, pious blue eyes, and fair hair that looked as if you could draw sunshine into your hand from it, and added to these a delicate ethereal look which he cashed on the love of his mother at those not infrequent times when his little mind felt unequal to the task of blotting up the knowledge that trickled his way at school. He looked like an angel or a choir boy, or like the good little boy in those Sunday books, now little used if not quite obsolete, which were at once the delight and awe of my childhood days. The good little boy was so very very good and the bad little boy was so bad, so interestingly wicked! I used to flatter myself that I looked like him. But Mother did not share this affection and used to say while washing out my mouth for the falsehood betrayed by the jam I swore I had not stolen—for how could you steal what was your mother’s?—

“Adam, Adam, why can’t you be more like the good little boy?”

And I would reply as coherently as rage, tears and soap would permit,

"I dowanno! I dowanna play a harp when I die nenny-how!" After which blasphemy I would steal away with the book and draw flames around the good little boy and put a cigarette in his cupid's bow mouth, all of course in very light lead so that it could be easily erased before Sunday. Or else if repentance, usually a stranger at my gates, should cast a shadow on my soul, I would read shiveringly the account of the bad little boy's after life and maybe have a night-mare when I went to bed.

But while little Willie Pickel could have served as a model for the good little boy in appearance, his inside workings were such that if to despoil his saintly beauty one put a cigarette in his mouth he would, I fear, straightway have smoked it, and with considerable complacency. And somehow brother Ed would have suffered for it. To be sure, as instigator of most of Willie's crimes he deserved much of his punishment, and yet there was some truth in the remark he frequently made to his father in their basement sessions, "Gee, Angel-face never gets nothin' an' he don't *have* to come along, does he?"

But his parent would invariably reply,

"Aren't you ashamed, Edward, to blame your little brother! Only ten and so delicate. I don't like the disrespectful term you apply to him either; and furthermore I shan't allow it! Take *that*, sir! And *that* and *that*!"

But let us not go further into the painful details of this scene. A drop, they say, will wear away a stone, and even so a spank will break the bonds of brotherly love. Edward, not relishing the role of martyr, gradually took into his bosom the viper, revenge, and "kept an eye out" as the vulgar say, for any opportunity that might present itself by which he could get even with little Willie. For a time the outlook was hopeless and Ed began to grow gloomy with despair. And then one day the news was spread that the bishop was coming to town. Perhaps you thought I was going to say the circus? Well, to all the small boys the annual revival conducted by the bishop was to be classed only second to the circus, for things exciting always happened then.

You see he was a very old-style bishop cut on the pattern of the metaphysical age, and he roared and waved his arms about a great many times in the course of a sermon. And all the little boys in town sat and shivered delightedly, and later stole out into the waste places (as the Bible would say) where all the town rubbish was dumped, and there, far from maddening mothers, they would imitate his manner of address and say "hell" and "damnation," with all his expression and more than his fervor.

Yes, the revivals were certainly fascination. People wept and prayed and sometimes some would rise from their seats and fall on their knees at the altar. And once—unforgettable occasion—the whole congregation went into hysterics. The bishop was speaking on the universal need of God. It was an eloquent sermon and his audience, sitting breathless on the edge of their seats looked ready to *tumble* into the kingdom.

"What do you need, my brethren, in every walk of life?" he thundered, "What shall you need, you sinners all, when cast into the heat of brimstone, into the fiery furnace of hell?"

Then came the cry from some vendor beyond the portals of the church,

"Ice!"

Ah well, as I have said, these revivals were great events.

The bishop always made a few fatherly calls on these occasions. He was a systematic man, the bishop, and this year the children, or in his words, "the little ones, the little lambs straying from the fold," were to receive his especial attention. Thus it was that he came to the Pickel home one rainy day. And the little lambs having seen the illustrious visitor from afar, and each being desirous of proclaiming their mother down town, simultaneously and side-by-side, answered the door. How could they dream that they and not she were the object of the great man's condescension? That was a dreadful afternoon. Neither child could have told afterward all that took place, for both were in a state bordering on coma throughout the visit.

At last, however, the ordeal was mercifully over. The bishop rose to go.

"Now, my children, think over what I have said, and you, my son," placing a well built hand on Edward's shrinking shoulder, "come to me tomorrow at three if you and your little brother decide to join the church. I would not force you, but prayer and meditation will show you what to do. And now, Good Day, and God bless you."

Through the fog that had settled over Eddie's mind these words penetrated and the germ of an idea took root. Had he been the hero in a melodrama his feelings would have found a vent in the expression much toothed and tongued, "AT LAST! REVENGE!" As it was he only let out a whoop and a fervent "Gee! Here's where young Willie gets his, if it only works!" And following the bishop's advice he went upstairs to meditate.

That night at the family supper table, Ed and Willie monopolized the conversation for once without being told that children should be seen only. They were truly the men of the hour, but the height of Ed's prestige was reached during the following conversation. His mother had said,

"Well, dear, I am so glad you want to join, and little Willie too. I have an engagement tomorrow, but I'll cancel it and go with you to the bishop's of course."

But Edward, with an expression almost too good to be true, said with a gentle dignity,

"No, Mother. The bishop told just me to come and so you'd better not. Nor little Willie either," he added, turning the same face but not the same expression on that young man. And for once his suggestion met with success.

"You know really, Father," Mother Pickel remarked when her two little sons had gone off to bed, "I didn't know there was so much manliness in Edward. He has always seemed so irresponsible, though he's such a dear boy."

Alas! If she could have read the dear boy's thoughts as he lay staring into the darkness framing a speech to the bishop!

The following afternoon he sallied forth arrayed in his sweetest expression and Sunday best garments, each phenomenon on a week day attracting so much attention from his young comrades that he was hailed on all sides with "Oh you kiddo! Hey Eddie, where yuh goin' all dolled up?"

But Eddie had an eye for the artistic and therefore replied not at all until five or six children were following him as if he were a parade. Then with a superbly blasé air he replied,

"Well if you must know, to the bishop's to join the church!"

To a man his audience gasped.

"Honest, Eddie? Honest? Cross your heart and hope to die?"

"Yes, honest!" said Eddie, firmly, crossing his heart and rather hoping he would die before reaching his destination. Not that he was going to lose his nerve; oh no!

And indeed the bishop, gratified at his conquest, made things so simple for Eddie, that there was very little for him to do. So at last, when the bishop had bidden him come with his brother to the prayer meeting that night to prepare a little further for the morrow, Eddie was fully at ease. He lingered, hesitated, and then said gently,

"Bishop Farnol, I forgot to tell you something. It's 'bout my brother—you know him—little Willie—you know."

Now that the great moment was actually at hand, Eddie wanted no case of mistaken identity to hamper him. The bishop nodded to indicate that he did know little Willie and Eddie not waiting for invitation reseated himself—this time in the bishop's own arm-chair—and proceeded to recite the tale he had composed and learned by heart the night before in bed.

It seemed that Willie, like his older brother, was inspired with the idea of becoming a true Christian. But he had felt that perhaps older people might think him a little young to enter upon the full responsibility of the position, and wondered if he had better not wait a little while—for Willie never would be content to do things half way.

Here the bishop interrupted. He could understand Willie's point of view perfectly, and he was quite right. But er,—ah—let him see—how old was the child now? Ten? Ah, to be sure. Well ten was a good age, quite mature enough for participation in church duties.

At this, Eddie who had been holding his breath for the late minute suddenly let it out in gusty explosiveness. The

bishop jumped and Eddie hastened to explain. A great load had been taken off his mind, for since Willie was old enough to take part in church affairs, Eddie was sure the bishop would grant the request his young brother had commissioned him to make. It seemed that the child was possessed of a great ambition which had become almost a passion with him. Ever since he was a small boy he had been this way. (Unconsciously Ed spoke a little sadly as if Willie were not quite right.) Hitherto he had confided in no one but Edward whom he always trusted with everything, but now he wanted the dear bishop to know as well.

The dear bishop was decidedly gratified if—mystified also. What greater reward, he felt, could a man of God ask than the inestimable privilege of having these little lambs come freely to him with their tiny joys and sorrows; than the opportunity of dropping the dews of sympathy upon the unfolding innocence of their flower-like minds. (“*That*” he thought to himself, “is a particularly fine figure. I must remember that for a sermon.”) With renewed benignity he urged Ed to continue, and after some slight hesitation the Edward-professed aim of Willie’s dreams stood forth. It was this; to be asked at some open meeting to lead in prayer!

“He’d be the happiest boy in the world, Bishop Farnol, honest he would,” concluded Eddie, simply but dramatically.

The bishop was aghast.

“But—but my dear child! How *could* he? Why he—”

“You *said* he was old enough, Bishop Farnol, old enough for anything like that. You did you know. And often and often you’ve asked people only fifteen or sixteen. And while it might seem like as how Willie was pretty young, he is really very old for his age. Why at home, we all call him the little old man. Why *that’s* why everybody calls him little Willie. It’s for short, *you* know how people do that, Bishop Farnol.”

During this onslaught the bishop looked somewhat like a fish snapping for flies. He had tried several times to interrupt, but in vain. It seemed to him that Edward stared at him in a rather threatening way. Any trace of self-consciousness to be detected about the boy at the beginning of this interview had long since disappeared.

"But—but—what would he *say*?" stammered the bishop.

"Oh, you needn't worry 'bout *that*," was the confident reply. "Little Willie has a reg'lar message. Why I've heard it lots of times myself. It's wonderful too; all 'bout God an' the angels an' God an' an' *you* know, heavenly things—" Eddie was rapidly waxing eloquent.

Now the bishop happened to be one of those people (usually childless) who hold the beautiful but fantastic theory that children especially small ones, having come so recently from the pearly gates, indeed "trail clouds of glory" and know more perhaps of the heavenly home behind the stars, than older earth-worn folk, who slowly lose the glimmer in the process of growing up. So as Eddie talked on and the memory of Willie's face with its angel look floated before his inner sight the bishop gradually surrendered, and Edward, after many words of gratitude finally departed.

The next evening they set forth after a protracted session in the bathroom where Willie vied with Eddie in the worthy endeavour to make his appearance the outward shine of an inward glow, even back of the ears. Arrived at the family pew, which was well down in front, Ed seized his brother firmly by the arm and stepped back that their mother might go in first. ("An evidence of the refining influence of religion," she thought gratefully.) He followed and Willie unconcernedly took the seat upon the aisle. The service started. From time to time Willie caught the bishop's eye upon him. He returned the look with interest, resolved that his eye should not be the first to fall. It wasn't either, and the bishop, noting this self-possession, could not but meditate upon the sweet unconsciousness of a little child about to speak in public. He rose.

"Brethren," he said, "we are about to have an unusual privilege; one quite unique in the history of our revivals. Our Saviour has bidden us be led by a little child that we might come closer to the heavenly kingdom and tonight a little one is to lead us in prayer—a little one who has something he wishes to tell us; Willie Pickel. Willie, will you give us your message?"

But Willie sat transfixed. So did his mother. Only Eddie was alive, his finger in the small of his brother's back, trying to force him off the seat.

The bishop leaned down toward the pew.

"Come, Willie," he murmured, motioning the child to arise.

Willie staggered to his feet. A sea of horrible faces rose upon his horizon. He looked wildly about him. Where now was that sweet unconsciousness of childhood?

"Oh Willie! Say *something!*" his mother gasped.

Willie burst into tears.

"A—Amen!" he sobbed loudly and turning, fled down the aisle.

His mother followed. Eddie remained where he was.

The bishop hastily suggested a hymn. It was a cheerful hymn and Eddie sang it cheerily.

* * * * *

Such was a brother's sweet revenge. Diabolically cunning and complete, it was the most successful undertaking of Eddie's life to date. Far be it from us to spoil a perfect moment by inquiring into its aftermath. For the present his cup was full.

FAERIE GOLD

PHYLLIS THOMSON

What is it? Where is it?
 Glittering, glimmering
 Sparkling and dancing
 Shining and shimmering,—
 Light as the foam of a sea moon-kissed,
 Woven of dawn and silver mist,—
 Heart of the sunset and opal-fire
 Ashes of roses and aching desire.
 Fair as the eyes of spring are fair
 Sad as the broken heart of care
 Faint as the glint of star-dust seems
 Could we but catch it! Stuff of our dreams.

A LEAP-YEAR VALENTINE

DOROTHY HOMANS

Sweet Sir, of this you may not guess (for your sake may you answer
"yes")

When April days come singing O!)

You are gallant and very brave,

A bold swash-buckling black-browed knave,

I love you but—I'm not your slave

And winter days are winging O!

That jocund god with hoofs of a goat, great Pan he pipes a peerless note

When cuckoo's call is dearest O!

My love, I'll set for you a snare,

My mind's made up. I do and dare;

I'll use means—both foul and fair

To win you then, my dearest O!

So now, my lord of the swaggering air, you live in peace, but have a care!

The Ides of March are fleeting O!

I'll kiss your lips when blue birds sing,

My arms about your neck I'll fling

I love you as I love the spring

With all my heart, my sweetening O!

But suppose, you may say nay? I vow 'twill be the devil to pay.

I'll call my men together O!

My mighty men in Lincoln green

The mightiest men I've ever seen.

They will carry you, I ween

Light as a gray goose feather O!

With a tanta-ra! tanta-ra! They shall carry you off afar,

Up to the gate of my castle O!

We shall marry to music of flutes

And sweet strumming of gourd-shaped lutes

Played by pages in leather boots

Trimmed with a scarlet tassel O!

But my love, when the truth is told, for all I talk so brave and bold,

I should be near crying O!

If I must call my mighty men

And hunt you hard through moor and fen

I'd rather you gave me kisses ten

And to my arms came flying O!

SKETCHES

THE CAVALIER'S VALENTINE

HESTER ROSALYN HOFFMAN

A cavalier so spent and weary came riding down the long highway that led to London town. The plume in his broad-brimmed hat hung limp as if well-nigh discouraged by so long a combat with the adverse elements, and, bespattered with mud and abounding with many a glaring rent, the velvet cloak fell from shoulders that drooped full dolefully. The moustache of reddish-brown, forgetful of its waxen stateliness, no longer flaunted itself to the confusion of susceptible ladies, and the eyes, as clearly blue as the reflection of a cloudless sky in some inland pool, were shadowed over with a brooding sadness. His mount was but a sorry beast, one that had been left when all the rest were pressed for service in the foreign wars, and the irregular hoof-beats resounded dully on the ground half-loosened from the winter's frost.

"Ah me," he heaved a mighty sigh,—the cavalier, "'tis hard, in sooth, to have a valentine that's naught but Carking Care," and he thought ruefully of his empty wallet and his fast, prolonged already one whole day,—a valentine of sordid poverty on the long highway that leads to London town.

So deep was he engrossed in his own ponderings that he rode with his chin deep buried in the folds of the ragged mantle, looking neither to the right nor to the left where stretched the meadows with their little patches of melting snow, like white coral reefs in a sea of grayish-green. But of a sudden in the stillness there rang out the sharp report of a pistol. Then forgetting all hunger and weariness, the Cava-

lier of the Tattered Mantle was roused to action, and checking his steed, which in truth stopped all too willingly, he dismounted. Then pulled he his own weapon from its holster and concealing it beneath his cloak he stole with surpassing caution to the bend in the road where brush concealed the view. 'Twas the old tale of fair travellers beset by a masked robber on the long highway that leads to London town.

An unknown singer of penny ballads has recounted the courageous rescue effected by the wandering cavalier and throughout full five and twenty verses has he immortalized that valiant deed. But for the hero of the song 'twas as the falling of a single scarlet leaf in autumn, an opalescent bubble that floats but an instant in its jeweled splendor, as soon forgotten as 'twas done. So much for the feat itself. But when the swift horse, which the cavalier could not but mark with envying eyes, had borne its marauding rider far to the northward, the brave knight-errant turned to the heavy coach, so easily halted by the wayside. Upon the door in golden figures was emblazoned a coat of arms and, as rise the fumes of frankincense from a golden censor, the heavy odor of civet and musk came from within. With civil attention he listened to the thanks of an elderly-youthful dame, whose natural tears of fright were impairing a faultless complexion, where one black patch had already been loosened and was floating gently down a rosy stream. He listened with bared head bowed in deep respect, and when the flow of words had ceased for want of breath, refused the proffered bag of eastern silk, heavily brodered with writhing silver serpents. And when the sentences rushed on again as an undammed freshet swollen by the melting snow, he attended closely but he did not hear, for his eyes had turned upon the maiden in the coach, clothed all in the rustling silks of monied aristocracy. She was palely beautiful, with a waxen delicacy, as a pure white tulip that the cavalier had seen displayed while in the Netherlands. And she smiled at her tattered champion and, pressing a tiny silken purse into his half-unconscious hand, she murmured,

"'Tis but a token of a wayside friendship, to thank thee as another would."

And when the coach had disappeared from view, he stood with bared head looking after,—a smile and a silken purse for a valentine on the long highway that leads to London town.

And so subtle a charm had that wonder-working smile possessed that when he jogged on his way once more he looked upon the world with new-opened eyes. He sensed then in the softened air the sleepy yawnings of a forward spring, he saw the gold of the sunshine, he smelled the scent of the reawakening earth, and far on the horizon he saw the graceful swallow, which men say is the harbinger of spring. Unconsciously a song of his own making rose to his lips, and he carolled full lustily. A glint of gold, a flash of wings, a bit of verse for his valentine on the long highway that leads to London town.

At noontide he discovered a tavern, and then indeed was he thankful for the silken purse, for no man can live by smiles alone. The Sign of the Snow-White Pigeon, with its cleanly-swept brick floor and spotless curtains, its gleaming tankards and its nut-brown ale, was a joy to the heart of the weary traveller. With reckless prodigality he demanded the best that mine host could offer, roast beef a-dripping its own rich gravy, a white-pot custard, with apple-pulse and eastern spice, a fruity tart, old cheese and clotted cream. And the meal was made the merrier by the sallies of Bouncing Bet, the inn-keeper's black-eyed daughter, tight of waist and bright of cheek, merry of heart and quick of wit. He snatched a kiss from the pouting cherry lips at parting, did that bold blithe-hearted cavalier—a kiss for his valentine on the long highway that leads to London town.

And banished as are the clouds by the rising of the silver moon was all ill-humor from his heart. And he made gay pretendings as he rode along. The old horse was a champing steed that must needs be held tight lest he fright and rear, the ragged cloak was a costly mantle to be kept free from the splatterings of the mud. And as he was nearing a tiny cottage he espied a Puritan maiden a-sitting in the sun. She was fair with the whiteness of the hawthorn blossoms and the faint flush of the apple's blooms. But as he watched a loutish

youth approached, and with the wilful awkward movements of a dancing bear, he teased the damsel. But being baited by her too evident dislike, he grew enraged and would forsooth have seized her with all the force of his brawn arms. So again was the chivalry of the wanderer called forth, and he sped up the narrow pathway, his blue eyes sending forth dangerous gleamings as the sun-light that flashed from the thin edge of his slender rapier. An unexpected assault, a dexterous twist and the clownish fellow lay sprawling in the mud. Two startled hazel eyes looked up into two twinkling blue ones and then as hastily looked down again, where there was naught in sooth to see but a patch of melting snow.

"O, mistress fair, shall I give thee this bumpkin's heart for a valentine?" quoth he; and when she, in her maidenly shyness, could vouchsafe no word of thanks or safe retort, the cavalier bowed with all the elegant grace of a courtier, murmuring,

"Or mayhap thou wouldst take mine?"

And when the sun was setting, and the earth began to chill as if forgetful of its pledge of an early springtide, the cavalier swung himself into the worn saddle once again. But though the raw breeze sought out and found the rents in the velvet cloak it could not penetrate the heart of the cavalier, for that blazed and burned with the fire of love. And he cherished there a promise that made him thrill with ardor for new conquests and a fortune to be made in the distant town. A smile and a glint of gold, the flash of wings of a soaring bird, a bit of verse and a blithe maid's kiss, and, for the lacy frill to set off all the beauties of the rest, a promise of true love,—oh, 'twas a bonny, bonny valentine that the Cavalier of the Tattered Mantle bore in his heart on the long highway that leads to London town!

GO SLOW—SCHOOL AHEAD!

ELIZABETH SKELDING MOORE

I've loitered along as slow as you please:
I've followed each path where it led;
I've climbed every single one of the trees;
I've tramped through all of the rustling leaves;
'Cos yesterday I saw a sign an' it read:
"Go slow—school ahead!"

I started half an hour ago,
But I stopped by the river a while
An' I watched the minnies 'way below
In the cool, dark pool where I dangled my toe,
An' I felt so tickled I had to smile!
"Go slow—school ahead!"

My pockets are full of chestnuts, too,
An' I got a lizard green.
An' my lunch-box holds a toad or two,
(Jes' the little kind with their backs all blue)
'Cos I remembered that sign I had seen:
"Go slow—school ahead!"

By an' by there'll be lessons an' sums to do
An' teacher to make kids min';
But here there are lots of paths all new,
I'm going' t'explore 'em—wouldn't you
If you was a boy an' had seen that sign:
"Go slow—school ahead!"

Little boy! little boy! Indeed I would—
I would stay out-of-doors all day.
I would race with the wind in the grey brown wood
And whistle with you if I only could!
Be sure you mind what the sign doth say:
"Go slow—school ahead!"

By and by there are lessons and sums to learn
And teacher to make you mind;
For the big round world's around the turn
And LIFE as a teacher you'll find very stern
And there there is no sign-board kind
"Go slow—school ahead!"

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA

DOROTHY ALICE ANDERSON

"This," said Janet, solemnly, "is the palace of the Crown Prince. He isn't king yet, and he doesn't have to bother about Parliament and the Army and the general good of his people, for which he's very thankful; he just lives in this romantic old castle by the sea, and plays the flute, and writes poetry all day long, while the Crown Princess, with her chin in her hand, sits on the terrace and gazes across the sea at the place where England would be, if she could see it, and the handsome young officer in her royal father's army, whom she could never, never marry because he wasn't a prince. Here's a sundial on the terrace, where she counts the hours before she can die if she lives to be eighty-seven, as her great-grandmother did. She hasn't been married very long, you see, and she's still homesick for the handsome young officer, and her badly dressed mother, and her gentle, sad-faced father, to whom she was always just 'little daughter,' and most of all for her royal brothers, who never write poetry, but only play cricket and learn to be brave soldiers and sailors and kings, and who are just ordinary, teasing brothers and not impossible royal spouses whom she hardly knows. Her brothers used to call her 'Pug,' but when her husband wants her he sends a man in livery for 'Madame the Princess.' But he doesn't want her very much. You see, there's a pretty girl at his mother's court who admires his poetry and loves his flute, but she will never, never be a princess, so he never sees her any more. That's one reason he won't go back to court, although he doesn't say so,—he wants to wait until he's a little more used to this child wife of his who spends all her time sitting on the terrace and watching the spot where England ought to be."

"And what's this?" said I, holding out a stick to help a spotted bug regain his feet. "Is this the beast?"

"Oh no, that's the Lord High Chancellor. The king sent him to try to get the Crown Prince to help him rule, but the

Crown Prince prefers his poetry, and the Lord High Chancellor is so disgusted that he can't do anything but lie on his back and kick. And here's a little seat in a lonely part of the grounds, where young lovers come and sit. O-h, Dick! The castle has fallen down!"

The pile of sand, hollowed out by Janet's patient hand, had come crashing down with the Crown Prince and the sundial on the terrace, and the angry, kicking Lord High Chancellor.

"I guess the little Crown Princess is glad," Janet said, with dewy eyes. "She won't have to wait until she's eighty-seven, as her great-grandmother did; and the Crown Prince will never have to think of the general good of his people now. But I think his mother the Queen will cry when she hears about it, and I know the Crown Princess's mother and father and the brothers who called her 'Pug' will all feel very, very sorry, but they won't cry, because they're English."

"Jan," said I, fearful that this young American might forget her English parentage, for her voice was suspiciously teary, "Jan, let's go to the place where young lovers sit, that's still whole."

So Jan and I walked away over the dunes, just as if we were really young lovers. But then we had been married only a month.

TO A KILLARNEY ROSE

MARIE EMILIE GILCHRIST

Last night you were a hard, tight-closed bud—
A mere suggestion, full of promises
Of what a rose might be.
Now in the shadows of a silver dawn,
I see your golden heart—oh, hasty spend-thrift!
I marvel that I heard no rustling noise—
No flutter of soft petals
As you struggled with those manifold pink portals,
That kept the heart of you in perfumed darkness.
So hard a task and yet so quickly done!
Perhaps some fairy kissed that curving lip
And whispered "Open Sesame."

THE EIGHT O'CLOCK TRAIN

ELIZABETH LAWRENCE CLARKE

"All right, Puffessor. Ged-dap Jane!" and the bus rattled off down the road.

Knowing that John's "All right" meant that I should get the eight o'clock train the next morning, I dashed upstairs and fell to packing the specimen-bottles—three hundred of them—and my shoes, as well as doing all the last things before starting off on the summer collecting trip.

"Hey, *Puffessor!*" and a thundering application of a fist to the battered old door brought me out of bed and to the window.

"Say, be yew ready? It's twenty minutes to eight," shouted John from below. People say that there are pauses which speak louder than words. There *was* one then.

"John, you take my trunk and tell Pat to check it to New York. And when you go by the livery stable tell Tom to send the quickest horse he has around here as soon as he can get him harnessed into a single."

John came, wheezing and pounding, seized the trunk, and he and it went bumping down the worn stairs together. Though I shivered for its contents, haste was my greatest desire. Haste was my one thought as I made for my clothes. By some miraculous chance I did *not* lose my collar button down the back of my neck, nor did I spill the water which was soon heating for coffee. It was soon heated and soon drunk, but not before I saw Tom himself with his own little white mare coming up the hill.

Bag in one hand and hat in the other, I went down the stairs two at a time and jumped into the single.

"Can we make it, Tom?"

"Betsy'll get you there if anything with four legs can do it," said he, chirruping to her. She did well, taking us around corners on two wheels, never slacking speed, it seemed, for hills, and dashing around grocers' carts, and any other slowly

moving traffic. We saw the train down the track and raced into the station just as it came to a standstill. There was Pat with my trunk check, and the station master had a ticket to New York in the hand he thrust out of the window,—Pat must have told him, I suppose.

So there I was, safely on my way to New York in time to catch the night boat for Chesapeake Bay. Or so I thought until the train stopped ten miles down the track and stayed there for three hours while the leaky boiler was being repaired!

PETER AND BLANCHE MARIE ARE GOVERNED BY EMOTION

MADELEINE FULLER McDOWELL

"Hello. Is that you, B. M.?"

"Yes. Hello, Peter. Did you get the tickets for 'Chin Chin'?"

"Yes. Eighth row, center. Pretty good. But I called up about tomorrow. What time shall I come for you?"

"Is tomorrow Washington's Birthday? Why I'd forgotten all about it!"

"Catch me forgetting! We haven't had a good tramp for ages."

"Why Peter! It was only a week ago last Sunday that we went out to Sudbury and had lunch at the Wayside Inn."

"Well, a week ago last Sunday's ages," retorted Peter, "Shall I make it half past two?"

It was nearer three when Blanche Marie was finally ready and they started out together.

"Where shall we go?" asked Peter, trying to fit his stride to hers, and beaming down upon her from his great height. He could never quite get over the miracle of her unbelievable prettiness, nor understand how anyone who could drive a nail straight, beat him at tennis and possess a thorough knowledge of the manipulation and the digestive system of a motor car

could be so minute and so dainty. Not that Blanche Marie was a "being unsexed." Far from it. Peter in fact found her very feminine, but then Peter was hopelessly male. It was written all over his shoulders and his size sixteen collar. It breathed forth over his tweeds, hung like a halo around his derby and vibrated in the tones of his base voice.

"It doesn't make much difference where we go," said Blanche Marie.

Then she considered a moment.

"Let's be governed by emotion," she announced at length in a judicial tone.

Peter looked puzzled.

"How?" he ventured as non-committally as possible.

"Why, it's perfectly simple. Everybody in doing anything is governed either by emotion or by reason."

"Or by a mixture of both," put in Peter.

"Oh, well. We'll pretend they're governed by one or the other. They ought to be. Now, let's be governed by emotion. We'll go to the first station that we think of instead of reasoning out which is the most sensible one to choose. We'll take the first train that we see, without making inquiries. We'll get off when emotion dictates."

"But won't that be a little impracticable?" objected Peter.

"Of course not. It won't be usual but then we never do usual things, do we?"

Peter, swiftly reviewing their joint experiences, admitted that they never did.

"But what if I think of one station and you think of another?" he ventured.

"Well, we'll compromise," she informed him, demurely, but with a dimple showing. "We'll go to my station." And they did.

The plan did not seem to prove impracticable after all. Blanche Marie was generous about the emotion which should determine a move. For instance, Peter chose the place at which they left the train, and they took turns about cross-roads. One little incident, however, revealed some of the possibilities of the plan and almost produced a chastening effect

upon Blanche Marie's daring. As they entered the Huntington Avenue station, they saw a waiting train and, per agreement, made a dash for it. It was, however, in the days of tight skirts, and the train was running on schedule as trains have a habit of doing. Blanche Marie did her best but the maddening thing steamed slowly out of the station before her very eyes. When she had collected her breath and her philosophy, she suggested that Peter should inquire where they might have gone.

Peter disappeared and returned a minute later with a look of strained gravity.

"It was the express to the West," he announced without comment.

Banche-Marie looked awed.

"Wh—When do you suppose they made their first stop?"

"At about nine-thirty, I believe."

"Could we have forgotten back her tonight?"

"Hardly. We should have probably reached here by eight o'clock tomorrow, though," was the cheerful reply.

"Peter!" gasped Blanche Marie, but that was all she said.

Adventures were not frequent, though, owing to the vagaries of Blanche Marie's emotion, their course was as irregular as a paper-chase. Peter was patient but he had his limits.

"Really, B. M.," he protested hotly, emerging from under a barbed wire fence, with a jagged tear in his coat, "I wish that your emotion didn't insist upon leading you cross-country.

"Why, Peter, that's part of it," replied his companion, with a note of reproof in her voice, "and I'm sorry about your coat. I'll mend it myself."

"No, I thank you," replied Peter, hastily. Blanche-Marie had once undertaken to darn one of his socks—and he had not forgotten. For all her skill with hammer and racquet, the effect of her sewing was Cubistic.

The real adventure of the day was when Blanche Marie's emotion led them over a trestle. The trestle was about twenty feet high, and below it the river, half cloaked with snow and ice, went whirling wildly along. The pair had not gone twelve feet when Blanche Marie became very dizzy and the open

spaces between the ties appeared suddenly to grow terrifyingly great. She seized Peter's hand and tried not to look down, while he walked patiently along, keeping step as best he could with her short strides and trying to hold an open umbrella over them both, for a fine rain had set in. They were rather ludicrous, and they knew it, but such was the vigor of Blanche Marie's personality and so thoroughly had she brought both Peter and herself under the spell of "make believe" that he actually enjoyed himself in spite of an icy trickle, creeping down under his collar, and a realization that a trestle is not prudent for pedestrians.

When they had reached the exact middle of the bridge, quite at the psychological moment, the train appeared. Much to Peter's surprise, Blanche Marie did not scream, although she clung to his hand and looked desperately frightened. *He* was distinctly worried. Both reason and emotion informed him that the situation was unpleasant, for the engineer might not see them. There was, however, nothing to do but to go in. It was as far back as it was forward, and as for signalling, their umbrella was as good a flag as any. So, slowly and gingerly, they proceeded hand in hand through the softly-falling rain, a frightened, five-foot girl and a grim-looking six-foot man, under one umbrella, while the train waited at the beginning of the trestle, steaming and snorting in an insulted fashion.

When they finally ended that interminable crossing, and reached the end of the trestle, Blanche Marie who had been brave when the train came, could not summon up enough courage to look at its engineer. Peter did, and his ears were pink for some time.

Blanche Marie was conservative for the rest of the journey, and did not even demur when Peter showed signs of being governed by something suspiciously like reason in his choice of roads, they were almost home when he stopped her and stooped down to button the top button of her coat.

"It isn't becoming, Peter, and I never wear anything around my neck anyway. It's used to exposure," Blanche-Marie objected, but she let the coat stay buttoned.

"You don't take half enough care of yourself, dear. You don't know how. Now, if you'd only let me—" the "dear" and the husky little throb in his voice were not entirely due to reason, "if you'd only try me, Blanche Marie. I—I love you so."

Blanche-Marie sat down suddenly on a fallen log, quite oblivious to the swift descent of the rain.

"*Peter*," she wailed, "you haven't proposed for nearly nine months, and I *thought* that you were beginning to outgrow the habit!"

"I was being governed by emotion, Blanche Marie. You haven't minded my being governed by it all the rest of the afternoon," he pleaded.

"Well," said Blanche Marie, and her remark was not characteristic of a being unsexed, "well, I've changed my mind. Let's be governed by reason and take a short cut home. It's dinner-time and I'm hungry."

THE WORDS YOU DID NOT SAY

MARION MARGARET BOYD

The words you did not say
Come flooding back—now you are gone,
I hear them echoing all the day
And in the night from dusk to dawn.
Ephemeral and lost the words you spoke,
But oh, the thoughts that silence cried aloud
Are echoing still, and now as then I smile,
I am so glad and proud!

ABOUT COLLEGE

LUCKY THIRTEEN

ANNE DAVENPORT SPARKS

When Fate, through the medium of the Dean, was arranging the freshman assignments for E—house, she called for “thirteen assorted characters—no duplicates.” She got them. The thirteen freshmen who found themselves in E—House September twenty-first, were all as different as thirteen variations of the modern girl can be. Do not think that I, who appoint myself analyst—and annalist—realized the fact of our variety at once. Being one of the thirteen, it took me the greater part of the year to analyze our collective character. But it took me only a few days to find out that I liked every one of the other twelve, and to realize that my life with them was to be very pleasant.

In a big campus house the freshmen are naturally a defensive alliance. “Being a freshman” is a peculiar state of existence—a unique and sometimes a little difficult position. You always feel happier in the company of others “in the same boat.” Being thrown so forcibly together by circumstances, made us learn to know each other very quickly.

Perhaps I am prejudiced, but I cannot refrain from saying I never knew of twelve nicer girls than my companion freshmen. I loved them all—dear me, that “d” on loved was a slip—and I hope I can make you, my reader, at least like them. But before I begin, let me announce boldly and brazenly that you will know these girls only by their nick-names. One of the first rules of rhetoric I learned was “Avoid the use of abbreviations and symbols.” Now I am going to break that rule. *I* know these girls only by their nicknames. To me they

are not Margaret and Carolyn and Frances. They are—but I am getting ahead of my story. I want you to know them, and think of them as I do—in a natural and homelike way, so let's forget that rule, and begin the introductions.

There was Kot, who combined a promising talent on the violin, and a positive genius for basketball in a way to unnerve a psychologist. There was Mad, who came from Massilon, Ohio, and breezed along in a typically middle-western way. There were Jo and Lou, the inseparables, and Peg and Mary the "almost so's." There was Gatesy, whom we all loved at first sight, and are likely to love the rest of our lives. There was Cubby, "the baby," scatter-brained, impulsive, and utterly lovable, and Kegsie, prosaic and capable, as you would expect of a motherless girl with six younger brothers and sisters. There was quiet Frances, and my roommate Margaret, and Bob—but who, without the "curiosa felicitas" of Horace, and the insight into human nature that is O. Henry's gift, could do justice to Bob's complex character in a few words? I myself complete the tally—and I shall make no attempt "to see myself as others see me." If you want to know my failings, seek out Margaret—for other characteristics, apply to any of the thirteen. I will say this much—I am very superstitious, so, of course, I have always thought thirteen unlucky. I got over this idea in my freshman year, for that year was the luckiest I had yet known and my luck consisted in my friends "the thirteen." Therefore, thirteen cannot be unlucky. That's a syllogism, isn't it?

One day one of Miss Crosby's girls came to dinner, and the thirteen showed her its best hospitality. I do not want to brag, but I think we managed to give her a good time.

"I think its wonderful you are so congenial," she finally said.

We looked at each other, and smiled. We thought so too, and had thanked our lucky stars for the fact many times.

"At the house," she continued, "we call you 'The Lucky Thirteen.'"

"Gee," exclaimed Bob. "I hope that name will stick!"

And to our happiness, it has.

ADELAIDE VERONICA KENSINGTON SMITH.

Her name was Adelaide Veronica Kensington Smith—it really was. She came into the house a week late, and when she first brought this phenomenon, we all gasped, but refrained from expressing our incredulity to her. When she had gone, Kot drew a long breath.

"Adelaide Veronica Kensington Smith," she articulated slowly. "It can't be done! She's either crazy, or bluffing or—or—a German spy!"

"I wonder who wished it on her," sighed Peggy. "It's too good to be true."

As usual, it was Mary who hit the nail on the head.

"No," she sighed, "it's too good to be anything but true. But what a name!"

Adelaide Veronica Kensington Smith, or Cubby, which was our breath-saving substitute, was just sixteen. She wore her hair in two braids. Her skirts were even shorter than the fashionable "Ten inches from the ground." She was curiosity personified. Sometimes this curiosity was a genuine desire for information.

"Peg," she asked one day, "aren't you the Class Baby?"

"Yes," was the reply, "I'm '93's class baby."

"Oh," she seemed to ponder—then brightly—"how do they choose the class baby?" And it took her weeks to find out why we laughed. Parallel to her curiosity, was her fondness for asking questions pertinent to a given point. I quote her conversation to a senior one morning in chapel.

"Why does President Burton sit in the middle chair on the platform?"

"Because he's the President," was the reply.

"Oh! Do the presidents always sit there?"

"Yes."

"Well, why?"

"Oh, its' just a custom."

"Humph! Funny one, I should say. Who made it a custom?"

"I don't know. The girls, I suppose."

"Oh! Well, then you don't know why he sits there?"

The circle was complete—a Regents' Board Examiner could not have found another question to ask.

Another interesting trait of Cubby's was her positive genius for making those tragedies of a freshman's existence, popularly known as breaks. But the special Providence which watches over fools and children—and I shall not say under which category Cubby comes—always protected her from real trouble, so that her mistakes never turned out seriously. Once, I remember, she came to see Margaret. Now Margaret has a room which is a perfect symphony in shades of green—and to come into it is like coming from hot sunlight into a cool cave. Margaret receives many compliments on her artistry. It took Cubby to bestow the crowning one.

"I like your room," she announced one day. "It's so nice and green."

"Just like me," laughed Margaret.

"Oh, no"—with serious eyes—"not quite as bad as that. I—"

But her explanation was drowned in a flood of mirth. We laughed till the tears came.

But though we all considered it our sacred duty to tease Cubby on this and every occasion, we all loved her dearly. Though we enjoyed getting her "fussed," we reserved the privilege exclusively, and protected her loyally from the attacks of upper classmen. Her insistent good humor could stand any strain, and in those tense nervous days before Mid-years or a vacation, her clear laugh saved hard words and petty disputes. She was like a ray of sunshine—wherever she went, she shed brightness.

"Who is Cubby?" Mary's sister asked when she came to visit.

"Why Cubby—" Mary groped in vain for words to do her justice. Then inspiration came, and she answered conclusively for us all. "Why Cubby—is just Cubby."

BOB

I was hurrying to Latin class. My mind was divided between the fight with Margaret I had just had, and the Latin

written I was about to have. Then I met Bob. She wore, as usual, a nondescript brown corduroy suit, and as she swung along with her masculine stride, she was whistling a tune. A dilapidated felt hat was perched on the back of her head, and a red "string" tie emerged from an uncompromising stiff collar. There was nothing about her good-natured face I could call beautiful. It is square in shape, you know, and always shines from recent contact with soap. But when she smiled! Suddenly that Latin written seemed less formidable. I recollected that Margaret, though she sometimes was exasperating, had many good points, and decided that—well, after all, college wasn't such a bad place. And still under the magic thrall of that magnetic smile, I went on my way, the reflected glow of her exuberant spirits in my heart.

GETTING BOB DRESSED

It was the day of the Glee Club dance, and the efforts of the thirteen were being directed towards perfecting Bob's toilette. I was almost the last to enter the field of action, and found a scene of confusion. Bob, very scantily clad, stood in the middle of the floor, while around her were grouped Gatesy, pinning up her petticoat, Jo, doing a last minute darn on a hole in her stocking, and Kot, who was to make Bob's figure conform to the demands of a new dress. I suppose Kot was chosen for this office, because of her athletic experience and ability. Said dress was in the hands of Mary, who was performing some mysterious operation upon it. My curiosity was aroused.

"What are you doing?" I queried.

Mary giggled. "Sewing adhesive plaster on the sleeves"—in derision she held up a skimpy shoulder strap, "in the cause of modesty."

"They are going to glue me in," wailed Bob, who looked as miserable as a bull in a china shop, and about as much in her element. "Always did hate dances—have to get dressed up—hate to get dressed up—and look at the shoes mother sent me!"

I looked—and gasped. Bob, the masculine and sensible, in blue kid and Louise Quinze heels. Truly, the age of miracles was not yet past.

Kot, resting a little from the fray, looked up. "Tell me, Bob," she said, with the calmness of extreme exasperation, "if you really hate it so, just why do you go?"

Bob began to blush. "Where's my dress?" she asked hastily.

Mary laid it down. "It's here," she said. "But before I give it to you, I'm going to tell you the reason you are going. The reason is John Hubert Allen!"

There was a queer, strained silence. In much confusion, Bob slipped the dress over her head, and when her face emerged again, it was very red and very sheepish,

"Maybe," she admitted.

Human nature is a strange thing. If you don't believe this, you can tell me why, when we all teased Bob on all possible occasions, no one had the slightest inclination to do so then?

"Do me up," she commanded, suddenly. The tension snapped like an electric wire, and we all turned seriously to the business in hand—perhaps more seriously than was natural. Not for long, however. When with squeals and moans from Bob, and much straining on our side, her dress was finally induced to meet, we were all weak with laughter. And by the time her so-called sleeves were firmly stuck on, we were almost in hysterics, because—well, adhesive plaster isn't very comfortable, you know—and Bob was no stoic. Then we stood off and admired the finished product of our labors.

"Bob, you look sweet," said Mary.

"Thanks to me," chorused Jo, Gatesy, Kot and I. Mary began to hum "Seeing Nellie Home."

"We were getting Bobby dressed," she sang softly—

"We were getting Bobby dressed
And it took the whole thirteen of us
To get our Bobby dressed!"

PARADISE POND ANTHOLOGY

DOROTHY HOMANS

THE CELEB-"SIPPY"

Before I came to college
I was a moderately modest child.
Of brains—
Not overmuch.
But then, how many are there, who are unlike me?
At college, I found a confident, brow-beating air
And long eye-lashes, together with
A certain quickness with my pen
To write local color
And above all "pep" made me a "celeb."
I was captain of my basket-ball team—
I was the first one of the first five from our class to go into Phi Kappa
When I was graduated,
I married John Peters.
We lived in a suburb
I got his breakfast,
He the 8:15
I died when the first baby was born.
Mary Smith, who was in my class—I never met her—
Is the foremost woman lawyer in America.

THE GRIND

Text books, how I loved them.
How I doted on the *New Oxford Dictionary*.
Poor fools! who sought the Browsing Room
When they might be cramming their brains with knowledge
As a Strasburg goose is fed with food before
She is turned into *pâté de foie gras*.
But—when I met John Peters
And fell in love with him,
All I could say to him after coming home from the "Sophomore Hop," at
Amherst was
"If two or more instances of the phenomenon under investigation have
only one circumstance in common, the circumstance in which alone
all the instances agree is the cause or effect of the given phenome-
non."
He married "Sippy."

THE IDLER

I never grew old; nor did I suffer overmuch
 In life.
 I watched the dawn come up from behind the mountains
 And scatter clouds over the sky, like flamingo feathers.
 I loved puppies and darling little babies—
 College sings where we shouted to the skies.
 I never was ill. How funny must it feel to have a doctor.
 All good things in life came my way, and yet—
 I wonder.
 When I died, they said
 "She was immortal—she never grew really old.
 How happy she must have been."
 Yet—did I miss something after all—
 Was it suffering?

ARAMINTA TILTON

At college, they said I was a genius,
 My stories were read in English 13—
 "Alpha" took me in.
 So did "Blue Pencil."
 Freshmen watched me from afar.
 But people wondered why I didn't talk
 As I wrote.
 They put it down to queernessness of genius.
 They did not know.
 My brother went to Harvard. He died.
 I found a barrel of his manuscripts in the attic
 One day when the rain was drifting across the hills.
 They were good stories—some in the style of O. Henry, Stevenson and
 others—
 I never could write—except home for money—
 Some fool told me to take English 13,
 I needed sixty hours,
 I handed in my brother's stories.
 It was not my fault they were so good.

THE GREAT LOVER

(Apologies to Rupert Brooks as well)

I loved all of college—
 The books; the lights of campus in the dusk;
 The quiet thoughtful solitude of my room;
 The warm pungent smell of the tar walk,

When the June sunlight sifted through the branches of the bending
elms;
I loved chapel; the daily pilgrimage to the note-board
(Even if there were no notes for me!)
The bright signs; the moon behind Mount Tom;
Hepaticas white and lavender in the woods in spring,
And best of all the pleasant friendly intercourse with human beings.
But when I went back to the little village
Where life was but a "folding of the hands," or a church concert
Where they sang the "Rosary"
I tried to forget—
But all that far-off beauty was more than I could bear to think of—
I died.
People said it was from a cold
Caught by standing wet and soaking in the subway.
When I was at college, I never had a pair of rubbers to my name—
Much less on my feet—
"What fools these mortals be."

SALLIE JONES

I was always late to class.
My shoe laces had a habit of becoming untied,
My friends were many and talkative.
I tried hard to be on time
And yet—
How many times I had to look for my black fountain pen, slippery and
somewhat diffusive—
Before coming to class:
I came to History, late as usual.
Professor McVeil looked at me.
"Late again?" he screamed.
He raised his pistol and
Shot me through the brain.
Can you blame him?

AT TWELVE O'CLOCK

MARGARET ANNA OLDHAM

I sit in the back-row.
The clock ticks.
A man sits at a desk asking questions in an undertone.
He wears a black tie. His hair is shiny black.
I wish I were home eating bananas.
I am bored.

REVIEWS

The spirit of battle is creeping into all of the literature of the day. High courage, the glory of eternal struggle, the better elements of war, are appearing in the pages of many of our writers who are not avowedly concerned with war subjects.

These elements are especially prominent in John Galsworthy's recent novel, **The Freelands*. The author puts the question squarely before us—are we willing to acquiesce in the suffering and injustice we see about us, or are we ready to fight the good fight against them, and keep on fighting, with no chance at all of seeing even the beginnings of victory in our own day?

Essentially a character study, and a study in popular philosophy, the novel has a rather slight plot. Woven about the efforts of a family of idealists to better the conditions of the laborers in their neighborhood, the story is told in a leisurely yet vigorous fashion which holds the attention of the reader.

While their Aunt Clara Freeland and her "Bigwigs" are discussing with great conversational enthusiasm and generous verbiage the Land question, and means of improving the conditions of the English peasantry, the young Tod Freelands, unrestrained, even aided and abetted by their wonderful Celtic mother, Kirsteen, are learning at first hand what practical significance there is in the power of the English landowner over his peasantry.

The generous enthusiasm with which Derek and Sheila champion the cause of the helpless laborers leads them into adventures which are the despair of their more conventional

* Courtesy of Bridgman and Lyman.

relatives, their Uncles, Aunts, and Grandmother Freeland. In the different ways these relatives regard the problem, and react to the events of the struggle between liberty and auto-cracy as exemplified in the case of certain cottagers in the neighborhood, there is a rich opportunity for character study, of which the author avails himself with charmingly clear-cut delineation.

The beauty of the everyday conflict is strikingly brought out in Arthur Benson's last book, "Escape and Other Essays." His is a brave philosophy of life, and in his essays, bits of dreams and visions of the everyday, set before us like glimpses of rare and perfect paintings, we feel the peace, not of indolence, but of courageous struggle, of quiet confidence and trust in our ideals. Consciously or unconsciously, we read books for a certain something in them which is not the matter, the form, or the style, an essence of which these things are but the garments, fitted more or less to disclose the beauty of that which they clothe. It is the spirit of the author which we seek. Behind the charmingly even and graceful style of Mr. Benson, behind the delicately beautiful pictures which he paints of sky and field and tiny English village, we discern broad tolerance, high idealism, splendid courage to fight bravely when the struggle is on, to lay down the burdens with confidence when the resting time is at hand.

Personal reminiscences of one who in his youth lived some years in Prussia, a boyhood friend of William II, and who, not a whit dazzled by court life, gives an unprejudiced account of his experiences there, experiences which throw light upon significant features of the Prussian character and ideals, cannot fail to be of interest to present day readers. Mr. Poultney Bigelow, in his recent book, *Prussian Memories*, gives a valuable account of life in the imperial family, of William II as youth and man, of the conditions which have led to the present Prussian militarism, of how it all appears to an American who has found his way into the midst of this inner group whose ideals and standards are so widely different from his own. Told in a vivid, humorous style, these reminiscences of Mr. Bigelow make thoroughly good reading.

Dr. Dewey's latest book, *Schools of To-morrow*, is of especial interest to the student of Education, but it is well worth the time of the general reader. Mr. Dewey traces back to some of its sources the principle of education as natural development, gives most interesting accounts of present day experiments in the working out of this principle, and marks out the lines along which our schools, to fulfill their mission, must develop in the future.

F. M. H.

The *Monthly* acknowledges the receipt of the following:

The Freeland, Galsworthy, \$1.35. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Escape and Other Essays, Benson, \$1.50. The Century Co.

Prussian Memories, Bigelow, \$1.25. Putnam.

Schools of To-Morrow, Dewey, \$1.50. E. P. Dutton Company.*

EDITOR'S TABLE

Once upon a time there was a maiden who was *very* much interested in her heart. Now please do not misunderstand me—I do not mean that she was in love or that she hoped to be so (any more than do other maidens who are “sweet and twenty.”) But I do mean that she liked to watch the usually hidden processes of her heart. She was absorbed in analysing it and in predicting its future. She was almost proud of her excellent understanding of its workings though she thought that they were poor enough at best.

Now if the Maiden desired to be so exclusively devoted to such contemplation that she grew forgetful of the Big Things around her, which would still be big and around other mortals when she was forgotten, surely her desire was the business of nobody else. But it became the business of other people when she began to infer that because she was thus interested all the rest of the world must be curious about her heart too. At first, she confined her exhibition of its inmost recesses only to her best friends, who, being best friends, did their very best to appear as concerned as she was.

When she sighed, “Do you know that the worst thing about me is self-centredness?” the best friends either consoled with her or strenuously denied her the fault. But when they discovered that this confession was not so much a confession as a public exhibition attended by somewhat the same pride as that possessed by a juggler when he describes his favorite trick; when they learned that this one question of hers was merely a point of departure for further and more frequent admissions with no resultant action for redress of the fault,

then the best friends grew bored and the Maiden found them miserable comforters.

If the Maiden had ceased her heart-interest at that time, all would have been well, but, finding her best friends unappreciative, the Maiden turned to acquaintances for relief. She asked them if they had not noticed how lazy she was. They politely said, "No," and she assured them that she was.

"I wonder where the trait will lead me?" she inquired. None of her acquaintances knew, and, being busy, they walked away to their respective tasks.

Thus the Maiden found herself in desperate straits. The one absorbing interest of her life was failing to arouse her callous friends and acquaintances. Therefore the Maiden turned to strangers. She wore her heart upon her sleeve, invited inspection and was hurt because no one had the time or inclination to look at it. When she was introduced she was likely to murmur.

"Oh, I don't think you want to know me. I'm very quick-tempered, they say!" Then at the stranger's look of surprise the Maiden would hasten away to find a more congenial listener, only to be again disappointed, until from such frequent exhibitions and examinations her heart grew worn and shabby, and she died.

You remember I began this tale by saying, "Once upon a time." That labels it a fairy-story, and so I feel free to state, without fear of being disbelieved, that that Maiden's spirit is still hunting through Eternity for someone to become interested in the processes of her heart. You are liable to be disturbed at any moment by her entrance into your very room some dark night after the ten o'clock bell has rung. You want to pretend to be asleep if she does come. Otherwise she will look at you with unhappy eyes and say something like this:—

"Do let me come and talk to you! I am so *tired* of myself. Haven't you ever noticed that I am absolutely *useless*?"

K. D. K.

There is a story of "Tomlinson," who after death rose to the Gates of Heaven, but was rejected by Saint Peter because he had done nothing quite good enough on the "Little Earth so Lone," to gain entrance; where upon he descended to the "belt of naughty stars that rim the mouth of Hell" only to be refused admittance because he had done nothing quite bad enough. So the English gentleman was left to be tossed about "by the wind that blows between the worlds in the Scorn of the Outer Dark."

It is to be feared that there are many "Tomlinsons" among the college magazines; proper little papers, neatly compiled and arranged into sundry departments, but without any stuff in them, without strength or stability. The college magazine has many opportunities to become strong, active, and individual. It is free from all temptation of commercialism, fostered in an atmosphere of learning and culture and yet is distinctly *in* the world, stimulated by all the influences of the larger life. Because of lack of interest, on the part of contributors, carelessness or immaturity of brains, however, the expression of college life through its magazines tends to become inadequate.

There are of course exceptions. The structure of such magazines as the "*University of Virginia*," The "*Harvard Monthly*" and the "*Vassar Miscellany*" is splendid because it has individuality as well as proportion. Without putting too great an emphasis on local color these magazines are original, and have a flavor, a "*Je ne sais quoi*" of their own.

Single contributions often save magazines from fatal mediocrity. The theme and character development of the mountain story "For Value Received" in the *Texas Magazine*, stir the poetic imagination, "Nocturne" in the *Harvard Advocate* is an interesting experiment in versification. "The Lower East Side" in the same magazine shows strength of conception and deep sincerity—but the free verse lacks natural cadence or rhythm.

More perfect in expression is this subjective lyric from the Goucher Kalends.

A WINTER'S SONG

"Sing, bird upon the gnarlèd bough!
The apple tree is bare enow
To choke thy voice; yet singest thou?
Sooth, thou art brave.
Sing on; mayhap thy heart, like mine,
Looks back to days when green the vine
And green the tree. For auld lang syne
We will be brave.

And bleakness lasts not all the year.
Comes Winter's frown, then April's tear,
Then June-kissed fields smile far and near—
Though Winter reign,
Sing on, oh bird, and I today
Will sing, for spring comes with the May.
We'll weep our bitterness away
And smile again."

E. G.

AFTER COLLEGE

PERSONALS

Contributions to this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in next month's issue, and should be addressed to Eleanor Wild, 36 Green Street, Northampton, Massachusetts.

ENGAGEMENTS

'10. Andra Soule to Leon Oliver Woole, of Denver, Colorado, Harvard 1912, Harvard Law School, 1915.

Viola M. Sullivan to Russell Steles, of New York, Harvard 1912.

'12. Gwendolen Lowe to Mark Huntington Wiseman, of Springfield, Ohio.

Ethel Scherer to Charles A. Fritz, of Westerville, Ohio.

Elizabeth Tucker to Frank William Cushwa.

Amy Waterbury to James Osborne Safford, Harvard 1905, of Salem, Massachusetts.

Alice Worcester to Clarence Howe, of Waltham, Massachusetts.

'14. Ila Miller to Rev. George Bevans, of Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Elsie Tiebel to Eugene T. Abbott.

Harriet Wakelee to Henry A. Stringfellow, of Rochester, New York. They expect to be married in the fall.

Beatrice Wentworth to Lieut. Frederick W. Boye, 5th U. S. Cavalry. They are to be married February 26.

MARRIAGES

'10. Frances S. Loney to Reginald M. Hull, August 26, 1915. Address: 37 Kirkland Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Anna Rochester and Jessica Lewis were bridesmaids.

Gertrude McClintock to Philip W. Whitcomb, a Rhodes scholar of Oxford, August 1, 1914. Address: Osborne Road, Walton-on-Thames, England.

- '12. Lucie Barber to Albert Harris Barber, November 9, 1915. Address: 5429 Woodlawn Avenue, Chicago.
- Beatrice Horne to Ralph Carle Runels, October 5, 1915. Address: 28 Ruthland Street, Lowell, Massachusetts.
- Florence Rawson to Nathan Russell Paterson, October 16, 1915. Address: 16 East Illinois Street, Tulsa, Oklahoma.
- '14. Bertha Conn to Van Tuyl Hort Bien, November 27, 1915. The bridesmaids were Helen Meincke 1915, Ruth Lockwood 1914, Dollie Hepburn, and Ruth Agnes Wilson, 1913. Address: 3600 Thirteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.
- Grace Kramer to John D. Wachman, December 11, 1915. Address: 617 Nelson Avenue, Peekskill, New York.
- Madeleine Mayer to Clarence H. Low, December 28, 1915.

BIRTHS

- '12. To Frances (Edmonson) Almand, a son, Alexander James, October 16, 1915.
- To Ruth (Harper) Anderson, a daughter, Alice Ellen, October 26, 1915.
- To Gertrude (Darling) Benchley, a son, Nathaniel Goodard, November 13, 1915.
- To Edith (Midgley) Eldred, a daughter, Ruth Emily, June 28, 1915.
- To Helen (Flynn) Fritsche, a daughter, Barbara, April 24, 1915.
- To Harriet (Coddington) Maxwell, a son, Wellwood Hugh, Jr., September 24, 1915.
- To Lillian (Holland) Smart, a daughter, Marcia Blanchard, April 20, 1915.
- To Elsie (Fredrikson) Williams, a daughter, Ruth Matilda, October 29, 1915.

-
- '15. Barbara Addis is teaching German in the Wolcott N. Y. High School.
- Margaret Alexander is reader in history at Smith, and is studying for an A. M.
- Mary Barber is at home, studying music and dancing.
- Elizabeth Barney is studying at Stone Business College, New Haven Conn.
- Helen Bell is studying agriculture at Cornell.
- Dorothy Berry is at home.
- Elizabeth Boyer is at home.

- '15. Helen Brooks is teaching Latin and German in the Woodward, Oklahoma High School.
- Dorothy Cerren is studying at the Institute of Musical Art of the City of New York.
- Geraldine Clement is teaching English in the Schenectady, New York High School.
- Ruth Cobb is private secretary to her father.
- Lenita Cooper is teaching in Belleville, N. J.
- Marguerite Daniell is at home.
- Mildred Edgarton is at home, doing Settlement, Camp Fire and Sunday School work.
- Isabel Hudnut is selling in Wm. Filene Sons Co., Boston.
- Mary Jackson is studying at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, New York City.
- Marjorie Jacobson is doing hospital social service work, has a settlement club and is taking a course in costume design.
- Margaret Larnier is at home.
- Mae Mitchell is studying at Smith for an A. M.
- Josephine Murison is at home, working with the United Charities Volunteer Group, and taking a course at the Art Institute.
- Dorothy Ochtman is demonstrator in History of Art at Bryn Mawr, and is taking graduate work in achæology.
- Pauline Peirce is taking a course in household economics at Simmons.
- Helen Sheridan is studying at the Chicago Normal School of Physical Education.
- Fannie Simon is at home.
- Charlotte Smith is at home.
- Josephine Snapp is a special student at the University of Chicago.
- Elizabeth Spicer is teaching Latin in Fairmont College, Wichita, Kansas.
- Olga Waller is taking the library course at Simmons.
- Grace Wells is teaching Latin and history in the Wilmington, Mass. High School.
- ex-*'14. Margaret Harvey is a kindergartener.
- Grace Ingersol is a kindergartener.

CALENDAR

February 19. Division Dance.

Tyler House Reception.

22. Washington's Birthday.

Junior vs. Senior Basketball Game.

26. Morris House Reception.

Meetings of Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.

Dickinson House Reception.

March 1. Glee Club Concert.

4. Division C Play.

11. Division Dance.

18. Gym Drill.

Meetings of Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.

The
Smith College
Monthly

March - 1916

Owned and Published by the Senior Class

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THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

VOL. XXIII

MARCH, 1916

No. 6

EDITORS:

MILDRED CONSTANCE SCHMOLZE

FRANCES MARGARET BRADSHAW

MARIE EMILIE GILCHRIST

HELEN WHITMAN

MARGARET SYBIL MELCHER

ELSIE GREEN

ADELAIDE HERIOT ARMS

MARGARET NORRIS JONES

FLORENCE MAY HODGES

KATHARINE DOWNER KENDIG

EMMA JOSEPHINE GELDERS

ELEANOR EVEREST WILD

BUSINESS MANAGER AND TREASURER

MARGARET SHEPARDSON

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

HARRIET EVELYN MEANS

HARRIET BOND SKIDMORE

AN IMPOSSIBLE READJUSTMENT

ELMA COKEFAIR GUEST

It is a trite enough comment that man has little to do with his coming into the world, and little enough to do with his leaving it. If life consists of birth, marriage and death, as many erring persons are wont to assert, this is a sad state of affairs. Marriage we may know about before, during, and after its enactment. Concerning it, we may experience anticipation, reality, and result. Some of us have only the anticipation; and many, for one reason or another, have not even that to rejoice or to worry over. At least, however, this experience remains one of the Great Possibilities of life.

But until we can, in some way, fix beforehand the spirit of a human life, and seek its permission to have itself imprisoned in a house of flesh (for bodies are often impressors rather than expressions of the spirit) we shall continue to be born "unasked." Nor can our births be lived by ourselves, even in memory. It is true, Mother may give us an affectionate account of ourselves—what we looked like, or how she felt when she heard our first cry. This will, of course, describe our appearance after we have been bathed and garmented, and accuracy in the picture will be abandoned, if accuracy would demand the use of such adjectives as "monkeyish," and "bird-like," (newly-hatched, featherless birds, you understand.) This proverbial seeing through rose-colored glasses is readily understandable—for has our Mother's first impression of us not been enhanced by the subsequent years of steady improvement over that "first appearance" of ours?

Yet even this description comes, necessarily, late. It is like a description of the corpse after death—which has nothing to do with the experience of dying, or, in the former case, of being born. It is very evident, then, that, concerning the experience of his own birth, the individual may have only tardy reminiscences of attending circumstances and of "what happened after."

In the case of dying it is just the reverse which is, (as far as we know), true. We are not sure that our real self may, like Peter Grimm, return. It would surely be a worthwhile privilege to come back, and, in spite, attend our own funerals. I should like, as myself, to look upon what seemed so much myself. This does not mean that I want to know what I am going to look like. It is rather, only from the further side of death, that I would have this view. Such an arrangement seems no more than just—for, unless I am at once absorbed into a life much more intensely interesting than this has been, it seems in a sense my due to return and hear the good things they will find to say about me. It was I who struggled through, and lived, and enjoyed this life. In one's life-time it is permitted one to hear much of the evil about oneself exaggerated—why not be permitted to hear the good likewise en-

larged? It would give a humorous turn to the situation. If ghosts can laugh, most of us would enjoy a hearty laugh at the expense of our well-intentioned funeral orators. This would be fair play, too, for each one when his turn came, would also be the sole amused person at his own funeral. He might, of course, find kindred happy souls in the assemblage, in the person of very expectant, and very unloving heirs. But heirs can never be quite certain of their character as such; and, besides, to ensure a really unrivalled time of mirth at our funeral party, we could spend our money before we die. Contrary to the vulgar belief arising from the difficulty Brewster had with his millions, it seems likely that Mr. Ford is about to prove that even millionaires may contrive to die without leaving legacies of very desirable proportions.

And what an opportunity this audibleness of ours would afford for the play of an enemy's "intellectual rapier!" He would derive immense satisfaction from his own adroitness, and we, no longer sensible to such thrusts, would be amused, without resentment.

Perhaps we should not have the heart to laugh. Because it is just possible that disembodied spirits continue to love those their demise has bereaved. So that what a finite mind would demand in justice, an infinitely kind God may spare us in mercy. Maybe, as the Frenchman says, "we assist at" our own funerals. Maybe we do not. And our ignorance, too, is merciful.

Our knowledge of death dovetails exactly with our knowledge of birth. If it is what happens after that we know concerning birth, it is only the anticipation that we are certain of knowing in regard to death. Such an acquaintance with the results following the beginning of life, and with the "looking forward" which precedes death, seems a curious cart-before-the-horse arrangement. It may be that, in another life, we see both what preceded birth and followed death.

I have said of death, then, that we can feel sure only of anticipation. Unlike marriage, (and in all probability unlike birth also) we know that death will certainly happen to us. But that comprises all our knowledge. How it will come, how

we shall be affected by it, and what it will make of us, or to what it will release us, it is impossible to say, and seemingly fruitless to surmise.

I can perceive one benefit accruing from this ignorance on our part. It results, and makes ever possible, mingled hope and fear, questioning and believing,—and, for the thinker whose mind has exhausted topics of life, it offers a field in which he may draw conclusions that give to himself and his fellows “something new under the sun.”

This enforced ignorance is the theme about which I would write. Not the ignorance of After Death, What?—but the ignorance of What Death, and our lack of voice in the particular nature, in our individual case, it is to take. So many of the circumstances of our life have been thrust upon us,—might we not be permitted to choose the circumstances attendant upon the last event of our lives? At present, only actors and writers, and some suicides, may voluntarily die a death they would choose. And such deaths, in the first two cases, are purely fictitious, and the dead man, at the end of the act or the chapter, finds himself alive, and knows that, sometime, he must die all over again in earnest. And the suicide only occasionally stages his exit. Too often it is Death itself which is the one overwhelming necessity.

Obvious difficulties stand in the way of this individual, voluntary staging of one's last moments. To begin with, the death we would choose may require other persons to participate in it. But if we would go down at sea with the band bravely playing “Nearer My God to Thee,” surely there are others, like-minded, who would prove our gallant comrades. Besides, we may wish that there be some aboard to relate later how they were saved by our sacrifice of a rightful place in a life-boat. I fancy it would not be difficult to fill a vessel with the number and character of passengers demanded. It must be admitted that the time element interferes, for I do not mean to suggest that, in allowing us to stage our departures, we should likewise be allowed to set the time. This would savor too much of suicide or of willing that death should come. The time must continue to be, or to seem, inevitable.

If you are a fatalist you will argue that, as social beings, we cannot even in thought isolate an event which should be influenced by and impress other events, and various processes of development. For example, a woman is fated to a long illness followed by death, in connection with which a physician is fated to a wide reputation affecting his whole life in one way or another and the illness is to develop the woman's soul to the state it is to be in at death. This seems, however, easily adjusted. If the reputation is to be good, let the patient experience her long illness, and at the end let her sink, not into death, but into a state of coma, from which she will return to life, to die, if her time be at hand, the sort of death she has chosen. Or if the reputation of the doctor is not to be improved, it would be easy to find a grudge-bearer against the medical profession in general or against this one practitioner in particular who would like to pass out by a slow process of drugging and exhaustion.

When one considers for a moment the absolutely antipodal tempers of one's own immediate associates and accepts these variations as characteristic of the whole race, it is conceivable that at any moment, men and women might be found to die every kind of a death. It is not only that there are desires for a "Hard Death" and for an "Easy Death," but ideas concerning what constitutes the hard or the easy quality differ greatly. Some would wish a slow racking down and sifting of the fire of life into ashes. Others hope for a sudden, fierce blowing out of the flame. To die in one's boots, or to die between sheets!

An individual need be advised of this approach of the end only a short time in advance—not long enough to make property provisions, or peace with one's enemies or one's God. The individual, cognizant of the privilege to be his, would have already determined upon the nature of his exit, and would be prepared to be taken off in the manner he desired. And this would be very different from the Puritanical living of a life entirely in preparation for the moment of death—with an eye on eternal reward. Life would be grander for more direct and less selfish reasons. Finally, if we were making or had

made a mess of our lives—or seemed to have done so—we would still be assured of one experience absolutely of our own choosing; and one in connection with which, if contrary to expectations, it failed to bring satisfaction, we should not live to realize our disillusionment.

Many of us have prejudices in regard to the disposal of our "remains." We cannot be certain our requests will be complied with or that our wills will not be "lost." But such a system as my mind is playing upon, in idea, would remove the absolute necessity of depending upon others (those who survive) to do as we have wished. The man of the woods may long to rest in the friendly brown earth beneath a great tree—and to know that in time, he will be drawn up from the soil as something vital, and will, himself, reach out in the growing boughs which gently sway between green grass and blue sky.

Another would find this thought quite terrible. A sudden and sure rending of body and spirit would be his earnest wish,—for all human minds cannot easily think in terms of absolute spirit when there still is to exist a body somehow or once related to it. At present my own intelligence or imagination is in this undeveloped state.

Was it the Viking who was pushed off to sea in a burning vessel?—Then I would be a Viking. If the seemingly limitless waters of the ocean do not swallow me up, then I would like to perish in a forest—or a tenement-house fire; for the case of the Poet of the Sierras demonstrates the present impracticability of a desired funeral pyre on a mountain top.

By a curious coincidence, in the course of what I had thought to be "merely a novel," I came, yesterday, in my reading, across the following paragraph, concerning man:—

* "Then he dies and needs a cemetery. He needs a cemetery because he is so afraid of dissolution that even when he has ceased to be, he still wants a place and a grave to hold him together and prevent his returning to the All that made him."

There are two ways to get away from this. One way will become possible in time; for the above quotation will have to

* H. G. Wells, "The Research Magnificent."

be struck out as false, when the human mind generally evolves to an enlightenment and a depth in which it can conceive of spirit in spiritual terms.

The other way would be by shifting the stress of interest from what is to be left of us, to how we are going to "leave." And although this is interesting to think upon, it seems, so far as anything is certainly beyond the pale of the possible, to be utterly and everlastingly impossible.

THE SHEPHERD'S FLUTE

ELIZABETH PALMER JESSUP

There drifts the dust-white flock across the hill,
The sun-baked hill whence heat waves tremble high
From cracked, red earth to blur the glaring sky.
In listless sleep the parched world gasps, but still
My heart rests cool, as by some shaded rill;
For, 'spite of hot Sirocco's gusty sigh,
Tasting a plaintive happiness am I:
Sweet sympathy with hearts that love the trill
And inquiry of soft, high notes let slip
To fall and ripple out in minor key
That coaxing plaint that makes all hearers mute,
That music is the golden wine I sip
And for each drop of purest melody
I thank thee, Shepherd, and thine humble flute.

THE CLOSE OF DAY

MARION MARGARET BOYD

Dull gray the sky
Save where a sudden rift
Gleams sunset rose,
The pine trees lift
Their branches 'gainst the glow.
They sigh and sway
Ever so slightly,
'Tis the close of day.

A STUDY IN CHAOS

MARY VIRGINIA DUNCOMBE

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

HERO

HEROINE

VILLAIN

THREE GHOSTS OF SENECA, CORNEILLE, and GORDON CRAIG

AUTHOR

VALET to HERO

MAID to HEROINE

ACCOMPLICE to VILLAIN

HOUSEKEEPER to AUTHOR

CAT

ACT I. SCENE I.

(The AUTHOR at home—seated in a huge chintz-covered chair before an open fire-place. Surrounded by an atmosphere—created by a few excellent pictures, a great many books, a large grey cat and a muffin stand.)

Enter Houskeeper (carrying a tray).

AUTHOR: I hope, my good woman, that you have brought a great deal of tea. I am having a few—er—friends in this afternoon.

HOUSKEEPER: Yis Sor. Yis Sor. But sure, oi thot ye were after writin' yer play. Faith—an' do ye wish to be disturbed?

AUTHOR: These—er—friends will scarcely disturb me. So I am writing my play; so I am. *(Staring past her dreamily)* the great idea!

HOUSEKEEPER *(Edging away cautiously)*: Yis sor. Yis sor. Oi'll show thim up *(Glancing at cat)*. Come kitty, come kitty—come here ye baste!

AUTHOR (*Starting from his reverie*): Don't take that cat away. I beg of you. Can't you see that it is part of the atmosphere?

HOUSEKEEPER (*Shaking her head sadly*): Yis sor. Yis sor. (*Aside*) Begorry, and a cup o' tea may do him good. (*Exit.*)

CURTAIN.

SCENE II.

Same as scene one.

(*Enter all of characters except the VILLAIN and his accomplice and the GHOSTS. Voice of AUTHOR is heard above the general hubbub.*)

AUTHOR (*Rising and striking an attitude*): My friends—I am glad to see you all assembled here today; you are to aid me in a scheme of mine—in the—great idea. Know then, that I am convinced that the theory of drama has up till now been practiced up side down. Why should an author create characters—only to make them subservient to his own will? Why not allow them *free* will—free play of their emotion? Why should they not then aid him in constructing the drama? Therefore I have invited you all to tea—here in an atmosphere, all arranged for your use, eat, drink and act, not as my slaves, but as my co-workers.

Enter GHOST OF SENECA.

AUTHOR (*Nervously*): O, how do you do? Will you have some tea?

GHOST: I hate tea.

AUTHOR (*Hopefully*): An ice then?

GHOST: I hate them. Your last speech was a bit long, cut it short, cut it short. Be brief, be brilliant (if possible), be quotable.

AUTHOR: Who are you?

GHOST: Seneca.

AUTHOR: Don't worry, my dear Seneca, about that speech of mine—it wasn't in the play anyway.

Exit GHOST.

(A pistol shot heard outside. Shriek from HEROINE).

(Enter VILLAIN through window followed by accomplice).

AUTHOR (*Sternly*): Would not the front door have done just as well?

VILLAIN (*With a sneer*): Not for me—I have been listening outside. I am a villain. (*Yawning and readjusting his necktie in the mirror*).

HERO: Well—what shall I do?

HEROINE (*Bridling*): Love me, of course—silly!

HERO (*Helping himself to a macaroon*): My beloved, I am enchanted by the glance of those sweet eyes.

AUTHOR (*Timidly*): I don't think you say that until the fifth act. There must be five acts you know and if you act that way now, there won't be anything left for a climax.

HERO (*In horror, dropping the macaroon*): Five acts! Ye gods! What shall I do during all that time?

AUTHOR: Why just act—act naturally.

HERO (*Regaining macaroon and munching it*): But I am acting naturally—or at least I was—till you interfered.

VALET (*Sidling up to the maid*): My dear—I am just mad about you. Fly wth me.

MAID: Yes, my love, I've always liked you—just wait till I finish this tea and we will away.

AUTHOR (*Excitedly*): How I really hate to interfere, but this is absurd. In the first place (*turning to the VALET*) you love her far too much. Nothing must exceed the main love theme. You detract from him (*pointing to the HERO*). In the second place you can't "fly together." In this room you will all stay till the drama is over!

(*Enter GHOST OF CORNEILLE*): Remember—"Les trois unités!" (*Exit.*)

HERO: But I can't; I'm due at the club at seven!

HEROINE: Preposterous, I've an appointment at the hair-dresser's at six—!

VILLAIN: The black-hand committee meets at 5.30. I must be there.

ACCOMPLICE (*Aside*): I didn't notice Corneille sticking around!

MAID (*Appealingly to AUTHOR*): Can't we all come back tomorrow for the rest—the butcher boy and I were going to the movies tonight.

AUTHOR (*Indignantly*): Block heads! Don't you know what "les trois unités" means? It means one time, one place and—(*bowing to the HEROINE*)—one girl. No. I must insist, that you stay here for at least a day and a night.

VILLAIN (*Kicking the cat*): S'Death—I shan't do it.

ACCOMPLICE (*Pocketing a silver spoon, and a box of cigarettes*):—Come along pal. (*To VILLAIN.*)

HERO: O, you all make me tired—I never saw such a silly play, why I can't love that snub nosed, doll-baby for five acts!

HEROINE: I hate you! Doll-baby, indeed!

AUTHOR (*Shaking his fist at the HERO*): I'll have you to know, sir, that I don't create heroines with snub-noses!

HERO (*Yawning*): Well there is nothing for us to do, is there? Why didn't you create some complications anyway? Why didn't you put an irate papa in this play—to keep us apart for a while. (*Indicating HEROINE.*) (*Aside.*) That would have been jolly. (*Turning to MAID.*) Besides I always liked you better than I did your mistress. How are you, little girl? Have a macaroon?

AUTHOR (*With his head buried in his hands*): My good people—I implore you. You are making my head ache. Alas—for my great idea.

VILLAIN. (*Aside to HEROINE*): Come on with me. I'll get you out of this. (*Rips out a canvas from its frame with a pen-knife, rolls it up, and puts it under his arm—offers the other arm to the HEROINE and helps her out of the window.*) We'll marry, and then I'll reform.

HERO. Let's be going. We can't have a play without a heroine—though I must say *she* was a good riddance.

(*Exit players.*)

(*Enter GHOST: He comes forward and puts his hand on the shoulder of AUTHOR*): Be comforted, my friend. Your idea was mistaken. A player—an actor in a great drama should be allowed no individuality.

Better to use puppets.

Better to use marionettes.

AUTHOR (*Sadly*): Who are you, nice, kind ghost?

GHOST (*Throwing off disguise*). In truth, my friend, no ghost at all—but your humble servant—GORDON CRAIG . . . Come—let us begin a new drama . . . Now we are alone, no troublesome characters to interfere, we begin—like this—with atmosphere, plenty of atmosphere. Here we have it, an atmosphere of comfort, of quiet, of peace, turn down the lamp a bit—so. (*Curtain slowly falls. Low voices of AUTHOR and CRAIG, singing of the tea-kettle, purring of the cat.*)

THE END.

YOUTH'S BUTTERFLIES

GRACE ANGELA RICHMOND

Youth is catching butterflies
Where the sunshine glows.
Yonder where the shadow lies,
Hastening from rose to rose
Youth is catching butterflies.
Roses and shadowed poppies in the garden
And velvet pansies where the shadow lies.
Youth crushes them nor thinks to ask for pardon—
Ah! cruel Youth a-catching butterflies!
So airy-winged they flutter through the grasses,
Or flash across the light a little space.
Youth crushes them, yet singing as he passes—
Ah! cruel Youth, with eager, ardent face.
Youth who's catching butterflies
Mourns the shattered wings,
Mingling laughter with his sighs,
Grieving even while he sings—
Youth who's catching butterflies.

THE WORLD'S A STAGE

ELEANOR BERNICE BABCOCK

His name was Sylvester Johnston, "Silly" for short. Because he was so afraid of becoming the mollycoddle that his name suggested, he was forced to become, instead, a very bad boy. He killed cats and smoked cigarettes. He did not like to kill cats and he did not like to smoke cigarettes, they made him ill. But, since this seemed to be the best method of winning his friends' admiration, he continued in his dastardly career. His mother worried about him but his father was rather proud when he heard his son called, "the worst boy in the neighborhood." There is a certain distinction in superlatives of any kind.

Since only the good die young, Sylvester grew and prospered. He attained long trousers and a girl. He "cut out"

Stub Wetherell when he acquired Ethel Barrett. He acquired her by the simple process of walking home from school with her four days in succession and licking Stub the fifth day. After that the fair one was his. Stub Wetherell was the captain of the high school basketball team. It is not quite clear why to the feminine mind, it is better to be adored by the worst boy in school than by the captain of the basketball team, but the fact remains.

The scene changed. Ethel's parents sent her to an Eastern finishing school in order to get her away from the influence of "that Johnston cub." Sylvester stormed, Ethel wept, not entirely because she was heartbroken, but partly perhaps because she was too good an actress to spoil the picture. It was very romantic and of course they planned to write to each other, often.

After Ethel had gone, Sylvester found it harder than ever to be sufficiently wicked. What was the fun of being "sent to the office" when Ethel's eyes were no longer there to watch his nonchalant swagger. Nevertheless one's reputation must be maintained, so Sylvester broke loose one afternoon, licked three boys, smashed two window panes and "talked back" to his history teacher. Consequently he was expelled.

Since he was only seventeen and had not yet finished the high-school course, his parents sent him to a nearby military academy. Here standards were quite different from those of the quiet little town where he had lived. Many of the boys at the academy had come, as Sylvester had done, because of expulsion from high-schools. Here Sylvester was again called "Silly" and his most-admired tricks were deemed mere babyishness.

Sylvester was dumbfounded at first. Then he began to ponder over this most peculiar state of affairs. He decided that he must do something wicked, something big and bad and bold enough to make even these young ruffians sit up and take notice. He would get drunk. He did get drunk.

He never knew how he managed to escape the detection of the authorities on that awful night. He stumbled into his room long after the retiring bell had rung and he was ill all

night long, oh so very ill! The horrible stuff kept coming up into his nose and his head felt three sizes too big for his body. He mumbled something about having done it often and that he would be all right in the morning, while his roommate was helping him undress.

He wasn't all right the next morning but he ducked his aching head in the wash bowl and went down to breakfast looking as much as possible like a hardened sinner.

The plan worked beautifully. Sylvester was generally accepted as a "bad one." There was only one shadow on his happiness. He would have to repeat the performance sometime and how he dreaded it. He almost had to leave the table when dessert was served one day for it was plum pudding with brandy sauce. He wanted to say, "Ugh, how awful!" What he did say was, "Um, lot's of stick in it, eh?"

As Sylvester had intended, the story of his "spree" circulated. Ethel's chum, Janet, heard about it from her brother and wrote the whole tale to Ethel.

"Isn't it terrible, my dear! Do you think that you can ever reform him or must you give him up? You know how I sympathize with you but I just thought that you ought to know."

Ethel was really a most heartless young person. Although she was shocked at first, she managed to smile a little.

"I'll bet it made him sick," she said. Perhaps her parents need not have worried so much about the Johnston cub's influence. In spite of her heartlessness, however, she wrote Sylvester a most scornful and romantic epistle. She told him never to write nor speak to her until he could promise that such a disgraceful thing would never happen again, never, in all his life. She dipped her finger into a vase of flowers and made a beautiful teardrop at the foot of the page before she signed her name.

The letter came to Sylvester as a reprieve comes to a prisoner condemned to death. His roommate brought it to him and announced briefly, "Letter from your girl." One might have deduced that he had examined the postmark. Sylvester opened the letter listlessly but became more interested as he

read on. It was all that he could do to hide the look of exultation which spread over his face. When he had finished, he dramatically crumpled the letter into a little ball, rose, and began striding back and forth in the best manner of Francis X. Bushman, the moving-picture hero. His roommate watched him admiringly. "Is she mad at you, Syl?" he asked.

"Say, I'm going to cut this stuff all out, I tell you, I say I'm going to cut it out," declared Sylvester, "She, she feels awful, she cried when she wrote this."

Sylvester's roommate gasped but remained silent. After a few minutes he slipped out of the room to leave Sylvester alone in his struggle.

At dinner that night Sylvester's friends looked at him with awe in their eyes. Here was a fellow who was not only a "bad one," but who had a girl who cried about him and wanted to reform him. Here was manly renunciation personified. Sylvester was free.

AN ODE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

MADELEINE FULLER MCDOWELL

Today, great Washington, this wide, fair land
Which you have fathered, pauses for a space.
Impelled by the imperious command
Of deep indebtedness for this our place
Among the fortunate, we bring a hoard
Of treasured praise and love and loyalty
To you who won our battles with your sword,
And made us free.

For decades upon decades cannot dim
This quick and ever-present sense of debt,
The consciousness of all we owe to him
Who, tortured by his people's pain, had yet
The vision which allowed him to forsee
A larger misery of mind and soul
If shameful peace should wed with slavery
And we who had progressed so far should cease to seek our goal.

Now with the simple faith which children feel
In a wise father's power their wants to fill,
We bring our poor, bruised hope for you to heal,
Our ragged faith for you to mend with skill,
For in this year of grim discouragement,
Of strife unending, and of savage hate
Whose ruthless pagan hands have spoiled and rent
The fabric of our faith in that high state
To which we fondly dreamed the world would climb,
Needing the courage to believe anew
Our cosmos is but chaos for a time,
We turn to you.

Lo, when your people, fighting to be free,
Felt courage ebbing from them, and despair
Joined forces with their potent enemy
To quell the prescient zeal which made them dare,
You brushed away dense mists of blinding fear,
Supplied the hope which they were hungering for,
Sharing your slender rations of good cheer,
And binding up the bleeding wounds of war.

And now this selfsame nation, older grown,
Looks down the dusty vista of the years,
Discerns where selfish strength was overthrown,
How good has grown from war and women's tears.
But memory is not enough. Instil
Your spirit into every hopeless heart,
Enabling us to understand at will
How all this crushing horror is but part
Of a vast project of divinity.
Teach us to view the grief across the sea
As fragments of an infinite design
For finite minds too mighty in its scope.
Imbue us with the faith for which we pine,
And give us hope.

MARY LOUISE AND HER CHANCE

ADELAIDE HERIOT ARMS

Mrs. Jones, preferring to be called Mrs. F-Jones with a hyphen, was ambitious—that is she was dissatisfied with the small village of Stafford. She had lived in Stafford nineteen years—and nineteen years in a small village is a long time for an ambitious woman. To be sure the doctor (the “doctor” was Mrs. F-Jones’ husband, though he did not spell his name with a hyphen) was ambitious also. He was not rich, for he was primarily ambitious for the welfare of his people. It was therefore not wealth which set the F-Jones family on a pedestal of snobbishness; it was Mrs. F-Jones herself because of her great ambition to impress upon the village people that she and *they* lived in quite different spheres. So far as Mrs. F-Jones was concerned she succeeded in her ambition—but the F-Joneses had a daughter, a daughter who was barely twenty-one and Mrs. F-Jones was very ambitious for her daughter—that is she was extremely fearful lest she marry one of the young men in the village.

For the daughter, (her name was Mary Louise Vanlandingham F-Jones—Vanlandingham being the maiden name of Mrs. F-Jones’s grandmother—) had dangerous tendencies,—she spoke to the grocer—the blacksmith—or the maid, in the same tone of voice that she used among her most intimate friends; she *loved* country dances and had a most exasperating habit of forgetting “who she was!” She was also pretty; she had a shapely nose and chin; her hair was recklessly curly—her eyes were blue, but as her mother complained she opened them much too wide—and almost stared people out of self-possession. She was willing to “dress well” so long as she herself did not have to bother about it. Up to this time, she had been busy at school and then at college. Her summers had been spent camping or doing settlement work—for Mary Louise was broad in her interests. She had, however, not had *time* to fall in love—but this summer, having been graduated

from college—she had decided to stay at home and, as she expressed it, “sort of get acquainted again.”

It was late in July when Mrs. F-Jones came to the sinking realization that Mary Louise was not deriving any benefit from a summer at home. She had, in fact, proved herself most “unambitious” by accepting the attentions of a young village youth, who, despite a handsome physiognomy and a college education was unfortunate enough to be related to his father and mother who were merely “village folk” and earned an honest but ungentle livelihood from the proceeds of a dairy-farm—and Mrs. F-Jones had decided scruples against “working men” as such. Mrs. F-Jones reflected on these “scruples” one evening as she and her husband sat on the porch together. It was the seventh evening in the past month that Mary Louise had attended a dance with John Stebbins, the unfortunate youth of dairy-farm fore-bears. Mrs. F-Jones glanced nervously at the doctor who was reflectively smoking his evening cigar.

“Mansfield,” she began in a fearful but purposeful voice, “do you realize that Mary Louise is nearly twenty-one?”

“Why so she is,” acquiesced the doctor, cheerfully—“What’s up?—does she want to vote?”

Mrs. F-Jones seized this as a point of departure. “Vote!” she sniffed, “I wish she did want to do *something*—That’s the very trouble—she seems perfectly content to stay here and live this hum-drum life for ever!”

The doctor stirred uneasily in his chair. “Well, if she’s happy,” he ventured to object.

Mrs. F-Jones jerked her rocker impatiently—“*Can’t* you see—Mansfield—she is—*do* you want your daughter to marry a *milk-man’s* son!” she concluded with forceful emphasis.

Fortunately it was dark. For at this, the doctor’s eyes twinkled in a way which his wife would have felt to be exasperating. “Stebbins is a good chap,” he said finally; “My own grandfather was a farmer, you know, Ruth.”

“That’s very different.” Mrs. F-Jones dismissed this appeal conclusively—“You know perfectly well, Mansfield, there is no one in this village whom you would care to have Mary Louise marry.”

"How about that young western chap that was hanging around at the college commencement?" asked the doctor by way of consolation.

"Nonsense," objected Mrs. F-Jones, "she scarcely knows him—and she is too wrapped up in John Stebbins to *think* of falling in love with anyone else. You don't realize—"

To this the doctor said "Pshaw!" and then added, "Why on earth should she fall in love with anyone?"

"I should certainly prefer to see Mary Louise unmarried than to have her sink to the level of a farmer's wife," agreed Mrs. F-Jones, decidedly.

The doctor was silent—he was suddenly experiencing a jealous hatred against any man who should dare fall in love with his daughter!—Perhaps his wife was right—Stebbins certainly was not good enough—he would *talk* to Mary Louise the very next day.

Mrs. F-Jones thus broke the silence at an opportune moment. "The only thing to do," she persisted, "is to take Mary Louise away from here for the rest of the summer—away from Stebbins entirely."

"Well?" questioned her husband, fearfully.

"I have made up my mind," continued Mrs. F-Jones, with quavering determination, "that the only thing to do is to spend the rest of the summer—at—a fashionable hotel!"

The doctor became concerned. "Great Scott, Ruth," he exclaimed, "we can't do those things! Do you realize that we are getting older and ought to be saving?"

But Mrs. F-Jones was firm. "Our first duty is to Mary Louise," she said, solemnly. "We must give her a real chance so that she can choose—she has known so few men that she could easily fall in love with—!" Mrs. F-Jones paused emphatically. "Can't you see how awful it would be!"

The doctor studied his cigar stub thoughtfully. "Well," he said at length, "where do you plan to go?"

It was Wednesday night at the "Cotochesset" hotel. Wednesday night was the night when everybody put on his white flannels and her best evening dress and danced—that is the

young people did, the parents and all those in authority sat on two sides of the hall in dignified array, chatting and knitting. Occasionally a mother smiled contentedly to herself as she watched her popular daughter enjoying the attentions of a promising youth, and again a mother frowned, observing her only son all too absorbed in a too-fastidious young lady.

Mrs. F-Jones with more than usual emphasis on the hyphen, leaned back in her chair, utterly content; for beside her sat Mrs. Sterling Cabot of unquestionable prestige, and Mary Louise was dancing her fifth dance with Richard Cabot, her son. They had been at the hotel two weeks now, and Mary Louise had already become a "favourite." Everyone payed her most flattering attention, and to her mother's relieved surprise, she had had the good sense to "discriminate." To be sure she had been unduly courteous to the hotel clerk, but after all, that was only her manner. . . . Mrs. F-Jones now turned to Mrs. Cabot to inquire about the stranger who had just interrupted Mary Louise and Richard in their dance. Mrs. Cabot explained that he was "Dudley Carleton—a great friend of Richard's," and while Mary Louise danced the next dance with him, Mrs. F-Jones learned that he came from one of the "best families," was extremely "well off," and always spent several weeks of his summer at the Cotochesset; and again, as Mrs. F-Jones watched her daughter go out into the garden with her new partner, she rejoiced that Mary Louise was really having a "chance."

And Mary Louise? She rejoiced to see her mother so happy and made up her mind to do nothing to mar their vacation. Being in a hotel was a novelty and she was almost ready to acknowledge that she liked it as well as staying at home. If she had known the real motive in this peculiar whim of her mother's, she would have scornfully departed; but Mrs. F-Jones was tactful and Mary Louise did not suspect, not even when one day Mary Louise announced that "John Stebbins" was married, and Mrs. F-Jones ventured a fervent, "Thank Goodness." When Mary Louise added that "she was glad *they* had patched it up," Mrs. F-Jones could not refrain from saying, "How long were *they* engaged?"

"Why," answered Mary Louise, "off and on—for a year. You see they had just had a serious scrap last June and—(was it very wicked, Mother?)—I told John to pretend to be crazy about me so that she would be jealous—and it worked!" she concluded, triumphantly.

Mrs. F-Jones gave vent to her feelings in one breath. "Mary Louise!" she gasped.

After Dudley Carleton arrived, Mrs. F-Jones watched what she considered "rivalry" between him and Richard Cabot for the hand of Mary Louise. Mary Louise would have explained this simply enough. She played tennis with Richard because he was a good player. She danced with him because he danced "divinely." He could do anything but "talk" and that he did only by reflex action,—he had a formula for tennis and a formula for dancing which he never confused nor yet varied. Mary Louise had once gone for a walk with him. For walking he seemed to have only the weather formula, on this occasion a storm favoured him, else as Mary Louise expressed it, she would "have screamed for sociability's sake." Dudley, on the other hand, excelled in a didactic loquacity. He talked on all occasions. He was widely read and loved nothing better than to discuss books. Mary Louise had taken a scientific course in college and had preferred out of doors to books, yet she discussed Dumas, Jonson, or Mr. Dooley with perfect ease, that is, she listened, and agreed with Dudley concerning the books she had not read, and *scored by disagreeing* concerning those with which she was familiar. She made Dudley feel that his opinion was very valuable, and thus it was that he set her apart in his heart as a "girl with a mind." So it was that Mary Louise quite shocked her mother one day by remarking that *both* Richard and Dudley made *one* "perfectly good man." It was on this day that she ventured an unfavourable opinion of men as old as her two suitors, who could spend a whole summer loafing—and at the same time, be credited with any self-respect. Unfortunately she also ventured an unduly *favourable* opinion of the hotel clerk, who, she discovered was a Yale man, working his way through college. It was this

second venture that caused Mrs. F-Jones (using a vulgar expression) "to go up." For several hours, she regretted that she had ever given Mary Louise "a chance."

A few nights later, Mary Louise and Dudley went for a walk. Richard Cabot noted their departure gloomily and then, reminding himself that it was Dudley's last night, resigned himself to playing billiards and enjoyed a most miserable evening. As Mary Louise and Dudley walked through the moonlight evening, pursuing an unusually didactic conversation, Dudley suggested that since he and Mary Louise had so much in common, they should make their lives more perfect by becoming man and wife. Had Richard known that Mary Louise refused on the grounds that she was not in love, he might have enjoyed playing billiards more. Dudley escorted his lost lady home and feeling that he was the most cruelly unappreciated man in his experience, left on a late train that night.

A week later Richard Cabot, after a hot game of tennis with the popular Mary Louise, proposed a "love game for life." Mary Louise refrained from saying that she was "deucedly impressed" but felt it to "her advantage" not to accept the challenge, but though she was very polite and deeply touched, Richard Cabot decided the next day that the Cotocheset was a "dead place" and rather than "loaf around any longer," preferred to go home and play golf with his father. Mrs. F-Jones, noticing that Mary Louise did not act like herself, sighed, and advised her to take raw-eggs between meals.

It was a glorious moonlight night. Mary Louise had observed this to her partner as they came out into the air to refresh themselves after a dance. Her partner observed that it was also much too hot to dance. The result of both observations was that they decided to go canoeing.

In the course of paddling, Mary Louise had observed that she preferred to "drift." Benjamin Jaynes, (that was her partner's name, and he came from the west) liked to drift too. He gazed into the moonlit path and then into Mary

Louise's face. "Mary Louise," he said, "Will you marry me?"

Mary Louise gazed into the moonlit path too. Her heart thumped a little. "I had rather marry you than any man in the world," she said softly, "I—I decided so last June at commencement."

"The second time we met?" asked Benjamin eagerly.

Mary Louise nodded.

"I have thought of you every hour since then," he said and added incredulously, "And *you*!"

"I tried to forget you," confessed Mary Louise, "for how was I to know—"

We must leave them at this juncture where "he should take her in his arms" for since canoes are prone to tip he could not. He should not have proposed until they were on dry land—but this is a true story!

Mrs. F-Jones wrote a long letter to her husband that night which concluded "And to think, Mansfield, they both had made up their minds last June!" Mrs. F-Jones did not mean to seem resentful, but the doctor smiled to himself the next morning when he read it, and we can forgive him if he muttered under his breath, "I knew Mary Louise could manage her own chances!"

On this eventful moonlight night as Mrs. F-Jones was about to fall into a contented but bewildered slumber, in spite of a persistent desire to plan how they could arrange the library for a wedding—and whether they must ask all the village etc.—etc., a wide awake voice from the adjoining room called, "Mother!"

"Yes," murmured Mrs. F-Jones condescendingly.

"Did you know that the hotel-clerk is a millionaire's son? Just did it for a lark, Ben says!"

"Well, I declare," murmured her mother, but suddenly a few seconds later, she called, "Mary Louise, what does Ben's father do?"

"Why," answered Mary Louise, "haven't you heard Ben talk about their dairy farm? Ben's his father's partner."

SKETCHES

THE PRELUDE

DOROTHY HOMANS

A garden in April is a "lovesome thing God wot!" A garden in February to the Philistine is merely a matter of freshly turned earth, black from recent rains, bare of beauty and smacking of the dust from which we spring. A thought that does not cheer Philistines. To those who look upon out-of-doors, no matter what the season, as a lover looks upon his lady's face, his blood a-tingle, whether she is of a beauty that strikes the eye at the first glance, as Helen's loveliness must have blazed upon Paris, or whether she is very still and her charm is a whip-poor-will one, difficult to catch; the fine reserved beauty of the bare branches of apple-trees against a blue-gray sky, of the dim colored hills gaunt and free for the first time from the winter's snow has as strong and tender an appeal as leafy woods in a time when the earth has a very evident beauty.

Gardens, in these last days of February, are to be watched. They are rich with dear secrets. It is for the "great lover" to discover them.

In one garden, that belonged to a gabled house of dark-red brick, a few leaves left from last autumn had drifted into a corner made by the garden wall and a lilac bush. The shriveled leaves, like poor relations, looked ashamed of themselves. For the rest, the garden had a look of austere neatness, but there was a certain kindness under the severity of the neat paths and flower-beds that perhaps the cell of St. Francis of the Birds might have had had. There were no human beings in

the garden, so a faun who sat on the red brick wall, piped for quite a long time. That is, it was a long time for a creature of the woods. As a rule they are as restless as poplar leaves.

The faun had brown furry thighs, the color of a chestnut burr. He clapped his cloven hoofs against the wall in time to his piping. After a while he laid aside his pipes and listened. His pointed ears twitched back and forth. He heard a silly mole burrowing under the ground. He caught the sound of a butterfly breathing in a silver-gray cocoon which hung on the branch of a near-by tree.

It is a fine thing to be a faun, although like being a mortal person, it has its disadvantages. A faun is proficient only in the art of getting pleasure out of life, he never knows the bracing cold-water effect that pain has on the soul. Yet there are times, when I should relish being a faun. For whenever a faun seeks the woods, it is because he loves them. Human beings usually seek them because their peace and their "green felicity" heal hearts that are beyond the power of a doctor. But when you take medicine, you are in too amazed a state to enjoy the color of it. So to know the woods you must be a faun.

Suddenly the faun leaned over and peered into the garden. His bright black eyes gleamed hither and thither. He heard a narcissus-shoot that believed spring had come, pushing its way through the earth. For sheer joy at the thought of the plant's greenness, the faun began to sing,

Spring
Blue-bird's wing
Solomon's seal
Do you feel
The call of Spring?

When the faun had finished his song, he twisted about on the wall and saw a flock of wild geese flying north. There is one thing a faun cannot do. That is—fly. In fact, the idea of this lack of wings is the nearest thing to sorrow in a faun's life. So, to show the geese that he was not small beer and could cover space as well as they, he leaped off the wall, scattering clods of earth with his hoofs as he struck the ground. A

moment later he was skipping up a hill. That afternoon, on his return home from his daily walk, the rector, a worthy man, whose greatest dissipation was buttered crumpets, told his wife that he had seen a large brown rabbit leaping across the meadows, and a starling had whistled.

All of us make a mistake once in a while, even if we deliver an excellent sermon every Sunday morning and are punctual at our prayers.

The prelude had been played. It had passed through one of the rector's slightly deaf ears and out of the other, changed to a tune such as you may hear any day played on a penny whistle.

If I let myself think much about it I should feel discouraged and never try a prelude of my own. But perhaps the song did seem beautiful to the rector, only it was hard for a man whose hair was becoming one of the things that are not, to talk in phrases of lyric ecstasies. I hope so. If that is the case the rector is a better man for his afternoon walk and sometime perhaps it will show in his sermon and then I shall no longer nod in my pew, like a Chinese Mandarin. I shall listen with my soul to the rector's prelude.

A DEVIL TO A GHOST

BERNARDINE ALGERT KEISER

How white you are
Poor Ghost!
The street-light glows
Through all your swathed linen folds,
And in the fog your deep eyes make appeal
That you are lost—
Poor Ghost!

Reply

How gay you are,
Poor Fiend!
Yet ennui grows
In every mocking smile your wan face holds.
But I—though tombstone prove me all unreal—
Yet have my dreams—
Poor Fiend!

THE LOST PULLMAN

PAULINE FRANCES POLLITT

"My dears, I must tell you all about it. I have had an experience. You have all read about it, because it held, for two days, the center of the first page, with big headlines, of all the metropolitan dailies throughout the country. I refer to the incident of the 'Lost Pullman,' during the terrible blizzard which raged for two days on December 23rd and 24th. You all remember that after midnight of the 22nd not a single train was moved over the great trunk lines between New York and Washington, nor over many other lines, till just before midnight of the 24th. But the most serious phase of the storm was that all wires were down and there was absolutely no telegraphic or telephonic communication. This of itself would have made the moving of trains hazardous, even had not the great depth of snow-fall soon after midnight absolutely blocked the moving of all railroad rolling stock. By half past twelve, every steam snow-plow on the B. & T., R. & P. and Delewanna railroads had become powerless. The twenty-seven inches, on the level, of wet snow, with fifteen to twenty feet in many cuts, had made a snow-blockade in the central east the like of which had never before been seen since railroads were built.

But, my dears, you have read all this; what I started out to tell you was about the Lost Pullman. You recall in the stories of the great snow-fall there was an accident—all the newspapers made a feature of the Lost Pullman car, Eleanor, with its twenty-four passengers, conductor and porter, who were lost to the world for forty-seven and one-half hours.

Well, I was one of those twenty-four passengers!

It is an old story now; certainly not so interesting as it was during those two days afterwards when every newspaper had given its special representatives instructions to find that car; when every powerful means at the disposal of the B. & T. railroad was being put into operation to locate the inmates of the

car, who were supposed to be near-frozen; and when thousands of wires, on all lines that happened not to be down, were madly pouring in for information. Anyway, I will tell you about it.

As some of you know through letters written during the vacation, I missed my train when I reached New York on the 22nd. So I went up to the home of my Aunt Elizabeth on Madison Avenue. My, but I was glad to see her, after three months of not a single glance at or glimpse of any 'home' person! My Aunt Elizabeth is a strict disciplinarian; and although when I was a very little girl at her house and she would make me 'walk a chalk line,' I used to wonder how much longer she would live, I can tell you I had forgotten all about that when I saw her. And I think she was as glad to see me as I was to see her. It is disgressing; but I recall saying to her on the day she celebrated her forty-eight birthday that I hoped she would live to be fifty.

Aunt Elizabeth was darling! I never knew before how dear she was. She had a splendid dinner. And after much coddling of me, and after being loaded with Christmas presents both for myself and for my mother, I was started in the family carriage for the Baltimore & Transylvania Station. You know, in some ways Aunt Elizabeth still lives in the past—the Madison Avenue elegancies of thirty years ago. She will not have an automobile—she says Michael would not know how to run one, and that he does know how to drive horses. Be it known that Michael has been in the family forty-five years, having been engaged as coachman by my grandfather the year before my mother was born. Michael was given minute instructions to see me safely aboard the 10.30 p. m. Monumental Express. Phoebe, Aunt Elizabeth's maid (for the last twenty-five years) was sent along to carry my bundles and incidentally, to see that "Bess' child" (you know, 'Bess' is Aunt Elizabeth's pet name for my mother) got safely started on the last lap of her journey to Baltimore.

I have not yet found out how Aunt Elizabeth succeeded in getting me a lower berth, as every Pullman on every imaginable train was crowded, and the missing of my connection

prevented my having a reservation. But I have heard it hinted that she has owned for many years a snug block of stock of the Baltimore & Transylvania. Certain it is that she must know some of the high officials very intimately; for she called up Vice-President and General Passenger Agent Bowden of the Road and told him she wanted a lower berth for her niece to Baltimore. Evidently he could have none placed at his disposal; for she said, 'Now, I simply must have a lower on that Monumental Express, tonight, for Baltimore.' And then, 'thank you.' At any rate, I was deposited in lower 7, car 'Eleanor'—and by eleven o'clock, after an exciting day, I was fast asleep.

The next thing I knew the conductor was walking through the car asking everybody to remain in their berths for at least a half hour longer. The request awoke me, although apparently everybody else in the car was awake and astir. I raised my blind and peered out. What a sight! The car was standing still. The snow was banked up almost to the car windows. It was evidently day, although it was snowing so hard that one could not see ten feet away. I have never seen such blinding snow. The car seemed cold; the conductor was explaining that the steam heat from the engine had been disconnected. Straining my eyes, trying to see through the driving snow, I could make out the dim outlines of a large pile of ties, with the porter busily making a fire out of them. I began to get busy to discover why we were standing out here, apparently in utter isolation, instead of being in Union Station, Baltimore. And, my dears, here is what I found out; the Monumental Express is due at Brook Bound, N. J., at 11.40 p. m. At this junction point the train re-makes up, two sleepers being detached to go west over the Central of Pennsylvania, while a third goes east to Atlantic City. Each of these trains were made up and departed; while in the switching operations, just why I suppose no one will ever know, the Eleanor was left on a siding, and the Express pulled out without it. I have since heard that the Express did not miss it until the train had reached Trenton, by which time it was itself blocked by the snow, and all wires were down.

There was an ample food supply on the car for a limited time, but there was no heat and no way of making any except with the small supply of Pintsch gas stored in the buffet of the car for cooking purposes. Happily, there was that immense pile of railroad ties, right at hand! An inventive porter (I shall never forget that porter!) had taken the hot water boiler of the car to the ties, built an immense fire around it and connected up a steam pipe between it and the steam coils of the car. It was certainly a stationary boiler, all right. In a few minutes it was successfully doing the work for which it was set up—and it continued to do it for the next twenty-four hours, thanks to the porter and an ample supply of railroad ties. I might add that after the Pintsch gas gave out, the large soup tureen of the buffet was taken backwards and forwards from car to fire outside, and all our coffee, soup and whatever else in the way of hot food we ate, was cooked in that tureen on those burning ties.

As much as I wanted to be in Baltimore, I began to see the humor of the situation. And I think you would, too, if you could have heard and seen the things I did, going on in that car. There was a cigar drummer on his way home to Danville, Va., to spend the Holidays. He was one of those stout, bluff, good-natured individuals, who is always trying to help everybody else. For instance, he was already promising two youngsters, about four and six, that in case they did not reach home in time for 'Santa Claus,' there'd be a tree in that car, and they should hang up their stockings on the car door, and as to Santa, why, 'this is just the weather, with his reindeer, that he likes.' Then there was Dr. John Botts (Ph. D., L. L. D., Cc. D. and I don't know what else) at the head of the department of Geology at James Hopkins University. He was explaining to Miss Vivian Marsh the phenomena of the storm. Be it known that Dr. Botts is long, angular and sixty—and a bachelor. Now, Miss Marsh was a debutante of last season and since last August she has been in New York preparing for the stage. I don't know which was more interesting, the professor's growing friendship for Miss Marsh, or the drummer's antics with the Sands children. I don't think Dr.

Botts had ever before been in such close quarters with such a pretty girl. At least, if he had, no occasion like this had before made him aware of it; while to Miss Marsh Dr. Botts was a new species of the genus homo. And would you believe it, my dears, within thirty-six hours that was a 'case'—and I am told Miss Marsh has abandoned her stage ambitions. Another passenger was an Episcopalian clergyman from Yonkers, on his way to Annapolis to conduct Christmas morning services in Old St. Anne's church. And there was a 'florid' gentleman—you know, there must always be a 'florid' gentleman. This one was stout, with an important look, as though he couldn't possibly be anything less than a bank president, perhaps a member of the Cabinet. He puffed and blew, and charged up and down the aisle, and declared how he would make this railroad 'pay for this,' and the damages were in several figures, much inflated with wind. There was a sweet-faced little teacher, going to her home in Baltimore—she was connected with the Teachers' College. Two Columbia students, en route to their home in Washington, lent color—and variety. Then, of course, there was the 'silent' man—slender, uncertain age, dark, apart. And an old lady who couldn't find her hand bag—and the drummer had to look for that, while the florid gentleman growled. If she did not find that hand-bag she would never be able to go on—as though there were either any signs or prospects of such a thing—and her son and daughter-in-law would mourn her present anchorage from far-away Frederick. Anyway, there were twenty-four of us, all told—and we were surely a variety of the human race.

All things considered, our breakfast was a rather jolly affair, except for the spluttering, important, florid man. Everybody had more or less accepted the philosophy of the situation. Introductions were in order and very soon everyone was chattering with everyone else. A bountiful breakfast of steaming coffee, toast, eggs and bacon, and afterwards everybody seemed to be in fine humor. The drummer insisted upon riding the children 'pig-a-back'; Miss Marsh gave a theatrical recitation which demonstrated the wisdom of her later decision to abandon stage ambitions; the Columbia boys sang

songs and told ancient jokes; even the florid gentleman stopped growling, and settled back with a book.

But I am not going to weary you with the rest of my story for the newspapers have told it better than I can. The day wore on, we had lunch; and then, as you recall, Mr. J. Sylvester Bordan, about night, 'discovered' us. Everybody gives Mr. Bordan credit for owning a controlling interest in the Baltimore & Transylvania. Most people know he owns a palatial country home in New Jersey; and it so happens that it is located within a half mile of Brook Bound. Mr. Bordan and family, with a whole retinue of servants, had come over from New York to spend the Holidays in his country home. By some underground route he had learned of the plight of the "Eleanor's" passengers; and his farm keepers, chauffeurs, etc., had finally plowed a way out to the car, and in Mr. Bordan's five machines we were invited, I believe the message he called out (for he came with the machines) 'commanded' to go up to his home as his guests till train service should be re-established. When we got to the home—and such a home!—we were told that it was 'ours,' so long as we were in it, absolutely.

Again referring to the press: it has told you what a remarkable ball we had that night, lasting until 2 A. M. I shall never forget the dance Mr. 'florid' man had with Mrs. Old Lady who-lost-her-reticule; nor how the Clergyman showed he had not forgotten a thing or two, as he guided Miss Marsh hither and yon. You will recall the papers gave two columns, two days later, to this remarkable ball, at Mr. Bordan's. Nor was the day following any less interesting. Everybody by this time was an old friend of everybody else, including the Bordans. Even the teacher was accused of losing her primness, and the man who had been silent consented to sing a solo. The Bordans were so pleased—so they said—that they insisted the same party must be an annual event, at the Bordan home—at which suggestion, Dr. Botts and Miss Marsh cast meaning glances at each other, and the florid gentleman forgot to grumble and the drummer danced a hornpipe.

But with all the commingled joy of that day, the one thing

that was unalloyed joy was to hear the tingling of Mr. Bordan's telephone, about ten o'clock that night, and in twenty minutes thereafter his private telegraph wire began to tick—and in less than a half hour the newspaper offices all over the country had found us. A little after twelve our car had an engine attached to it, instructions having gone out from traffic headquarters to give the special right of way, it having been manned with the picked crew of the Road. We bade goodbye to our remarkable host, and our special was speeding towards its destination, forty-eight hours behind time.

When I reached Union Station, Baltimore, 6.30 A. M., my whole family was there, waiting for me.

And this is the message I sent Aunt Elizabeth: 'Just arrived—safe—and I hope you will live forever.' ”

IMMORTELLE

MARIE EMILIE GILCHRIST

The golden-rod and asters tall
Are crowding out the sad old graves;
And from a mouldering head-stone, see—
The bitter-sweet in triumph waves.
Oh, eager hearts of long ago,
Your histories are all forgot:
Nature reclaims from human hands,
This little, unkempt burial plot.

EVENING BY THE SEA

ELLEN BODLEY JONES

(“Oh for a life of sensations rather than of thoughts!”)

My wish on yonder star?—to be with thee
In close communion to Eternity:
To rest forever on this quiet shore
And live, secure in love, but think no more.

SOME OF DUST AND MORE OF MEMORIES

KATHARINE DOWNER KENDIG

You have known for some time that the books must be dusted, but you have put off the duty as long as possible. You have allowed dust to accumulate until, on the last day of vacation, you feel obliged to enter the library and set to work. From former experience you know what method to follow. You cover your dress with a huge blue and white checked apron, and you place nearby on a chair a bowl of water and a cloth to be dampened in order to wipe the shelves. Then you seize a dry cloth; take down the first few books, dusting them vigorously and laying them aside until such time as they can be replaced on clean shelves.

The directions seem very simple and the following of them you might expect to be very tedious if you had not dusted books before. But you have, and so you know that the task is neither very simple nor at all tedious. In the first place you always have to rearrange books which sometimes have been misplaced so that they are with queer companions. Once a few years ago you had smuggled into the house and secretly perused a book called "Hands and How to Read Them." This had caused much amusement to your family when they discovered you with it, until one day you insisted upon reading their palms, and told them such wonderful fortunes that they let you study the volume henceforth in peace. Somehow this book on palmistry had become stranded in a long row of solemn looking church histories, and its giddy red and yellow cover now seems to call out to rescue it from boredom and its present environment. You remove it quickly, feeling pity both for it and its dignified neighbors.

Mark Twain's "Library of Humor" you find not at all dusty and much worn leaning against a pompous volume "On Population" by Malthus. You have never read that and apparently no one else has for years, as the dust flies forth when you slap its pages together.

Then, too, there is a sad separation in that book-case. The "Life of Samuel Johnson" positively protrudes beyond the limits set by the polite history looks around it, as it attempts in vain to keep a sharp watch on a book by Johnson himself, far away on another shelf. Poor Boswell! You wonder who could have had the heart to place him so far from his companion.

Yes, the books do need rearranging but the task is scercely tedious! At luncheon time your mother finds you far from bored, sitting on the floor eagerly scanning a book so dear to your childhood that only half of its pages remain to tell the tale. It is a book of queer old poems *With Morals* translated from the German and illustrated by pictures brilliantly painted in red and green. Oh! that bad Jimmy Sliderlegs! You remember him well. He persisted despite parental decree, in coming down stairs by the fascinating route of the banister until one day he fell and

"His arms and his legs
Like so many pegs
Flew about in the air
Now here and now there!
And all that was left was a lock of his hair!

You always used to wonder exactly what happened to the rest of him, but that even your father could not tell you.

You see, too, that musty little set of fairy tales that used to belong to an aunt of yours when she was a child. You used to love them better even than your much-loved tales by Hans Anderson or Grimm and you used to try with painstaking care to write stories like its queer little fanciful tales. You discover Lewis Carroll's "Hunting of the Snark" also dustless and dog-eared. Your father used to say that you could test the sense of humor and the common sense of people, by reading them about that snark who was really a boojum, and watching their expression as the "fits" were in progress. You dust all these beloved books very carefully and you laugh again at the funny picture of Alice in Wonderland—the one where she has suddenly grown extremely tall—and you have to read at least one story in "Dream Days" before you proceed to books less familiar.

There are rows of those books that you have never read—you hate to think how many. Some you are promising yourself the pleasure of reading as soon as possible, some you are sure you will never open, except to dust, unless you are required by some strict college course to do so.

At last peeping out from behind some big tall books you find "Pride and Prejudice." Since someone found out that you love Jane Austen, she has presented you with a beautiful new leather set. But the book is the old homely copy that years ago you opened for the first time and saw such a beautiful man that you were encouraged to read. You read all that afternoon, and the only thing that disappointed you was that Mr. Darcy reformed at the end. He was much nicer before he reformed, you thought. Your father laughed when you said so, but he did not disagree.

At last you dust Dickens' Works carefully. Your father used to say—Ah! that is the charm of poring over these books. All of them are fraught with memories of what your father used to say. You recall vividly the evenings when you used to sit as near him as you possibly could and listened to him read you wondrous tales. You have always hated to hear anyone else read aloud. But when he read, you never grew tired. That Awful Man who pushed little Oliver Twist through the window! A tiny ghost of former shudders runs through you as you pick up the book. And you remember funny, old "Cap'n Cuttle" too, and Dombey's little son. There were other evenings also when the grown-ups read aloud long stupid sentences and you were far more interested in playing "brownies" or "Kings and Queens" with your brother than in listening to the stupid old books. And there were still other evenings when your father told you thrilling escapades of his youth and of college days while your mother smiled in disbelief. But you and your brother sit wide-eyed and listened while always at the end of the tale came the invariable comment "More, father! More!"

The older you grew the more you and your father read together, and you began to discuss the books in a grown-up way. At last you pick up "Les Miserables" and start to dust it.

You were still reading "Les Miserables" together that summer when—your throat suddenly feels all queer and the titles of the books on the next shelf look a little blurred as you hastily replace the volume and begin to dust very fast indeed—a long while later you had finished "Les Miserables" by yourself.

It is later in the afternoon before you place the last dusted book back on the last cleaned shelf, and pick up the bowl of water and the dusters preparatory to leaving the room. As you go through the door you sigh a wee sigh and give one final glance back in silent farewell for a time to the books that hold for you such happy memories—memories connected with one other memory so infinitely more dear.

That evening at dinner someone sympathizes with you.

"It's a shame to spend the last day of vacation dusting books!" she says, "You must have hated it!"

You look across the table to your mother and smile, and your mother smiles quietly back at you, because—well, of course she knows and understands.

"Quite the contrary!" you say politely to the sympathizer.

ABOUT COLLEGE

THE GIRL AND THE WASHINGTON ODE

ADELAIDE HERIOT ARMS

The girl was ambitious. She was also a Junior. She imagined that she was a poet. These are the three requisites for writing a Washington Ode—and the girl stayed in all one glorious afternoon to write.

She first read an hour on the history of George Washington—"for," she thought, "I must be accurate because when it is read in the *Monthly* and all the newspapers, people will criticise it and some persons are so particular about facts." From the history, she learned that George Washington crossed the Delaware and that he was the father of his country.

The girl then went to the Library and read a book on "Forms of Odes." This was rather difficult to understand so she thought it would be a good idea to use Wordworth's *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality* as a model. "The metre of that," thought the girl, "has a good swing and I can recite such poems best. I must take my voice training regularly until the twenty-second, so that I shall gain good control of my diaphragm. It would be terrible if people couldn't hear. Of course all the family will sit in front—won't they be proud!—but—", the girl sighed—it was not a sigh of weariness—it was a sigh of fame-longing mingled with ecstasy over the possibility of attainment.

The first part of the Ode did not deal with Washington—the title warned the audience of what was to come. It dealt with the joys of the New Year and youth's aspiration and finally with War, war notorious, war glorious and war laborious. The girl used a rhyming dictionary which she found very inspiring. The second part of the Ode was the connecting part. It was very poetic and led gradually up to Washington. It began with the Pilgrim Fathers and told of their sorrows, their joys and aspirations. Here the girl had many thoughts which rhymed so naturally that she actually used poetic license with-

out realizing it,—like putting G. W. for George Washington. She compared Washington to a gardener who planted the seeds of Peace, and slavery to brown-tail moths. This was symbolic, of course.

By dinner time the Ode was done, except for the last stanza. The girl ate her dinner in true poetic fashion and talked thus,—

"I'm nearly dead—, Will'st pass the bread? I don't read the war news, It gives me the blues!—'Tis futile to sputter—So pass me the butter." Her friends were "thrilled" when she told them of her attempt at writing *the* Ode and she was so modest about it that they were all sure she would get it.

After dinner the girl went immediately to work again. She wrote a great many lines and thought a great many thoughts but she could not think of a satisfactory ending, for she wished it to be very impressive and inspiring. The thought would not come and at last the girl went to bed. She dreamed that Washington chased her up a cherry tree and then cut it down and when she begged him to spare her, he told her to "shut up"—then all of a sudden she seemed to be standing in John M. Greene Hall in her Gym suit. There were a great many people there who sang "'mid purple in triumph waving" and *she* seemed to be the "triumph." She tried to thank them but Washington again told her to "shut up" whereupon she actually did begin to "shut up" but discovered that she was merely doing exercises for her diaphragm.

At chapel, the girl had a real inspiration. A member of the Philosophy Department led chapel. It was to him that she owed the inspiration. She would make her Ode *logical* as well as *poetic*. Therefore the last stanza should be a summary of the whole. She would repeat one thought from each stanza and that would give to the whole a logical aspect. When the girl walked up the aisle from Chapel she looked so joyful and yet so modest that the Sophomores in the back row thought she had made a club! That morning in English class, she sighed so many sighs of longing-for-fame mingled with the ecstasy of possible attainment that the instructor asked her if she were tired!

On the way home from class, she passed through the college orchard back of Hatfield House. She gazed reflectively at the trees and a thought came to her. Her seeds of Peace should grow into trees like those and "o'er shadow all the earth." This was a truly patriotic thought; it was also individual and *aspiring* as well as *inspiring*. The girl was very grateful to the orchard.

Two weeks later, the girl went to the note room. On the board she found her Washington Ode. A note accompanied it. The note thanked the girl "in behalf of the class but—" The girl threw the note and the Ode into the waste-basket and sighed heavily. It was a sigh of longing, longing for fame mingled with resignation to existing circumstances.

LAMENT FOR A POOR CHOICE

MARGERY SWETT

Just because I saw a rosy banner,
Just because I listened to the din,
Martial music, and a gilded eagle—
I begged to be let in.
*Outside the wind had hushed to sleep the night,
And left it guarded by the star host bright!*

I held a penny flag tight in my hand,
"This is a wave that overruns our land,"
I said, as speech on speech was made,
"And all this talk, illogical, rhetoric,
Far-fetched and sentimental, may at length become historic."
And so I stayed,
Through arguments for peace in terms of war.
Outside a waiting telescope was pointed at a star.

Rosy lights and melodies lure us where we go,
Gilded birds and palms and ferns, profuse—and stuck just so!
Stars are as we like them best,—five-pointed, in a row!
We make the world we live in, and we paint it very bright,
And try to add to sunset all the splendor of the night!
We trust to such creations to help the crowd think right!
And so I stayed to help the rest in singing off a tune,
*Outside I might have seen the ring, the fairies make before they sing
Around the winter moon!*

CONCERNING THE UKULELE

ELEANOR BERNICE BABCOCK

An ukulele is a Hawaiian musical instrument. In shape it is like a guitar, in size it is like a violin. In tone it is like nothing else under the wide heavens unless it be a laughing hyena. I have never heard a laughing hyena, therefore I make the exception.

My roommate and I have an ukulele. That is, my roommate has the instrument and I take lessons on it imparting to her free of charge the great fund of knowledge which I gain. I have had one lesson.

My instructor gave me a little gray book entitled, "How to play the Ukulele." Inside it I found rows of little up-and-down marks with words written above them. The words were about "drowsy waters" and "farewell to thee." I didn't want to play about "drowsy waters." I wanted to play about "nineteen-eighteen." Since necessity is the mother of invention I made the gratifying discovery that if I played the up-and-down marks of "drowsy waters" and sang "nineteen-eighteen" loud enough, the result was not so bad as one might expect.

The ukulele is not hard to play. One simply coaxes the instrument and sounds are emitted, which are called "chords" by the initiated. First you cuddle the handle of the thing up close to your left shoulder and tap it gently with your left hand while you massage its middle with the thumb and forefinger of your right hand. During this process you sing to it softly. It positively will not play a tune unless it is having someone sing to it. It is very firm on this point. If the song you are singing does not harmonize with the accompaniment which the ukulele is emitting at the time, change the song. This is by far the simpler way.

You will have deduced that musical ability is not at all necessary for one who wishes to play the ukulele. There is only one thing that is necessary. One must possess a voice loud enough to drown out the sound of the ukulele.

GATHER YE ROSEBUDS

(A Study in Applied Sociology)

MARIE LUISE VON HORN

Since this is leap-year the question of marriage is of course near to every maiden heart, whether or not its owner will admit it. I happened to think of marriage because of a criticism of college life which a lecturer made. To the untutored mind of "the man-in-the-street" this connection may not be exactly apparent, but it really exists quite rationally. The man said something to the effect that one of the weakest points of college students was their failure to apply what they learned in the classroom to the problems of life, to make it a part of their mental furniture,—to incorporate it in their Philosophy of Life. I began to take an inventory of my mental furniture and decided that I would endeavor to provide for a somewhat less sparsely settled apartment. Since then I have applied what I learn in my classes quite strictly to my daily life. This accounts for my speculations about marriage. You see, I trace lines of thought for associational analysis (applied psychology). I wondered if I had a Philosophy of Life; it sounded very deep and mysterious rather as if one had been disappointed in love. If one must have had a disappointment in love, however, in order to have a Philosophy of Life, I'm afraid I can't have one because I've never been in love and as far as I know no one has been in love with me. Of course someone might be concealing his admiration for me until he could earn enough to support me in the position to which I have been accustomed. I've heard of that in books but hardly in real life, in fact I'm sure I haven't when the object of adoration had freckles and a nondescript nose. But to pass to less personal considerations and resume my former train of thought, from love, I naturally began to think about marriage. At this point my roommate who had been studying advanced "Sosh" got up mumbling something about "those statistics being an awful bore" and flung herself out for a walk. She left

her book open on the desk, and idly glancing at it, I strangely enough caught sight of the word "marriage" (I was aided by apperceptive faculties.) In view of my rambling thoughts on the subject I decided to see what the book could contribute to my mental furniture.

Did you ever have an "epochal moment?" I think I had one because when I finished looking at the book, if I did not have a Philosophy of Life, at least I had a Purpose in Life. It was to marry. Now I had had very serious thoughts about a vocation after college; I had wanted to be a kindergarten teacher, or a Friendly Visitor or a Suffrage speaker, something unselfish, and independent and for a *Cause*. I wanted to do something to uplift Humanity. And after reading that book, (it was a text book and the figures were taken from the United States Census, so I'm sure it must be quite reliable) I decided that it was Woman's Highest Duty to *marry*. One of the statistical tables showed that there is a much lower death rate among married than unmarried men. Now we need men in order to protect us in case of war—a well known speaker on Preparedness said so, and of course it is our duty to our country to preserve the army.

But more important than this, because of course we may not get into a war at all, the figures show a much lower proportion of criminals in the married population. Now I never had any particular desire to commit a crime, nor had any of the men I know, and I'm quite sure there is no such trait in the family (although one great, great something-or-other was said to have *drunk* quite shockingly). However, it would not be safe to wait for an actual desire to commit a crime because it might be too late, and I'm sure it is agreed that prevention is better than alleviation. I was rather puzzled by the next table which showed that there were more married women in this country than married men, because you'd naturally think they'd be the same, at least I should, but then I've never studied advanced "Sosh."

But passing from generals to particulars (that's philosophy) I began to wonder just which one of my men friends I should save. George is coming up for Glee Club, but he is

rather athletic and is on teams and all that, so I'm afraid he'd hardly understand if I told him I wanted to prolong his life. Still, I suppose it would be quite matter of fact and business-like—a simple agreement to promote longevity and prevent murder, or arson and all that sort of thing. One of the girls announced her engagement last week, and she had a perfectly stunning ring, but I suppose that would be out of place. Still the self-sacrifice and noble motives would be very commendable, and ought to compensate for the merely feminine insignia. I began to be quite thrilled at the thought of the benefit to humanity and social uplift to which I should be devoting my life.

My roommate came in at this point, and I told her about my plan. I thought that she would be very enthusiastic because she's intensely interested in social work, but she only got cross and said that the statistics were not meant to be interpreted that way, and that I'd better let "Sosh" alone and go back to poetry where I was more at home. However, I think that she was just "peevish" because she hadn't thought of it herself, first. But you see, it all goes back to the failing of students to apply what they learn to the Problems of Life.

SABBATH THOUGHTS

MARIE EMILIE GILCHRIST

When sundry hymns in sundry keys on Sunday morn one hears—
One wonders if the angels stick their fingers in their ears!

REVIEWS

Although Lee Wilson Dodd, "our Mr. Dodd," has had a play produced this winter, he has not been too busy to collect for publication a volume of his poems, written during the past several years, and published separately in various magazines and in the *New York Tribune*. These poems are varied in subject matter and in treatment, and they reveal much that is interesting of personality and of charm. In *The Middle Miles* is found a theme not often chosen, and the undaunted philosophy of the lines is refreshing to a reader weary of "Spoon River" depressions—

"Thirty-five years is not very long—
Just half or more of the way to death;
But the sultry middle-miles of the way
Are alien miles to the heart of a song."

And again—

"Because we remember young April's rain,
May-tide flowers, June's volatile sweetness,
And dare to know we shall know again
Joy, but joy in a grave completeness;

* * * * *

Oh friend
It is our faith the middle miles must end."

In another poem, "Only Not to be Too Early Old" there are lines that haunt one for their very beauty of cadence and expression.

"Only not to be too early old:
Only not to feel too soon the day
Emptied of all desire, unyielding gray;
Only not to sink too weary and cold
For fireside mirth, for friendly talk, for free
Soul-kindling thought, "about it and about;"
Nay, I would rather end life in a rout,
Stricken low by folly, dropping with a laugh,
Than creep thus tamely out
Trailing the tatters of my mystery
To the dull cadence of an epitaph."

Two poems in the volume are perhaps most typically American. "Mirella Dances" is a tale in rhyme of New York's lower East Side, of Broadway and of

"Sadie Bimberg, that's her name
Down on Houston Street—"

The suggestion of dialect, and the changes of rhyme scheme to fit sense throughout, help to make this poem interesting in itself as well as for its subject matter. The other poem is the "Lament of a New England Art Student," written in Paris, and expressing the strange discontent of a man whose Puritan blood is thrilled and yet repelled by the romance of the Quarter, and the inconsequential happiness of being "French and twenty." The lines have a singing quality that is delightful, and the words a melody that lingers in the memory—

"But woe is me, my forebears chose to agonize and pray
To a God who lived on vengeance in a most appalling way,
Who kept a strong fire burning, for souls that couldn't kill
The joy of life within them:—and I am suff'ring still
Because in lonely Salem-town they agonized and prayed
To be delivered from the wiles of Satan and a maid."

Nor should Mr. Dodd's child poems, be overlooked. "To Doris" and "Incognita" in particular, with their delicate portrayal of the whims of childhood and of the depths of parent love, show him to have a very real love for children, and should appeal to everyone who shares this love. In the verses dealing with the war, Mr. Dodd's point of view is particularly unique, in that he does not write from the trenches, of the actualities there, nor imagine, from a safer situation, horrors which he has not seen. He has, moreover, escaped the pitfall of sentimentality into which many current poets of the latter type have stumbled. He writes as one of us, to whom the war is, strangely enough, palpably unreal, far removed and almost inconceivable. But he presents vividly the flashes of realization, swift and terrible, that now and again force themselves upon our consciousness, and break in upon our passive enjoyment of an uninterrupted round of life—

"'Five hundred slain,'
Round numbers have a way
Of muffling up the nerves."

EDITORIAL

The question of chapel attendance is such an old one that I can fairly see you flip over the page in quick annoyance as you read the first line. There has been so much discussion about it, so many public opinions in the *Weekly* and so many gentle reminders from the platform that it seems as if there couldn't be anything left to say on the subject. I agree with you and I do not pretend to offer anything new. But there is one phase of the question which it seems to me has not been sufficiently considered. In the public opinions, the importance of meeting the requirements of the College, and of being strictly honest in the filling out of our chapel cards has been emphasized. But we hear comparatively little about the connection of chapel attendance with our spiritual college life and it is this that I ask you to think about today.

What then, does chapel really mean to you and to me and to the seventeen hundred others of us who are popularly supposed to betake ourselves to John M. Greene Hall six mornings a week? Is it merely a comfortably acquired habit, a time spent in improving chance acquaintances, or a splendid opportunity to keep in touch with the affairs of the College? I can not believe that this is all it means even to the most careless of us. "Why do you like to go to chapel?" I recently asked a girl who has not missed a day this year. "Oh because—because it starts the day so well," she replied, rather vaguely. "How does it start it 'well?'" I insisted. The girl, who is not gifted with the art of self-expression floundered about in dismay. "Oh, you know what I mean," she said at last, "You must have felt it yourself. It's the one

chance you have in the whole day to be quiet and peaceful. You can collect your thoughts or if you haven't any to collect, it's nice to sit there and do nothing but—well just sit. You can forget about the written that's coming at nine, and about how mad you were that you didn't get in to breakfast. Why I wouldn't miss chapel for anything. I think it and the ten o'clock rule are the two things that keep us going up here."

And here I think that she has put her finger on the most vital point in the whole subject. Our morning service is a real inspiration to us all. It is consciously recognized as such by some of us while others of us carry away only an indefinite impression of something fine and very different from the other hours of our more or less hurried days. It is, as my friend expressed it, one of things that "keeps us going." One of the most precious gifts that college holds for us is a kind of high courage, an invincible spirit that enables us to try almost anything no matter how impossible it seems. This is renewed and offered afresh to us each morning at our devotional exercises for one cannot help receiving new hope and courage from the feeling of the union of the deepest kind of college loyalty with the reverence of worship which emanates from this general assembly of our college family.

EDITOR'S TABLE

Said the Opinionated Person with emphasis, "Come, let us talk about each other."

Said the group about her more or less idly, "Oh, very well. Go ahead. We'll listen." For they knew the Opinionated Person of old and realized that such a conversation implied a monologue in which they need show only such interest as was convenient to themselves.

"We will begin on Nancy," said the Opinionated Person decidedly. "Now, Nancy, you are narrow-mindeed. That is your worst fault. You do not get all there is out of life when you have your mind made up about everything in advance."

(Please, reader, do not object that no girl would use exactly these words to another girl. The purpose of this tale, as you know if you have ever read the Editor's Table before, is to point a moral. Otherwise it would not appear in this department of the magazine. It would go where the good stories go. You see, you are supposed to be interested in the speakers only as the cloak which hides—and yet reveals—the vital truths I am so cleverly presenting beneath it. The reason I tell you about the disguise now is twofold—first, lest you judge my characters too harshly, and second, because it seems mean to fool you up to the very end of the sermon with the thought that it is a guileless tale.)

But to continue—Nancy looked up, rather surprised, from her knitting on which she had been working at intervals for a year and a half in the hope that it might some day become a muffler for a needy soldier.

"Oh!" she said, "Am I? I don't mean to be." That was an insipid remark. Everyone knew it including the author but it gave the Opinionated Person a chance to say,

"Of course you don't mean to be. You try to be interested in a lot of things I suppose but the trouble is, you have a

biased point of view. For instance, your religion is very old-fashioned. Here in college we are all so modern and broad-minded! It seems almost as if you would agree with us. Now I am ready to discuss my opinions with everyone—”

“And still hang on to your own!” interrupted the Moralist, (who, as you will see, is the one really important in my message, though she irritates the Opinionated Person exceedingly.) The Opinionated Person was annoyed now.

“You show that you do not know me,” she said. “I agree with most people. But Nancy’s ideas are so absurd!”

The Moralist sniffed. “Possibly she is the only one whose ideas are radically different from yours” she suggested. “Besides, she is interested in a great many things, more than the most of us, I fancy, and—”

“But it is very easy to see” cried the Opinionated Person, “that if your beliefs have not changed you have not been thinking. You are narrow-minded in the face of modern thought.”

“According to your definition, modern thought seems to be *your* thought” exclaimed the annoying Moralist. “To be broad-minded is to be intelligently and actively interested in many things. It does not mean that you must conform to the interpretation other people may place on those things. Because you yourself cheaply agree with everyone who has your own opinion, you call yourself broad-minded!”

The Moralist stopped here. This was because the Opinionated Person, vastly disgusted at the interruptions, had left the room. It was also because the promised moral has been pointed, as you will see if you remember what I said concerning the position occupied in the story by the Moralist.

K. D. K.

The trend of fiction in the college magazine is unquestionably toward realism. Too often, however, this ideal is employed as a method rather than as an end. “But realism,” says Stevenson, “is a thing of purposes.” It depends not only upon a choice of original details to nail the impression but upon a care that “the whole tune shall be played.” The realist must not be content to catch one aspect of life—he

must cut through the surface and portray the whole. Since art, limited as it is in method, must always be selective, it becomes the task of the realist to select one aspect of "the face of truth" and recreate it in a work of art.

"Moorings" in the *Occident* is the old theme of a man to whom life denied the hope of realization of his dreams. The struggle takes place in the soul of a factory laborer and the vain dream is to become a sailor. The tragedy is made more poignant because the personal antagonist is his old mother, who in keeping him moored to the dingy home is, from her point of view, right. This is the essence of the tragedy of life: the conflict between two ideas neither of which are in themselves, wrong. In spite of a somewhat obvious use of symbolism, the story is far above the average in conception and treatment.

Suffering by comparison with this story, yet very commendable for its unusual theme and skillful awakening of the emotion of suspense, is "The Balance" in the *Texas Magazine*.

We constantly deplore the fact that college undergraduates are "marooned from the world at large." The editors of college publications rail, and essayists wax ironic yet it seldom does any good. We remain at a nervous tension about ourselves and any broader interests which we feel remain inarticulate. I am inclined to believe that it is not interest which we lack, but powers of expression and the courage of our convictions. Radcliffe has come forth boldly and declared her intense concern for the questions of the day. The Radcliffe magazine publishes, this month, seven articles on current events in the social, political and economic world. These include an admirable essay on the question of preparedness, "The Fool and the Sane Policy" by Adelaide Nichols, a sketch of personal reaction in England toward the war and careful reviews of several war-time books. These articles are not startlingly original, nor for the most part can they lay claim to literary excellence, but they are splendid expressions of the spirit that refuses to remain in libraries and read poems on poplar trees.

E. G.

AFTER COLLEGE

PERSONALS

Contributions to this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in next month's issue, and should be addressed to Eleanor Wild, 36 Green Street, Northampton, Massachusetts.

ENGAGEMENTS

- '11. Marion Southard to William Leavitt Stoddard, son of Professor Stoddard.
Adine Williams to Morris Lambie.
'14. Jennie Luntz to George W. Rabinoff.
'15. Margaret Cary to G. Delaplaine Hall, of Boston.

MARRIAGES

- '11. Ruth Hawley to Harold W. Brown.
Katherine Wilbar to George Benjamin Utter. Address: 40 Grove Avenue, Westerly, Rhode Island.
ex-'11. Isabel Howell to Jay Brown.
'15. Sara Southard to Herbert Woodruff Little, December 27, 1915. Address: 1706 Commonwealth Avenue, Brookline, Massachusetts.
ex-'15. Margaret Ward to Robert Emmet McCabe, January 18, 1916.

BIRTHS

- '08. To Mrs. O. F. Long, (Margaret Kingsley), a daughter, Margaret, February 7, 1916.
'11. To Mrs. Barlow (Gladys Burlingame), a daughter, Alcy Shermon, December 21, 1915.
To Mrs. Hartog (Florence Plant), a daughter, Emma Elizabeth, December 26, 1915.
To Mrs. Jamieson (Julia Chapin), a daughter, Elizabeth Chapin, February 14, 1916.

- '11. To Mrs. Warner (Merle Shidler), a son, Eugene Blair Jr., December 10, 1915.
- ex*-'11. To Mrs. Patton (Madeleine Bullard), a son, Dean Sage Jr., February 27, 1916.
- '13. To Mrs. Much (Rose Baldwin), a son, Charles Braddock, October 24, 1915.
- ex*-'15. To Mrs. J. Morris Daniels, (Alice Jenkins), a son, James Morris, October 13, 1915.

DEATHS

- '12. Grace Kroll, December 25, 1915.

-
- '11. Nancy Barnhart gave an exhibit of illustrations at Douglas Robins Studio in New York on January 24. Her address is 65 Central Park West.

Sara Evans and Elizabeth Duffield are rooming together at the Woman's University Club, New York City.

Helen Estey is instructor in Latin at Washburn College, Topeka, Kansas.

The address of Florence Foster Hall, (Mrs. Harvey Hall), is now 1324 Virginia Street, Charleston, West Virginia.

Mary Gottfried is teaching at the Misses Hebb's School, Wilmington, Delaware. She is also doing work for the Consumer's League and is recording secretary of the Delaware Association of College Women.

The address of Rene Hubinger Timm (Mrs. Alexander Timm), is 3440 Broadway, New York City.

The address of Marjorie Kilpatrick is c/o Mr. Chas. Johnson, Beigenfield, New Jersey.

The address of Audrey Mallett is 130 Claremont Avenue, New York City.

Frederica Mead writes from China: "Ginling College at Nanking is a reality! We opened September 17 and have nine students from four provinces and are expecting another from Szechuen, way in the West. Here is a cordial invitation to any Smith people in this part of the world to come and see us in our Chinese official residence. I am sure you would be charmed with the many courtyards, the picturesquely laticed windows and balconies and the quaint old willow-hung pool in the garden."

Helen Newcomb is teaching English and German at the Central High School in Scranton, Pennsylvania.

- '11. The address of Alice Thompson Currier (Mrs. James S.) is 31 Bliss Road, Newport, Rhode Island.

Margaret Clemens Rollins is State Treasurer in Iowa of the association opposed to Woman's Suffrage.

- '14. Edith Bennett is studying music in New York City with Dudley Buck.

Ruth Bicknell is working with the United Charities of Chicago as a friendly visitor.

Elsie Terry Blanc is doing graduate work in Economics at Smith.

Ruth Brown is studying at the New York State Library School at Albany.

Louise Coulton is production foreman, in charge of 60 women and 8 men, in a men's garment factory, Joseph and Feis Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Gertrude Cranston is teaching English, Latin and French in the Calvert, Maryland High School.

Alice Darrow is studying singing with Dudley Buck.

Eleanor Edson is studying at the New England Conservatory of Music.

Ruth Fisher is doing graduate work at Columbia.

Helen Fisk is assistant secretary in the Yorkville District Office of the New York Charity Organization Society.

Marion Gilmore is teaching at Burnham School and studying French at Smith.

Charlotte Graves is teaching ancient history, algebra and English in Griffith Institute, Springville, New York.

Gladys Hendrie is secretary to one of the Vice-Presidents of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, New York City.

Kathleen Hosmer is teaching college preparatory work in the Maine School for the Deaf, Portland.

Louise Howe is taking a two-year gymnastic course at Wellesley in preparation for teaching.

Margaret Leonard is studying design in Boston.

Sara Loth is substituting in the New York City High Schools and studying for an A. M. in French at Columbia.

Jean Paton is teaching Mathematics in Ansonia High School, Ansonia, Massachusetts.

Grace Patten is teaching History and English in the Franklin, New Hampshire High School.

Ruth Ralston is secretary to Dr. Bowman, Director of the American Geographical Society, New York City.

- '14. Elizabeth Roby is doing vocational teaching in the American Telephone Company, New York City.

Lois Sillesky is supervisor of music in the public schools, Roslyn, Long Island and is studying violin in New York City.

- '15. Lydia Avery is studying at the Sargent School of Physical Education. Address: 37 Mellen Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Bessie Bailey is teaching French and History in Elizabethtown, New York.

Charlotte Baum has a position in the Library of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and is studying at the Art League. Address: The Studio Club of New York, 35 E. 62nd Street, New York, New York.

Helen Safford is teaching Music in the Los Angeles City schools. Address: 743 Kingsley Drive, Los Angeles, California.

Agnes Scribner is teaching in the Berwick Academy, South Berwick, Maine.

Mildred Shakespeare is teaching Mathematics in the High School in Muskegon, Michigan. Address: 225 Jefferson Street.

Eleanor Sibley is studying in the Carnegie Children's Librarians Training School. Address: 153 North Craig Street, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Helen Louise Smith is teaching English in Barron, Wisconsin.

Mary Spencer is teaching Physics at the Winchester School in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

- ex-'15.* Claire Sullivan is Dramatic Editor of the Springfield Homestead. Address: 146 Summer Avenue, Springfield, Massachusetts.

CALENDAR

March 22-April 6. Easter Vacation.

April 8. Alumnæ-Student Rally.

15. Open Meeting of the Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies. Speaker: Mr. Robert Frost.

The
Smith College
Monthly

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Owned and Published by the Senior Class

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THE UNTRIED POWER

MARGERY SWETT

The storm was over, though the waves still plunged savagely against the steep beach where surf-beaten fishes lay dying on the black volcanic sand and strange beetles, green and red, of bright metallic hues, struggled inland, tracking the wet beach with fine waving lines. Occasionally a wave would overtake them, carrying some out to sea and leaving others to begin the struggle again.

Well out of reach of the waves, a man bent over a fire and drew out from the coals a poorly cooked fish which he fed to his only companion, an eager-mouthed child. These two, like

the fishes had been carried ashore by the waves, and like the beetles had struggled toward dry land—but with better success. Now that the man had mastered the second great problem that had confronted him, had built a fire—a long and painstaking process—and had for the first time succeeded in getting food into an edible form, he scanned the beach, his eyes finally resting upon a distant mass of green, which even from the beach suggested a luxuriance of tropical foliage.

Stevens was an Englishman, who had been without family or fortune or responsibility, until a year ago he had been presented with little Bradly, a waif of seven or eight years, together with the information that he, Stevens, was the child's sole relative. Although astounded and incredulous, he was far too inert and too generous to attempt to actively disprove or deny the child's right to maintenance. However, he was rather disconcerted by the new care, as he was just on the point of sailing for Australia. He had been hoarding all his money for that adventure, and found himself unable to pay out enough in advance for the boy's board and lodging for so indefinitely long a time. Moreover, the kind old ladies, toward whom his mind had at first leaped for a solution of the child's future fostering, proved to be not so willing to assume, upon partial payment, the responsibility for a child whose claim to support had been but poorly established and whose guardian was a fellow of slight means and reputation, who was going to a very distant land, to be gone for an uncertain length of time. So perhaps it was not only the child's eager pleadings and joyful excitement over the prospects of visiting strange lands which finally determined Stevens' course of action. Thus it was that together they had started out on their wanderings. Fortunately the child possessed a sturdy constitution and a certain pluckiness. Then too, in his short life he had seen so much neglect that he could not feel very keenly the negligence, crude ignorance and jovial gruffness with which Stevens cared for him.

After a year in Australia had made them close companions, they again made simple preparations for a long journey and started back in a little collier, but they never reached the con-

continent, for the ship was caught in a storm and wrecked off the coast of one of the innumerable islands which form the northern division of the Malayan Archipelago. Thus it was that the two castaways had built their hearth-fire on the black sands of an unknown island.

Having eaten what fish the child had left, Stevens became restless. He glanced at Brad, who, his hunger satisfied, had fallen into an exhausted sleep, put some wood on the fire, and crossed the beach to the foot of a steep bluff. Here he pushed his way through snarls of rushes and vines, hunting for an ascent. At last seeing ahead of him a gradual incline of rock, he burst through the foliage, but upon reaching the open, stopped short, for there on the sand deposited at the foot of the rock was something strangely familiar to Stevens—a large round print. Stevens traced the outlines of the rounded pads, and recalled that, as a boy, he had seen this print in miniature on the snow—the foot prints of a cat! Stevens stood as one paralysed as the realization dawned upon him that this mark had been made by an enormous member of the cat family. Then he fought his way like a mad man back to the beach. No, thank heavens the child was still unharmed, sleeping as children might sleep in lands where there is no danger. Stevens threw himself down beside the child panting.

For many days the two lived by the seaside. Here, Stevens felt sure that any wild animals could be seen from a considerable distance, and at night the fire would keep them off, though he erected snares around the fire, rude things only planned to make a stealthy approach impossible—his sleep was very light now. Here, dependent on the fish the waves washed up and the fruit that grew along the edge of the beach, for the present at least, they could live. But most important of all, Stevens found a rock of such a shape that it was possible to bind it securely to a stout stick, thus fashioning a heavy club which a feeling of presentiment told him he would some day have to use. For the call of the unknown could not be shut out. Always the inland seemed a place of bewitching attractions, shadier, greener, and more fruitful than the shore. It seemed inevitable that the two would some day

leave the sheltering beach and take up their abode in the dreaded unexplored. While the memory of the terrible day on which had been born his greatest fear chained Stevens to the sea-beaten strip of black sand, little Brad, in spite of warnings, strolled farther and farther, from bush to bush, in search of berries; or from stone to stone, merely to see what might be behind them, always to be followed and dragged back by Stevens, muttering terrible warnings.

On one such occasion, Brad was pushing his way through a maze of thickly leafed plants when he heard a slight noise and saw the bushes at his right stir. What could it be? No sense of dread held back the fearless child; with eager hands he pushed aside the quivering branches and looked through. Before him crouched a huge creature, tawny orange striped with broad bands of black. For a moment the two eyed each other in silent wonder. Brad saw the face of the animal to be that of a large kitten. Smiling, the child stepped forward, timidly touched the nose of the animal and then slid his palm across its soft cheek. The animal still crouched, watching intently first the boy's face and then the audacious arm and then the face again, and half growled, half purred beneath the gentle stroke.

Suddenly the branches behind Brad cracked sharply. Startled, the child leaped aside and Steve rushed through, meeting the springing tiger with a crushing cudgel blow, straight between the eyes. The beast fell back senseless, and tremblingly Stevens caught up the child, who, the excitement over, had begun to cry.

Stevens now found that he had no longer a desire to return to the coast, the first danger had been met, the crisis was over, man had mastered the beast, man would rule his dominion. He decided to go back to the place where he had first seen the footprint, climb to the summit of the hill and explore the island.

Abandoning, for the present, the carcass of the tigress (for such it had proved to be) the two pushed their way through the thick vegetation and started up the rocky incline. Before they reached the top, they noticed that at the

summit were some loose boulders, which as they came closer they saw formed the entrance of a cave. The cavern had probably been hollowed out by two subterranean streams long since dried up, which here had met and emerged to plunge down the cliff to the sea. The cave consisted of a large median chamber with wings extending to the sides and back. Stevens was not slow to see the importance of such a place, sheltered, high, large, and accessible both from the coast and the inland. He determined to make it his home. A cry from Brad startled him from his contemplations. Although there was nothing about the exclamation to arouse his apprehensions he ran swiftly down the corridor from whence it had come. Turning a corner he came in sight of the child, who, to his astonishment held up a tiger cub. Stevens decided that this had been the lair of the dead tigress. The cubs too must be gotten rid of. It would be too hard to feed them, and he could take no risk of having them grow up to be a peril to himself and Bradly. Besides, as he explained to the pleading child, he would need all the skins he could get if the cave was to be made habitable. So, while Brad wept in the farthest recess of the cave, the kittens were killed. In the palace of the tiger, man at last ruled supreme.

Years passed and Brad became a man. As Stevens had once protected and watched over the boy, so now he took care of his old friend. For between the two had grown up an affection which was greater than that of father and son. They lived for each other, enjoying their own companionship, solving together the problems of their simple existence, and fighting a common enemy, for they had soon found out that they could never hope to slay all the tigers on the island. No, the beast had established an undeniable mastery over the island, which man could only covet. So the life of the men had continued one vigilance, one never-ending struggle against the tiger.

We cannot here tell of the grand achievement of the two men, how they struggled, planned and toiled, and made it possible to live with some degree of comfort in this strange uninhabited place. Let no one belittle their victory! Neither can

we tell how the hope of rescue died out of their hearts, though, around the fire, they still talked of what they should do when they should once more get back to old England,—their pathetic little game of make believe! Enough it is to say that their one great interest was each other, and that inevitably both grew sad as Stevens' years were drawing to a close. The young man was sorrowful because of pity for the old man who could never see his native land again, and the shadow of his own coming loss. The old man was saddened, nay, horrified, at the fate he knew must be Brad's when he should be dead. He pictured graphically Brad's lonely life, his helpless old age when his strength should daily lessen, his faculties grow weak, and lastly, the death which would be his who should be too weak to protect himself and should not have, as Stevens had had, a strong devoted companion to protect him. For both vaguely realized that the last to die could scarcely hope to escape being devoured by the tigers, those powerful beasts that were always a danger even when they were not hunger-driven by waves of famine. Both dreaded the "man-eating" tiger, the old animal whose defective teeth made it so impossible to kill a tough-hided prey, that, desperate with hunger, it would haunt the jungle around the cave for weeks at a time.

Brad, in his childhood the petter of tigers and the champion of cubs, had learned to wield the cudgel. But this was for Stevens' sake, not his own. Always his heart smote him when he saw the fierce grace, the splendid power and beauty of the tigers. He still longed to catch their gaze, bravely and defiantly, and hold it until he could again stroke the huge heads. He remembered how soft the cheek of the tigress had felt beneath his touch, how harmless, almost gentle her face had seemed until Stevens had broken through the branches. He longed to establish a supremacy which could never be gained by use of the cudgel. Moreover he felt almost certain that within him was a power to rule these animals if he only dared to use it. But the risk was too great. Whenever, confronting a tiger he had been tempted to try the power he felt

was his, the thought of the old man's fate if he should be mistaken, nerved him to action, and made him deal blow after blow with deadly precision.

* * * * *

One day the two men, desiring some rare herbs, started out for a trip to an extinct volcano at the other end of the island. They had barely reached the crater when they were overtaken by a sharp sudden storm. The skies grew black, the wind swept up great waves over the beach and far into the lowlands beyond, the rain came down in fierce wind-blown torrents. Steel gray with rain was the ridge that ran between the cave and the crater, and the lowlands below were white and gray—a sea of foaming waves.

All night the two clung to the crater. By morning it had stopped raining and the wind had ceased as suddenly as it had started. Huge rollers still swept over the shore and in the hollows the trees still stood in water, nevertheless the men thought, by following the ridge, which, with a few interruptions, was continuous between the volcano and the cave, that they could get back before night-fall. The cave, they were thankful, was well out of reach of the waves.

But the ridge was slippery and there was little choice between the rough footing of the rocks and the impeding stretches of clinging mud. It was already dusk when they crossed the last gap, wading up to their thighs in the murky water, dragging their feet through tangles of submerged grasses. Dead insects and occasionally the body of some larger drowned thing floated on the water, and fishes washed in by the sea and left stranded at the retreat of the waters marked where the waves had been. The moon came up, spreading a ghastly pallor over all the destruction, and stars deep in the newly formed pools laughed at those in the heavens. Stevens leaned on Brad heavily, those last long miles. Both walked in silence, slowly and carefully, straining their eyes to find a pathway, Brad's arm always ready to jerk up the old man, should he make a false step. At last they came in sight of the cave, looming up big and black against the sky.

Wearily Stevens spoke, "Try to find something dry, I am

afraid our fire is out." He saw Brad stride away, then aching in every sinew, the old man stepped from the moonlight into the dense gloom of the cave. He stopped short, there was something unfamiliar which made itself felt even through the darkness of the cave. Suddenly he saw two balls of fire burning from the darkness at his right, he sprang away and saw not one but many pairs glowing from the left wing of the cave. Did he hear the sound of stealthy feet? Were the eyes coming nearer and nearer through the darkness? Was that nearest one crouching, ready to spring? Unable to run, he stood without stirring, he tried to call for help, but through his dry lips no sound came. Storm-driven, the tigers had come back into their own.

It was a shriek of pain that finally brought Brad bounding back, to beat blindly at the darkness,—blow after blow, until he was able, he never quite knew how, to drag out the motionless body of his friend. Down to the beach he took it, to the beach that had sheltered them of old. He took off his rude mantel and laid the silent figure upon it, and sank beside it on the wet sand, no longer fearing the tigers. For hours he sat watching the body, tremblingly fingering it for sign of life, until it grew cold beneath his touch. Then the moon became a blur, the stars flickered and the skies grew dim. The next day was gray and clammy. Brad buried his friend. He had nothing to serve as a spade, and it was hard to dig a large enough trench. He had to brace it with sticks to keep the coarse black sands from falling in again. All this was merciful for it took time and thought and toil.

For days following Brad lived by the sea—careless of comfort, eating raw food and wearing drenched clothing. Slowly the loneliness of his life sank upon his spirits. He watched the fishes flipping on the ribbed sand. He picked one up and held it in his hand, rejoicing to feel its life, then suddenly he felt the cold clamminess of it, saw the bulging eyes, the gaping mouth and dropped it, repelled.

He watched the brilliant beetles that traced fine lines over the beach in their ceaseless effort to reach the dry sand before the next wave should carry them out again. Sometimes he

put obstacles in their way, a stick, or a stone, or even one of his huge fingers. It interested him to see whether they would try to crawl over or go around. He was amused to see how often they repeated their efforts, long after experience should have told them that a new difficulty would be their only reward. Sometimes one would crawl upon his hand. Then it was his delight to raise his hand and turn it slowly that the beetle might not realize that it was travelling the same path over again. What endless miles of big brown hand!

But he could feel no more kinship with these insects than he had with the fishes. They seemed merely automata, for again the difference between the warm blood and the cold blood had built a wall between him and the life of the beach. Oh for the feel of something warm and soft and alive beneath his touch! Something great and powerful and highly sentient! Something that could be either fierce or gentle and affectionate! He began to look toward the cave with somewhat of the loneliness of one shut out, excluded. With his mind's eye he could see the tigers huddled together there like so many kittens. He could see them lick their paws to wash their faces—do tigers wash their faces?—he could see their graceful bounds, feel the power in the silent step, know the subtlety of pad-hidden claws. He did not shudder when he thought of Stevens. That was all past—the horror and the watching. A new life had begun on the desolate shore, a life in which he, the only man, must make the best of what was left him, build up a new happiness out of desolation. And so he did not think of the tigers which had killed Stevens, but of the tigers that might still be his friends. For his old dream of tiger taming had come back. He reproached himself now for not having tried earlier the power which might have saved the old man's life, had he been braver. No, there had been too much to lose, then. There was nothing now. Perhaps man could be master at last! And so because he had nothing to lose and so much to gain, he slung his cudgel far away and musingly walked back to the cave.

"AND THERE SHALL BE A NEW HEAVEN!"

ISABEL HARTWELL PLATT

"This," said Cephas (more popularly known as Saint Peter), "is Mrs. D'Arc, mother of Jeanne D'Arc, you know. Mrs. D'Arc, permit me to present Xantippe."

"Comment vous portez-vous?" said Mrs. D'Arc, politely.

"May the gods rest you—" Cephas looked reproachful—"May God bless you," said Xantippe, hastily.

"Now if you ladies will excuse me? I must get my keys and return them to Agnes—Agnes Copperfield, you know. We got them mixed yesterday by some mischance. It's really rather important," and with an "au revoir" and a gallant bow, Cephas swung off down the golden avenue.

"Such an agreeable man," Xantippe remarked. "So much pepper! That's one of the things I missed in my husband." she sighed, reminiscently.

"Let's go down by the 'pure river clear as crystal' that flows through the zephyr-fragrant orchard, shall we?" proposed Mrs. D'Arc. "I feel we have a great deal in common, Madame X. I've heard of Socrates since I came here."

Xantippe assented and the two passed down the street bowing right and left to familiar shades. They were evidently in great favor. Noah and Robert Fulton, arm in arm, stopped to chat. Seraphim flew down to shake hands—several angels exchanged a few social nothings with them—"Angels are a very good sort," people said there, "but as to conversation—!") It was some time, therefore, before they reached the pearly wicket which opened into the orchard.

"Ciel! how this gate sticks," said Mrs. D'Arc. "There are some things I could criticize but on the whole, isn't it a heavenly place?"

"Má ton kunon! I'm so happy here—that is I should be if only Socrates would come. Think what his socks must look like by this time and I don't suppose he has a single clasp left on his tunic! But he'll be here in one year now—that isn't

long—promoted from Region VII. It does seem odd to be on a higher level. I don't think I'll ever get used to it. You were a little tried on earth, too, weren't you, Mrs. D'Arc?"

"Well," said that lady, "times were bad and then Jeanne was something of a trial, you know. The dear child meant well, of course, but she was always seeing things and it sort of got on the family nerves. Poor Pierre, her littlest brother, nearly lost his immortal soul! He simply refused to go to church because Jeanne acted so. She'd cross her hands this way—just as she saw the acolytes do—and then she'd stare up at Saint Ursula in the stained glass window, looking—well—cheesefaced. There's no other word for it. We'd be nearly mortified to death. I'd see Pierre's ears getting pinker and pinker. He'd kick her under the seat till her shins were black and blue—but she never noticed. Then, too, he hadn't any patience with her for not liking Jacques. He was the blacksmith in Domremy, you know, who was all eyes for Jeanne. My! how she did treat him. Pierre was sure she'd be an old maid in the end."

"Hm," said Xantippe, grimly, "what that girl needed was a good dose of hellebore!"

"Well," said Mrs. D'Arc, not exactly liking this remark, "she saw the king, you know, and had a grand suit of armor and a white horse! Jacques took her to Reims—she made him. They ran away in the night. I cried I was so pleased. You see I thought they'd eloped and that maybe she'd settle down and stop being queer. But Jacques came back in a fortnight. When I saw him I guess I gave way to my temper a good deal. Saint Peter talked to me a long time about that before he let me in. But it *was* a disappointment, that is, until Jacques told me she'd seen the king! Well, I always did know there was something in my Jeanne. She wasn't for that great hulking simpleton!—And yet, do you know he's a heaven above me and Jeanne's one below. Don't they have a funny marking system up here?" Mrs. D'Arc sank her voice to a whisper.

"Don't they? All Athens reviled me," said Mrs. Socrates, "but here I am and Soc is *there*"—pointing downward.

"Was Socrates very cruel to you?" asked Mrs. D'Arc, sympathetically.

"Cruel!" said Xantippe. "My dear, he was the mildest man! That was the trouble. Socrates was so patient with me that I nearly went mad. You see, we had nine children—*nine*—yes it was a big family. We had our little cobble shop way down on the east side and we lived in the back of it. I made budgets and budgets. I sent to the Delphic oracle for a budget—but in spite of everything I couldn't make ends meet. The overhead expenses wouldn't cut down. Sometimes I'd say to him, 'Now, Soc, please *please* do mend the senator's sandals today. Aeschylus *has* to have a new toga. I can't let the children go to the Peiraeus any more; I'm too ashamed. They haven't offered prayers there for six months!' "

"And what did he say?" murmured Mrs. D'Arc.

"Oh, he'd smile indulgently and shake his head over the foolishness of women and he'd say in that honeyed voice of his I learned to dread, 'My dear, don't you realize that the accumulation of gold in the treasury of private individuals is the ruin of the state? Let us discourse no more on this painful matter, my life, but do you go down to the market and buy a little spinach and garlic. Glaucus, Alcibiades and Ion will share our humble meal tonight.' I used to go off the handle when he talked like that, Mrs. D'Arc. I know it was wrong of me but you see, I knew that those boys' fathers were big wigs in Athens. They didn't want their sons spending their time in our shop with an old man who taught such silly things, so they didn't give them any money to pay him. He wouldn't ask for it—said it was vulgar. I hung votive offerings for sailors for a few pence apiece but I couldn't keep the wolf away."

"Don't talk to me of wolves, my dear," Mrs. D'Arc expostulated, shuddering. "We used to send Jeanne out on the hillside to tend the flock till we lost so many sheep it nearly ruined us. The wolves got so they knew her and while she'd be leaning up against an apple tree with one of those awfully queer expressions of hers, the wolf would walk up as blasé-like and remove a lamb! !—But after all, it isn't every girl that sees a king!"

"No," agreed Xantippe, cordially. "and not many men have a whole state afraid of their influence. Oh, I'll be glad to see Soc. He'll love it up here. He'll be teaching all the little Cherubim philosophy!"

"Jeanne can sit for pictures for the cathedral when the Saints are too busy. I think she'd be very good at *that!*" said Mrs. D'Arc.

MINIONS OF THE MOON

DOROTHY HOMANS

Greenfield drowns through the centuries to the tune of the changing tides. Many years ago Greenfield harbor was clothed with sailing vessels. Now there is but a mast or two left as guide-posts to adventure. A few old men may be found on the piers sitting in the sun. I coaxed one of them to sing me a chanty song. He did it in a husky voice which sounded like a barnacle, that is if a barnacle could sing.

"Haul my darlin', Johnny, goin', my darlin'.
Haul my darlin', the bow line *haul!*"

He made intricate magical knots in a rope. He sewed patches on his clothes with a needle that would have made an excellent sword for Jack The Giant Killer, and a stout black thread which he pulled over a piece of dirty old wax as scarred and criss-crossed as his own face.

These old men were the dregs of the wine of romance that had once been in Greenfield. Some people call the wine of romance, the sea. It was because of the sea that in the front rooms of the old families in Greenfield, were portraits of red-faced gentlemen in tightly buttoned blue coats, three brass buttons down the front and a spy-glass in the right hand. The originals of these portraits were always referred to as "the captains." The captains were jovial. Their wives were rather quiet. With all their watching and searching of the gray sea, the women folk must have had a dull and sad time of it. But I forget the sewing circles and the church

fairs. Life must have been winsome after all! But when all the shipping trade left Greenfield and went to Hamlin, a subtle sorrowful change took place in the Greenfield stock. Any family that boasts of adventurous sea-loving blood is bound to degenerate when there is no outlet for the roving element. In the succeeding generations, the romantic tendency remains, the healthy stirring one goes. The result is morbidness of mind.

Ann Pelham was the last of the old Pelham family. Her portrait still hangs on the wall on the library of the Pelham house on Elm Street. The picture shows a slim fiery-haired, blue-eyed girl in a gown of some sage green stuff, cut away square at the neck; a dull gold belt about her waist. Ann's slim hands lie loosely clasped in her lap; she gazes out of the window, her mind is a thousand miles away. Her look is neither happy, nor sad, it is quietly wild. The artist inspired by his subject omitted the balancing column and conventional cumulus cloud and instead sketched in a sand dune with a stunted wind-tossed tree near it, as a background for Miss Pelham. The portrait of Ann is in striking contrast to that of her sister Clara, sedulous at a sampler, or the one of Cousins Mary and Elizabeth, arms twined about each other and ten ringlets apiece.

Whatever may be the pleasure afforded by Ann's portrait now-a-days, in the old faded years when Ann was alive, her parents endured many things. Ann never married. That was bad enough, for every nice girl married in those days. Ann's own mother had married. But Ann was a queer head-strong girl, sometimes Jane Pelham wondered if Ann was her daughter. What made matters worse, Ann did not give a choke pear for the fact that she was a spinster. She spent her days wandering in the box-hedged garden or along the rocky shore, two miles away. Here she would sit for hours, hands lying idle in her lap just as she does in the portrait, watching the shadows shorten and lengthen; the sea-gulls wheeling and turning as if they were chasing the clouds; the waves lipping over the shingles. If any human being came along the beach, she would start up and run swiftly across.

the meadows. Ann had no love for humanity. Eventually like everyone else who dwells on the "threshold of the obvious," Anne died.

The years went by like jesters in motley, violet and silver, orange and emerald, scarlet and gray, black and white. They were a gay crew. They whacked and buffeted the old Pelham house, which had no saving sense of humor. The eaves sank down like an old man's shoulders. The box hedge looked moth-eaten. Weeds twisted around the necks of the marigolds. A sign "For Sale" stood in the garden. It tipped over to one side with the look of an inefficient scare crow.

Richard Bradley was a poet. That is, he was a poet when he was not a philanderer. He fell in love very easily. It was not his fault. To him "truth was beauty" and "beauty, truth." He told every girl he met that she was the most beautiful in the world. It was the truth—for the time being. Mr. Bradley was dark and passionate, both in his appearance, his love-making and his poems. He sent sonnets, madrigals and violets to his lady of love, whoever she might be. Luckily he had never met one who had demanded an epic. Mr. Bradley was brilliant but unlike Homer, he was not great.

The temperament of Mr. Bradley was unfortunate. He could not make love and poetry at the same time. One day in March, Bradley decided that it was time to stop making love to Margaret Westham. He needed some new neckties and he also needed to express himself. He fled from the city and came to Greenfield.

"It is a place," a friend had assured him, "where you may let your 'inebriate soul' get a fine sleep."

Mr. Bradley spent one night at the "King of Prussia" Inn at Greenfield. The next day he wandered about looking for lodgings. He came across the Pelham house. After an afternoon spent in the old garden and a glance into the front hall, Mr. Bradley decided to buy the house. Then he took the key from the caretaker and explored the house. He felt wan and lonely. He was far from all his friends. The pathos of it all roused the creative power of Mr. Bradley. A poem sent flashes of silver across his blind everyday soul. Yes, he

would stay here, far from the people he cared for and work. Mr. Bradley felt very noble, but he did not know that the portrait of the girl in green, over the fire-place in the library was the reason that he stayed. At all events, he gazed at the picture for twenty minutes before he left the house.

For the next two weeks, Mr. Bradley wrote steadily. April came. The storms grew softer. All day long the rain fell in silver drops. Bradley tried to write but the daffodils in the bronze bowl gave out a faint fragrance and made him restless. Towards evening a high wind which huddled the gray clouds into the west came up. The air grew clearer and colder. A feeling of a greater unrest crept into the house. The front door which had been left unlocked, opened and shut with a great clamor. The white curtains in the windows tossed and writhed about. The daffodils swayed back and forth. Hand in hand with this first spring storm Ann's soul came into the house. It had been over two years since her soul had visited the house. Ann had kept to the sea-coast. But this evening as she swept along on the wings of the wind, she thought she would stop a moment in her garden before she went on to the woods to see the trailing arbutus lifting its tiny pink and white trumpets. She saw a light in the house. She had not seen one there for over fifty years. Souls are as curious as human beings, more so because they cannot ask questions. Ann flitted through the hall; glanced into the living room, then into the library. She forgot about the light. She wanted to see her picture. It was satisfying to her soul to see how she had looked once. It is a cruel thing to look like nothing; but far more cheerful to look like something, even if it is a Chinese Mandarin. Ask any soul. This is a consolation cake for the ugly.

Ann darted boldly into the library. She stopped short. Mr. Bradley wondered why the daffodils bent and quivered. A cold draft of air had come in from somewhere. Ann was frightened. She saw a very dark, heavily built young man writing at a table. For some reason, why Ann could not tell, she wanted the young man to turn around. She wanted that to happen with all her soul. Bradley faced about.

"What in the devil is wrong with me tonight? I can't sit still." Then he remembered that the Ides of March had gone.

"Spring fever—I'll walk it off." Ann trembled at his voice. It was like the south winds in the pines, she thought. She drew nearer to him. He could not see her as she was merely a ghost. Yet Mr. Bradley noticed how little pieces of air swam in and out of the room like gold fish in a bowl of water. He went out into the street where the spring wind caught and throttled him. Ann went with him all the way. Of course he did not know this as he was not at all like Mr. Sludge the Medium.

Ann came back every evening to the house, but she soon lost all pleasure in seeing Mr. Bradley. She wanted him to see her. How could he ever love her if he did not know she existed. Ann with the heart of a will-o-the-wisp was in love. Ann who while she lived was as free as the winds in the forest now was as deeply and as foolishly in love as any mortal girl. So she wished with all her soul that she might be seen by her lover. One evening, she stood in the library door, wishing passionately. She wished so greatly that her soul became a wish in itself. She came over to the table and stood by Mr. Bradley. She hated her picture on the wall. Suppose he fell in love with that. Again she wished. Mr. Bradley glanced up. He saw standing in the room, a girl in dull green, her face like a pale flame. Her hair burned like strands of fire. Her lips were slightly parted. Mr. Bradley looked at her a long time. Ann looked back. The man, from past experiences, knew that he had fallen in love with this strange girl. It was not love at first sight. He had had her portrait before him for over a month. Bradley did not stop to think, that was why he had always been such a successful lover. He knew that the next step in the game was to kiss the girl in green. He jumped up. Ann turned and ran into the garden, her long loose sleeves streamed out like wings. What lovers did not seek the garden? Bradley followed her without a backward look at the quiet room; the open fire, the hepaticas on his desk and an unfinished poem near the flowers.

The sky was dark and the stars shone quietly. It was an

hour before dawn. Far away in the marshes young frogs were singing to the sky; some birds chirped softly in an apple tree which was a blur of misty fragrant white in the night. Narcissi gleamed here and there in the grass. Near the apple tree, Bradley caught Ann in his arms. He kissed the firm outline of her chin; her eyebrows curved like a new moon. Then he turned Ann's face and crushed his lips against hers. To Ann the earth seemed to swing up to the stars; and then she slipped out of Bradley's arms, darted through the garden, up the road and across her friendly meadows to the sea. This was Ann's first love. She could not change herself in one hour. She felt the old strong longing to be away and free from human kind.

Bradley followed her. He had no intention of losing this queer girl who did not seem over-eager for his kisses. Ann ran more and more swiftly. Bradley stumbled blindly on over the meadows. The stars went out. A curtain covered the sky. It would lift when the dawn came. Bradley tried to see into the darkness. Where was Ann? He was near the sea. He could smell the salt air. He took a step forward. He plunged head-long over the cliffs and fell upon the rocks on the beach below. A cock crowed somewhere near the village. A faint primrose color came into the east. The soul of Ann drifted away with the sea mists.

WANTED—A ROMANCE

MARGARET McCONWAY SCOVILLE

This is the story of a girl and two men. It differs from the usual "girl and man" story, in that it is not thrilling at all. The events set forth are so commonplace that even the gentlest reader may become somewhat angry. It is simply the story of a girl who wanted something romantic, and who did not know Romance when she had it. Or rather she got it mixed up and applied it to the wrong person. But that belongs in the story!—

The Girl—her name does not matter to us,—lived in a small town. It was a really small town, not an almost-city or a suburb. The Girl was a very well-brought-up, only child. She was an average girl, average in looks, and accomplishments. She was as good a tennis player as anyone else in her crowd, could swim, dance, golf and drive a motor car. There were, however, two things in which she was above the average—she dreamed rather more than the others and she was more quiet, and thought a great deal.

As I have said, she was just as attractive as the other girls,—and had just as many good times, but for all that she felt a little lost and lonely when she was with them. The other girls had had so many experiences! They had had “affairs”—that was it! She had never had an “affair.” The Girl longed to have one. How delightful it would be to have a man dancing attendance on her. “Obedient to her very wish.” To have a Man fall in love with her—that would be bliss indeed! But she had never known any man really well.

Of course, there was the Boy next door,—she had played with him ever since they had squabbled over their mud-pies. But the Girl felt that he was terribly young—he was only a Sophomore at college. The Girl was a Freshman, herself, but then, everyone knows that a girl in her late 'teens is ever so much older than a boy of the same age. Of course, he did come in handily when she needed an escort to a dance, or someone to play tennis with her, but that was merely “of course.” The other girls in town had brothers to do that,—or perhaps some other boy,—but the Girl had to rely on Dick (that was the Boy's name). She did wish, sometimes that other boys would ask her to go places,—but Dick was always there, and she never knew whether the others wanted to go with her or not.

At College she heard girls talking about “men.” She met a few of them, but they made little impression on her, and besides they seemed to be the property of others. Dick came to see her several times—but she didn't feel any thrill of excitement at his coming, and never dressed up for him the way the other girls did when men came to see them. She pined

for Romance—and at the age of nineteen began to fear that she never would have any.

But during Christmas Vacation an Event occurred in her life. She found, when she went home, that a Man had moved into the neighborhood. That is, his mother and father had moved into the house opposite, and he assisted them. He was a teacher in a boys' school, very young, and lonely in a new town. The Girl met him first when he came over to use their telephone before one was installed in his house. It became necessary for him to use the Girl's telephone very often after that first time; and in this way the Girl came to know him quite well.

She liked him, and had him over for a small dinner. The other boys and girls seemed to like him, and he was asked to several other parties. He asked the Girl if he might take her to the first one,—a dance. She was pleased, for he was the only Man who had ever asked her to a dance except the Boy, and lately he hadn't asked permission but took her for granted.

The night of the dance the Boy came over, as usual, and was a little chagrined at finding the Man there. He took it in good part, however, and went along with them. When it came time to go home, in some way, perfectly unintentionally, they lost track of the Boy and came home without him. The Girl enjoyed the walk home—the Man held her arm "because it was so slippery"—the Boy never took her arm, unless to pull her out of a snow drift or to help her up.

The next morning the Girl and the Boy had a Scene. It really was just a quarrel, but the Girl preferred to call it a Scene, for another Man was concerned. The Boy resented the intrusion of a "perfect stranger" upon what he considered his private property. The Girl resented his air of proprietorship. Both were angry, both said things repented in cooler moments, and the upshot of it all was that the Boy went to New York to finish his vacation with his room-mate. You see, although the Girl didn't know it, he really cared for her a lot. She thought he was "stuffy" because they had left the dance without him, but it was too bad that he had gone away. With whom could she skate?

For the remaining week of Christmas Holidays the Man was very attentive. The Girl danced with him, walked with him, drove and even skated with him. People didn't talk, because the dancing and skating part was always connected with a party, and the driving and walking part they didn't see. The Boy had confided his fears, as regarded the Man, to the Girl's mother, but she, being wise, said nothing and waited for the affair to die a natural death. She found nothing objectional in the Man, and she knew her daughter thoroughly.—The Girl was of those who must straighten things out for themselves.

The "affair" progressed famously. The Girl was very much impressed by the fact that the Man was "out of college." That he had been out six months, and was barely twenty-one didn't impress her. They had long talks together, and on deep subjects like *Life* and *Drink Reform*. The Girl liked the Man a lot. He knew so much! The Man grew quite fond of the Girl. He was a bookish youth—and rather studious in college. Truth to tell, the Girl—our Girl—was the first one he had ever known well. The others with whom he had been acquainted treated him in a very airy fashion. He was greatly flattered by her attention and his warmed vanity rose within him. He felt that it would be rather nice to marry some one like her—some one who would look up to him in the adoring way the Girl did. He was a gentleman—with a code of action drawn from the nineteenth rather than the twentieth century. So he asked her mother's permission first. Somewhat taken aback by this development, she asked him to wait a year before putting the important question to her daughter. He assented willingly—for he had decided it took courage and a large salary to get married.

The Holidays soon came to an end and the Man went back to his school. The Girl was to go back to college a few days later. For those several days she was a little depressed—she missed the Man—and she wanted the Boy to play with. He was still in New York.

Once back in college she was very busy. The Man wrote interesting letters—and she had to work hard to write the

answers. It was difficult to be clever in a letter to him, for his were awfully bright. They kept up a fast and famous correspondence for some time. Then the Man didn't write for a month. The Girl was worried at first—but she heard from her mother that he was perfectly well. (Her mother, remember, lived across from *his* mother.) Then her pride came to the fore, and instead of answering the Man's letter when it did come, she replied to the accumulation of letters from the Boy. He was working hard, and hoped to graduate in three years instead of four. He hadn't been down to see her, but hoped to go home with her in June. The Scene was forgotten.

But in June she missed connections with the Boy's train, and in some way came across the Man. For some reason she was not so pleased to see him. He had changed, or she had changed, and they simply could not make conversation. Even the weather failed, and he didn't know a thing about baseball. After long delays they at last reached home four hours late—too tired to care about anything. The Man was so cranky and fussy the Girl felt she must scream if he said another thing about the "poor train service." As far as the Girl was concerned, the "affair" was over. She was glad she had not answered his last letter. She didn't know why but she was.

That summer she and the Boy were good playmates again—and the Girl almost forgot her desire for Romance. The Man was at home too, but he was "busy at a book or something" as the Girl put it, and rarely joined their parties. As for the Boy, he had grown to be a Man. He was to be a Senior the next year,—and the Girl was very proud of him—in a sisterly sort of way. He resented the "just sisterliness," but her mother told him to wait. Even Seniors shouldn't think to be married or even engaged without any prospects.

Before another Christmas, however, the Boy had received an offer of a position with a Civil Engineer in the west. The salary was good and the position not open long. The Boy accepted it at once, decided to leave college after he had signed a contract with the engineer!—and told the Girl. He came

over on Christmas evening—after telephoning that he was leaving for a three year's absence in the northwest. He came into the room,—the Girl was in tears. The Man had just left; and the Boy wondered. Before he stopped to think, he had the Girl in his arms—and she was having all the Romance she wanted.

He asked her one day why she was crying when he came in—and after some persuasion drew from her the story of the "horrible, formal, offer of marriage" which the Man had made.

"Did that really make you cry?"

"No, goosey, but you and Canada did."

THE UNKNOWN

ALICE MABEL COESTER

I am afraid to wander down
The pathways that invite,
Lest having wandered, having seen,
I lose the old delight.

The old delight of wandering,
That makes my way so fair,
Of thinking something new and strange
Or sudden-sweet is there.

For were it better than my dreams,
'Twould grieve me even so;
I could no longer fancy, dream;
Nor wander—I should know.

And, knowing, I should mourn the act
Which squandered my delight.
I am afraid to wander down
The pathways that invite.

SKETCHES

THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSIONARIES

ELIZABETH MACLEAN GRAY

We named them "the missionaries," the moment they entered the dining-room. We were interested in them from the start, and called them Mary, Ruth and Frederick. It was evident that Mary and Ruth were sisters. The older one was Mary,—we let the younger one be Ruth because she had pink cheeks. But who was Frederick? He was either just recovering from typhoid fever, and had come to the seashore to recuperate, or else he was a Y. M. C. A. secretary and the look was chronic. In which case the seashore was a very poor place for him,—it might even give him a relapse. However, he was here, and all we could do was to watch his symptoms with care. But whether he was Mary's and Ruth's brother, or only a friend of a brother of theirs, in which case he would be engaged to Mary, we couldn't be sure. After they had given their order we put that typhoid fever theory back several years in Frederick's career. We felt that he had never been quite the same since. It happened this way. They had our Charles for their waiter, and of course they hadn't become acclimatized to him yet. We were, but that's a different story. It really wasn't Charles's fault; he had been the butler in one of the finest families in Richmond for years. He told us so himself. We felt mollified when he confessed so frankly. Well, Charles, napkin across arm, took his stand behind Frederick's chair and shouted according to his custom, a kaleidoscopic series of dishes which sounded like "puffedfishontoast-vealc—c—coffeen—m—m—finseggs." Frederick had scarce-

ly had time to stretch his neck a little farther from his gray flannel shirt collar, and to bring his eyes to a focus behind his thick glasses before Charles had snapped out, "Well!" Frederick evidently was not accustomed to the butlers from the "first families of Virginia." In a confused and startled way he asked, "What kind of eggs?" "Hen's eggs, of course," Charles snapped. He thought poor, innocent Frederick was trying to play a joke on him, and Charles never allowed anyone to rouse his sense of humor before one o'clock. Mary felt that dignity and propriety called for prompt action. She had analyzed the order into its component parts of puffed rice, fish, toast, veal cutlets, coffee, muffins and eggs, and ordered as became the head of the party.

We discussed the missionaries freely on our walk to the bay to pay our daily visit to the captain and the crab-fishing. They had a self-conscious stiffness, which marked them as provincial, and a serious-minded properness which gave them the name of missionaries. Mary was the most interesting. Neither Frederick nor Ruth had responded to such a startling stimulus as Charles, but Mary had. If her sense of humor was subordinate to her sense of dignity and propriety, she at least had it. There were traces of it in her interested smile, and quick, bird-like motions. We saw the three often afterward, promenading the board walk, sitting on the beach and in bathing, where Frederick acted as though he were an ice cream social and a Sunday school picnic rolled into one; Mary did some expert swimming, humored Frederick, and teased him in the same breath, and saw to it, with great gravity and decision, that they did not stay in too long. She fairly clucked over them with an unconscious air of grave responsibility.

I was vainly trying to escape the "Schooner Hesperus" one day when I gleaned some information about the missionaries. The "Schooner Hesperus" was an old man who always wore a big sunshade in swimming. He floated like a genial rubber doll all the time he was in the water, his beard billowing down over his chest and his toes peeking out of the water several feet after you thought he surely had ended. His pudgy arms served as propellers, but he could not see around that big sun-

shade, tied under his chin, so he usually ran into you. I was trying to escape such a collision when I ran into Frederick and heard him call after the younger sister, "Emily, come on back here." Well, Emily was better than Ruth for her. I wondered we hadn't thought of it. Ruth was too positive. Emily just fitted such a pink-cheeked, black-haired, sweet-faced girl, passively dignified and "proper." Her expression was immobile, she was always sweetly grave, but never sad. People would have called her self-contained. She would have been surprised if she heard it and say, "Why, I always tell whatever I have to tell," and it would be true. Mary had some piquancy,—her nature was more positive than her sister's. But I noticed, as she walked up the dining-room that noon, that her carriage and manner were less pleasing than the grave dignity of her sister. Emily's lack of friendly interest in the people she passed was mere passivity, and her lack of self-consciousness gave her dignity a pleasing grace. Mary's attitude showed narrow-mindedness. People who were not met conventionally, she could not even feel an interest or kinship with. There was no good-fellowship in her make-up, but she did not lack kindness.

We really liked Mary better, however, and were much distressed to think that she might be contemplating marrying Frederick. We decided that it would be just like her to think that she ought to marry him because he really needed a guardian. She seemed never to be so happy as when she had some dependent creature under her wing. It would have been better if we could have solved the mystery of the missionaries at once, for then we shouldn't have had to worry and wonder about them; but they weren't interested in us. They wouldn't mingle with any of the people even in a parlor way, but went off down the board walk by themselves. We had no hope of finding out about them, so we forgot them with a sigh and went off down to the bay.

We found our friend the captain sitting by the dock looking as though he had never moved since when we had last seen him the morning before. He said that the wind was just right for a sail on the bay and the sun wouldn't be too hot for

the ladies. He made these suggestions in a drawling way while he looked meditatively at the horizon, and puffed at his pipe. We were delighted with his suggestion and would have gone without any hesitation, but we discovered that our mother had lost the belt of the coat she was wearing. She felt badly because it belonged to my sister. She thought that we ought to go back after it until the captain settled the matter by saying, "We've got more time than we had t'other mornin' when you was out. We can go to the inlet, and you can walk across the sand thar whare they was thinkin' of diggin' a canal, and see the schooner that was wrecked;—it was when I had 'The Gull,'—must have been two years ago." Pleased with the excited exclamations he went on, "I sold her to Cap'n Jones; he's had the rheumatiz ever since—"

"Yes, but what about the wreck?" asked someone, impatiently.

"She was a lumber schooner, got wrecked in a storm one spring. They all got off safely before the Coast Guard boat got there. Not much of her left now. People used to go down the hold when the tide was out."

We clambered into the pretty "Sally Ann" and sailed off down the bay without another thought for the belt. We tried to feel what it would be like to be Robinson Crusoes as we walked across the barren strip of sand to the wreck. The ocean was rough, the sky dark, and the wind blew cold. The deck of the schooner was under water but it had settled down a little farther on one side so that breakers hurled themselves at the raised side and slid curling across the deck, making little eddies of foam where a large mast rose. The spray dashed against the cordage that still swung in the wind. It seemed as though the schooner must go to pieces with the violent beat of the breakers, but it had settled down firmly. The cold grayness of the sky made us shiver, and the monotony of the angry beat of the waves on the schooner cooled our ardour for even a pretended ship-wreck on a desert island. We were about to go when someone called, "Here come the missionaries." They had evidently walked along the beach. I was surprised to see them come toward us. They usually avoided human be-

ings as though they thought they were cannibals. Mary came right over to me, and for all she knew I might be pretending to be a cannibal instead of a lonely Crusoe. I saw the reason in a moment. She held out the belt we had lost, and said they had found it on the board walk, and asked if it did not belong to us. I thanked her and said yes, that it belonged to my sister. Mary looked puzzled and said "We thought at first that the lady with that coat on must be an older sister, but afterward we decided that she must be your mother. But I'm glad to know that she is your sister after all." "Oh, no!" I managed to gasp out. "The coat belongs to my sister but my mother is wearing it."

Mary went on in her prim embarrassed way, "Mr. Chillingworth is a short-story writer. He was so interested in your family that he has been planning a story about you, and the lady in that coat didn't fit very well as your older sister. Emily and I felt sure she was your mother, but we wanted to find out." Mary seemed to feel that all the proprieties had been outraged in her speaking to us like that, but I thought it was funny and laughed as I told her that we had been wondering about them too. She only blushed.

We felt ashamed of the way we had laughed about poor Frederick, (his name was really Arthur)—especially after we had read the story. It didn't sound a bit the way he looked,—or very much like us either for that matter. We became rather well acquainted with them when they came home in the sail-boat with us from the wreck,—and great was our inward satisfaction to learn that Mary was really Mary! It was the one point on which our theories concerning "the missionaries," had coincided with the facts!

THE CLOISTERED

BERNARDINE ALGERT KEISER

Old, red brick walls
That have hemmed in
The throbbing spirit, restless will,
Yet cannot bar the mighty wings
That fancy spreads, to soar in chill,
White ether.

White, starchèd coif
And musty folds
Of heavy gown, that, clinging, stays
The eager feet, the outstretched hands—
To follow faiths of yesterdays,
Long smouldered.

What if, beyond
The prisoning wall
No vision glorious should arise;
But darkness and a wind-swept plain—
What then of dreams that tantalize
In cloisters?

FROM THE PEAK

MARIE LUISE VON HORN

Above me—
Nothing
But blazing sun.
About me—
Wine-sharp air
And scarred, primeval rocks.
Below—
The world I must have come from,
Spread out
Like a child's plaything,
Neat, curious,
And pitifully small.

SPRING

GRACE ANGELA RICHMOND

Spring buds to whiteness over new-sprung grass
With sound of running water, rippling breeze
And high bird-note; the white clouds pass—
Pass—over these
Who once knew Spring and loved her sweetness—over these
Who now lie here nor watch the stars go by,
Nor feel the dawn wind freshen;
Whose brave eyes
Greet not the beauty that was wont to make them glad.

THE DARE DINNER

ELIZABETH CAROL SCHMIDT

September 2, 1916.
Hillcrest, New Jersey.

DEAR ALICE—

You can't imagine how delighted I was to know that you and the baby are away from the city and out where the temperature doesn't try to sterilize the thermometer. I have been desperately lonely since Ted sailed for Japan, and to fill up time I have entered upon a daring adventure. Now, I know you will wonder what I am doing here. Scandalous, isn't it, to be at the home of an old beau? Well, be patient and I will explain. Perhaps you remember that I was never overfond of refusing a dare, and six months of being engaged hasn't changed me much, hence my address. Jack Shaw has always teased me about my inability to cook, and has often said I can't boil water without scorching it. He has dared me to cook an engagement dinner when Ted returns and to ask the whole crowd. I know as well as he does that I couldn't cook a dinner if my life depended upon it, and now I have accepted the dare. Of course I might go to cooking school or study industriously with a cook book, but nothing is so practical as a little experience, (*n'est ce pas*, Miss Alice?) so I have gone

into seclusion for a month. The whole crowd thinks I am visiting you, so please bear me out. This is the plan. I have been feeling poorly and have gone to the seaside for a month with you. Please post Bill and ask him not to tell. My mail will come to you and I know you will keep it all, with the exception of Ted's letters. Please forward them to me but be good enough to put each letter in a new envelope, for a young Irish green-horn would not be expected to receive letters from Japan. You should see me! My hair is fixed very plainly drawn back and parted and I have a piece of court plaster over my lone dimple (I always knew some day I'd be glad I had only one.) Of course I have to be very careful not to disclose my identity, for although the family has never known me as Ede Randal, still Jack knows me pretty well. However, he sees me very seldom. Wasn't I lucky to get into so nice a family, and wasn't it a coincidence considering who gave the dare? I feel rather cruel about the fact that after Mrs. Shaw has taught me for a month I shall surely leave her, but I am perfectly positive that by then she will be very ready to have me go. You should hear me talk! I am so glad that I learned all those old Irish lingoes to recite, for now I am quite an expert and I certainly need to be. When I get excited and talk without the brogue Mrs. Shaw says, "Very good Bridget, you are improving rapidly." She certainly is a dear and I am learning such a lot. Why already I know what a double boiler is! I know you are thinking, "That foolish child! Will she ever grow up?" But remember I'm not married yet and it's dreadfully lonely in New York. Give that baby a hug for me.

BRIDGET MCAULIF

("the dear little girl with
the bit of a brogue.")

September 6, 1916.

DEAR ALICE—

My, but I'm tired! Thanks a lot for helping me in carrying out this scheme, especially for sending my mail. I wish you could see me. My hands are absolutely one big burn. But I'm learning. Oh yes, I'm learning fast. I really pre-

pared a luncheon all alone. Let me tell you what we had,—lettuce washed, radishes cleaned, bread cut, butter made into balls, tea made with a tea ball, mayonnaise. I learned how to make the last blessing when I was with you, but all the rest is new. Don't you think I'm improving? It is time to help get dinner now, so good-bye for a while.

BRIDGET.

September 15, 1916.

DEAR OLD MARRIED ALICE—

Oh, how I wish I could drop the whole business! I'm just about as stupid as—well, as I always was, and things are progressing very slowly. I made some perfectly scrumptious cocoa to-day and then put salt in it to sweeten it a bit. That is my punishment for doing cooking in America and dreaming in Japan. My strong point, however, is salad. I have been quite successful with it and have already decided what to have for the third course of that precious dinner that is taking me a month to prepare. I almost gave myself away last night when Jack came into the kitchen just as I accidentally rubbed the court plaster off my dimple. I did my best not to smile, for it doesn't show then you know. I escaped with only this remark. "Bridget, you look enough like a girl I know to be her double. I have a little scheme I want you to enter in upon. Are you willing?" I said, "Sure, and if it would please you sir," and he went out of the kitchen, whistling. My, but I hope I am not going to be discovered!

Love from

BRIDGET THE DOWNCAST.

September 27, 1916.

DEAREST GIRL—

What shall I do? I haven't heard from Ted in three weeks. Oh, please, please be sure nothing has been mislaid in the readdressing. If you knew how lonesome and burned I was you would forgive this appeal.

Love,

EDE.

September 29, 1916.

DEAR ALICE—

I received this in the mail you sent yesterday. Not a word, just this. Of course I am all broken up about it but please, dear, don't mention to any one that my engagement is broken. I'll write more coherently later. This clipping was from a Japanese paper and I have copied it for you as it was enclosed in an envelope addressed in Ted's own hand writing.

Mr. Theodore Banks hereby announces his engagement to—

No explanation, no nothing! No wonder I haven't heard in so long.

Write to me please,

EDE.

Oct. 1, 1916.

DEAR ALICE—

Much against my will that crazy Jack has given me some clothes (my own incidentally) which he secured from Sis. He wants me to let his mother fix my hair a certain way and tog me out in those clothes for some prank to-night. As my month is up to-morrow, I think I shall try it, for I am pretty blue and a little sport may cheer me up. He doesn't know me but he wants me to look just like a certain girl, for some fun to-night. It's easy to guess whom I am to represent but who is to be here to recognize me is the question. I will write you to-morrow or the day after from home for this is Bridget's last night. I can at last, however, cook fairly well, and although I, of course, shall never give that dinner now I shall have had some valuable experience.

Love and thanks for the letter—

EDE.

Home! October 3, 1912.

DEAREST GIRL IN ALL THE WORLD—

I never knew Jack could plan a thing so well. Oh, you old dear. I am so happy I'm walking on air and I just can't make myself write sensibly. But I must or you won't understand. You remember I said I was to dress up to be like myself to please Jack. Well, I did it and looked as natural as I could. Thank fortune Sis gave him my best dinner dress and I really

looked quite swell, if I do say it as shouldn't. (That's just a little of Bridget in me yet.) At any rate I was told to go out into the garden and wait then until I was called. I didn't quite see the object of going to the garden in my best clothes after cooking a dinner, but being a Bridget for a month teaches you to obey orders. I went out and waited, it seemed forever, when I heard a step and there at the other end of the pergola stood—Ted. For a moment I wanted to run to him but he didn't see me and I remembered his engagement. I sank down on the seat and waited with my heart pounding violently. He walked nearer as if looking for some one; then suddenly he saw me. He called me, and Oh, Alice, I went straight into his arms. Somehow the clipping didn't seem to mean anything. I guess you know. I just loved him and trusted him, that's the only explanation. After a long while I heard Jack call Bridget. Ted and I went in and there seated at the table was the crowd. Of course it had all been plotted. I had been found out by Jack, and this was to be the dinner, yes, dear, the famous dare dinner, and I had cooked it. Everything went smoothly and Ted and I were radiant until I suddenly thought of the clipping. I turned to Ted and asked him what it meant. He pulled out a pencil and one of my old letters and wrote this on the envelope.—* * *

EDITH RANDAL.

Of course the Japanese was just the same scrawl in both places, and by hints from Ted and my own intuition I realized that our engagement had been announced in the *Yokohama Weekly* for the peace of my popular boy, for it seems to be leap year even in Japan. Everything is so sudden, the dare dinner is over, I can cook and best of all, Ted is home! I only wish you and Bill could have been there, but you must both come soon and I'll cook a dinner just for the old quartet. I must stop now for Ted is calling. So good-bye dear,

Your very happy,

EDE.

P. S. The money I earned was at Ted's place at the table. We are going to buy dish pans with it. Hurrah!

BRIDGET.

DISCOVERY

MARION MARGARET BOYD

Green cool stand the trees in the twilight,
Hushed silent the crickets and birds,
Have they guessed do you think in this half-night
What was not even whispered in words?
Can they know that because of an aeon
Of thoughts that one moment betrayed,
That my heart sings forever a paenan
Of joy that is free, unafraid?

THE RUBAIYAT AND I

ELIZABETH LAWRENCE CLARKE

It is recorded of me in the family annals that at a very tender age I declared myself to be a "carnivorous reader," a characterization which I now believe must have been very near the truth. For certain it is that I roamed about in every library to which I had access, seeking what I might devour, bolting the morsel at a gulp if it were small or, childlike, looking at the picture and skipping a great deal if it were "dull."

The library which I most enjoyed was that of a bachelor uncle, whose hobbies were physics and astronomy and who passed many sleepless hours with "trash." Certain volumes of the latter, he told me, it would be better not to read (he even let me use one with the picture of a woman on the lovely red cover as a rifle target) but with those few exceptions I was free to read as I chose. Many are the hours I have spent on a slippery green leather cushion on the floor in front of those shelves of books, sometimes stationary in one place, sometimes hitching along spasmodically.

I strayed from "Trilby" to "Prisms and Their Construction," and from "The Luminiferous Æther" back to "The Brass Bowl." So, in the course of my wanderings, I fell upon the Rubaiyat, which fascinated me for its word pictures. Uncle, seeing what I was just then poring over, looked at me

a bit quizzically and asked me if I liked it, to which I responded eagerly that I did, very much.

"That's good—there are very few people who really understand it" was his reply, the exact implication of which puzzled me not a little. But of course, after that I began it all over again, with a determination to regard the poem in a very wise and grown-up way.

It is a long time, a very long time since I have sat on one of those green cushions, but my fondness for the Rubaiyat has grown steadily as I have come to understand, a little at a time, something of what "The Tent Maker" expressed in his verse.

It would be very interesting if, at the same time that my increasing height was recorded on the door jamb, I had been "stood up" mentally against the Rubaiyat and told to reach up as high as I could,—and the results put down somewhere. There has been an irregular growth, now a bit, now a pause and then a sudden spurt forward.

There was a time when I aspired to know the poem all by heart, followed by a period when I almost forgot that it existed. I was recalled from that state by Marion's showing me a lovely illustrated copy that she had been given one Christmas. I astonished both her and myself by going through the book—the pictures were on separate pages from the verse—and giving the quatrain that almost every picture was meant to illustrate. Not long after that I was fired with a desire for a copy with all the version in it, but the desire, unsatisfied, soon began to hibernate. (Some day it will wake up and I shall get one.) Or perhaps it changed its form, for after I had been given one of the little Liberty calendars in which the quatrains are accompanied by Pogani's charming pictures, I know I very much wanted an illustrated copy. But Marion's did not quite suit me,—neither did I like Rackham's conception of some of the characters. So while I looked for the perfectly illustrated Rubaiyat, I came to the realization that there could be no such thing. I was doubtless very much helped to this decision by a well-meaning cousin, who gave me a certain recent "Rubaiyat Calendar," whose tinted photographic prints

I loathed from the bottom of my soul. Never, I vowed, would I own a copy of the poem that had been spoiled by somebody's stupid pictures.

Now—? The only copy that I have is a funny little faded green leather one. It cost only fifty cents when it was new and now it is much the worse for wear, but unlovely as it is, it lies near my hand on the open top shelf of my bookcase. Though I would not dare say that I thoroughly understand or appreciate it now, at least even the passage beginning,

“Into this universe, and they not knowing,”

is not the nonsense it once seemed

And the future? Ah well—

“Tomorrow's tangle to the Winds resign!”

GROWING OLDER

MARIE EMILIE GILCHRIST

Gray days and gold, in serried ranks they tread
The shadowy way that leads to long ago;
Intent upon a goal we may not know
They take the way that centuries have led.
And once I sought to hold them as they sped—
Rapt pilgrims, questing to Eternity:
Or urged them on with sorrow-stricken plea
That in their flight I might be comforted.
But now I care not how the days go by—
Although the fairest dawns may flush and fade,
There's always beauty in the vaulted sky,
And when there's beauty, who can be afraid?
The earth is good, in laughter and in tears—
May God go with you, friendly stranger years.

ABOUT COLLEGE

THE ROLL CALL

ELEANOR EVEREST WILD

This custom, that of calling the roll, I mean, is barbaric. It is a remnant of a custom so ancient that it existed in the days when our ancestors were a migratory people and met in clans or tribes and answered "present" or "absent," as the case might be, to the polite inquiry of a person called the "Sachem." Perhaps in those days it was an attractive way of spending time, because the people had nothing much to do but migrate and have "clan meetings," but today when the complexity of life has greatly increased, I consider it most wearisome.

Perhaps it is not the custom I object to so much, as the way it has grown upon the faculty, and its method of delivery as conducted by them. As far as I can discover it has no possible value save to use up three (at the least) or eight (at the most) minutes of the fifty-minute period. This, I agree, is an advantage, but after all it somewhat increases the nervous tension.

I admit that the roll call has remarkable possibilities, but I have never known a faculty to take advantage of them. Some slight variations are introduced. For instance, now and then you will strike a humorous faculty who obligingly pronounces all the names wrong. This will produce a mild titter. There is the faculty who runs off the names with a certain fluid continuity which admits of no reply on the part of the "student body." For example, if your name were Adams you might be caught answering "present" by the time the name "Young"

was called. This method is disconcerting to the student but shows that the faculty places the proper emphasis upon the importance of your presnce in the classroom. One extremely clever person I know, has developed a system whereby you answer once a week only, and at that time reply in figures one, two, or three according to the number of days you have thought it wise or agreeable to appear. This is pleasantly diverting and also brings in fascinating mathematical problems. The students themselves sometimes attempt little variations. Now and then a girl replies to the inquiry in a voice which shakes the rafters, rattles the window panes, causes her classmates to jump, and even brings forth an uplifted eyebrow or two on the countenance behind the desk. But at best it is a monotonous desultory process. If *I* were a professor or even just a modest "roll-caller" I should proceed thus,—

"Miss Brown, are you present? Thank you so much. I was afraid you might not come because I overheard you say in the library, that you hadn't done one word of the lesson. So nice of you to drop in. I'll be careful not to call on you."

"Oh, Miss Smith, I see you are here, too. What a very becoming hat you are wearing. Are you perfectly comfortable in that awkward chair? I will bring in a cushion to-morrow."

"Miss Jones not here? What a shame! As long as she is not here I will take this opportunity to say that she is doing exceptionally poor work and I doubt whether she will pass the course."

"Now, if there is anything the class cares to bring up in connection with the lesson, mention it now, otherwise I will dismiss the class, as it is one minute to the bell."

THE IVY—IT CLINGS

MARIE EMILIE GILCHRIST

The spinster twining ivy o'er her doorway said, "I'm jealous,
Although *I* am a clinging vine I haven't any trellis!"

FROM THE LABORATORY
TO A COCOON

MARGERY SWETT

Warm in the cottony bed where you've laid him,
Head bowed and hands clasped, he waits for the spring.
See what a curious carving has made him,
—This priest of the darkness and folded wing!

Like a swaddling papoose in a swinging basket,
Nature had put him to bed,
As an ebony idol in silken casket.
He lies in your cotton instead.
Stript of the silken shroud he sleeps,
Until the soft call of the spring's resurrection
Drifts down, down, down, through those dreamless deeps,
And a spirit responds in a soft-winged perfection.

Lo! he stirs in his sleep and moves
When he feels the warmth of the palm of my hand.
Does the blind-folded creature think this proves
That a warm breeze is blowing over the land?
Put him back, lest a spring-called thing should arise
While the snow lies cold and deep,
And cling to my hand while reproachful eyes
Blame for the broken sleep.
Put him back, lest the hand of winter should seize
A part of a precious hoard,
For in such dusky nuggets as these
The gold of summer is stored.

A PRECIPITATE

MABEL BERTHA STRAUSS

There are grey-blue clouds in a windy sky
And flakes of white touched with rose that fly
Buffeted, tossed, as a heron feather
Is lifted and swung in the winter weather.

Then down where the clouds meet
The cold flakes piled, a flame wings fleet
Through the drifts of white, gleaming
With orange and yellow, and seeming
To swallow the world with its fire.
But in its triumph comes tragedy dire,
A pitiful, dreadful token,
The test-tube's broken!

AN IVY SONG

INEZ HOWARD KNEIFEL

The College days are fleeting o'er
We shall no longer dig,
Before we leave these learned halls
We plant this little sprig.

Oh may it grow forever more
And College "pep" imbibe—
Until it spreads so very far
That one can't find the Libe.

IN PRAISE OF THE PUG

MARGARET FENNER JENNISON

Regardless of fashion, indifferent to rank, the pug sooner or later is brought back into popular favor. Again and again it has been condemned, abolished and cast aside as *bourgeois*, but after a decade or so it turns up again.

Well could the pug boast, "'pomps' may come and 'parts' may go, but I stay on forever." "The changes which are sure to come I do not fear to see." However, the variety in the types of milady's headgear is numerous and bewildering. In the back of father's watch is a picture of my mother, in which her hair, parted in a straight line, is drawn down primly over her ears. After that stage, women wore waterfalls, and soon every lady of rank and position must have one rippling down from the crown of her head. In course of time the dignified pompadour was adopted. This also was artificial, for its smooth expanse was sustained from within by a circular wire arrangement, though some people, not so particular as those just mentioned, bought huge quantities of fuzzy wool, which resembled bologna sausages in shape and contour and by these "rats" coaxed their locks into a pompadour of no mean proportions.

In my own short span of life we have gone from the "psyche" to the "French twist" and on again to the "Castle Bob." I cannot say which is the most grotesque! But now, at last, through the labyrinth of curls and bangs and frizzes we have again become warm friends with the pug.

Look about some day in chapel or in the dining-room and what do you see? Here are dozens upon dozens of neatly coiled pugs. They are really artistic; though, to the untrained eye they may seem monotonously uninspiring. But consider their competence, symmetry and above all, their air of respectability. No interference with your *chapeau* is here. They are always neat and give one a feeling of calm confidence, an air of being absolutely *sans-peur* of results.

Not long ago mother visited Smith College, and when she went to chapel, the fact that impressed her most about the girls was their hair. She couldn't explain the feeling. She only said, "they all have such beautiful hair." Little did she realize that it was those practical pugs that had gained her approval.

In a recent examination, an air of great expectation pervaded the room, as the instructor passed the questions about. Each girl, with only a few exceptions, having read the questions, laid down the paper, girded her back hair a little tighter with her bone hairpins and then—and not till then—resolutely took her fountain-pen and went at the questions tooth and nail.

In Wallace House on the landing of the first flight of stairs, are placed two mirrors, one at the right and one at the left. In one you see your pedal extremities and in the other, your head. Each girl that passes, going up or down, stops before the "right" mirror. She pats and smooths—her *back-hair*! Nine times out of ten she neglects the front and hastily tightens a pin in the rear. That seems to me to prove that the pug is more important than the rest of the entire head taken together.

This habit is not a provincial one. Nor is it simply contemporaneous. As far back as 1835, Dickens notices it in "Our Mutual Friend." Rogue Riderhood's daughter hears a knock at the door. Before she smooths out her apron and pulls

down her sleeves, she unconsciously twists her back hair up more securely and fastens her pug with practical fingers.

Too many of us neglect the signs of the times. This is the age of efficiency. They tell us that it is the "happy-hunting" time for the specialist in every line. If we wish to succeed, then, let us follow in the footsteps of those who have learned by experience. Let us adopt a fashion which is permanent and universal, which is not for the New Yorker or the Tibetan exclusively, nor for the rich or the poor, but for all classes and all ages. Delay not, but punctually at seven-thirty to-morrow morning, coil up your hair in a practical, praiseworthy pug.

A REVERSION TO TYPE

ELSIE GREEN

(Graham Hall, 9.10 P. M.)

In front a great white square, a restful void,—
Save at its base where a black shiny knob
With droning voice speaks on eternally;
On either side are windows gray and dull;
And all around, a sea of sleeping heads;
Far up above, the chocolate lions nod—
E'en while they strain at golden bumblebees
Which hover, dangling yellow legs, beyond
The wooden leash. But I, in fancy free,
Leap boldly to a window sill to swing
Myself aloft, and then derisively
I snap my fingers at the crowd below
Or dash a bumblebee to earth; in flight
I sharply tweak a lion's listless mane
And spring from beam to beam until at last,
Pausing before that peaceful square of white,
Cocoanuts I hurl—down on that shining head.

THE GENTLE CRITIC SPEAKS

ADELAIDE HERIOT ARMS

This did I read, and having pondered long
In search of meaning, deep hid, mystical
I sought the author out and to her said,
"This verse is marvelous, it stirs my inmost soul
And yet I cannot understand it save in spots.
I pray you therefore, to elucidate
I dimly guess 'tis some new found Philosophy"
The author turned quite pale. Quoth she, "My dear,
You do deceive yourself—'tis *humorous*—
Again I read and weeping much deplored
That of such uncolored matter was my brain—
Then in compassion did she seek to comfort me,
"It is a thought I had in Graham Hall one night
When drowsiness o'ercame my intellect.
The choc'late lions are the carvings on the roof,
The "bumble bees" with yellow legs, are lights suspended."
I struggled to emit a laugh but choked and tore my hair,
"But whence the 'cocoanuts', the 'cocoanuts'?" I cried,
How came those there, in Graham Hall where even popcorn is forbid?"
With rising wrath writ on her brow she glared at me
"My dear, are you indeed so dumb?" This did she say
And more because I could not laugh!
Pray, let me ask, can you?

REVIEWS

I know not whether the Bible, Shakespeare, or the *Boston Transcript* was responsible for the statement that "there is nothing new under the sun," but someone surely said it, long years ago, and surely 'twere more likely true now. But, for any evidence, I have to the contrary, Jennette Lee has something new for her readers, in her recently published *Symphony Play*. In her foreword to this play, Mrs. Lee draws a parallel between the development of music in the sixteenth century, and the development of drama today. She compares the fugue of Bach, with its sustained development of a single idea, to what she calls its dramatic counterpart, the Shakespearian play.

By the side of the fugal form of music, arose the short dance movements which were later joined together into sets. At first the parts of the set were by different composers, later by one musician, until finally, the genius of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven brought to its culmination the development of the symphony and sonata. Mrs. Lee finds a parallel to the short dance movements and folk songs of the sixteenth century, in the one-act plays so popular now, and suggests that the growing custom of presenting them in sets may point to the development of the dramatic counterpart of the symphony—several one-act plays related in tone and color and meaning, produced together.

After our author has caught her reader's fancy by this fascinating suggestion, she presents her *Symphony Play*, made up of four one-act plays, each bringing to the reader the subtle essence of the human spirit as expressed in boyhood, motherhood, brotherhood, or womanhood in full-flowered maturity.

Very dainty and light is Mrs. Lee's touch, very rich and beautiful the ideas she calls forth by her literary chiaroscuro.

Striking in its style and content is the recent book, "*The Way of the Cross*, by V. Doroshevitch, the famous Russian journalist. In terse, gripping sentences, Doroshevitch describes the retreat of the Russian peasants before the German invasion. He does not spare his reader. The pictures he draws are crude and terrible, gripping in their awful reality. His sentences, tense, vivid, close-packed, have yet something of a rhythm about them that reminds one at times of free verse. The book is well worth attention, both as an historical document and as an example of unusually vivid narration and description.

What is love? Poets have sung it, essayists have analyzed it, scoffers have decried it, and the world turns 'round by its motive power—but what *is* it? Is it sudden, gripping, stormy, passion, leading one whither it wills for a time, then leaving him as suddenly as it has come, or is it quiet, enduring, steady, lacking in theatrical qualities, but strong and dependable as the everlasting hills? This is the problem of Basil King's recent novel, *The Side of the Angels*, and in the love story of two men and two women, he makes a strong plea for the type of love that endures. The story deals somewhat with abnormalities, as psychological novels often do, and some of its incidents are wholly melodramatic, but the plot is, on the whole, very well worked out.

We find the work of one of our own alumnae in *The Fifth Wheel*, by Olive Higgins Prouty,—A young girl who has been trained to do "parlor tricks," as she calls her pretty and trifling accomplishments, in society, suddenly wakes up to find that something within her revolts against this kind of life. She cannot bring herself to marry a young millionaire whom she does not love, and later, when she does meet the man she learns to love, their ideals clash so that life together would be unendurable. Declining to be a useless adjunct in the households of her brothers and sisters, she sets out to live her own life upon her own responsibility, and to find herself. Having won self-respect and a very satisfactory competence

in a manner truly improbable, she finds that the rôle of homemaker, when voluntarily chosen, and not of necessity, is the most fitting rôle for a women, after all. *The Fifth Wheel*, as an argument for feminine independence, may be criticism on the ground that its heroine wins her success through personal favor, and not through the exercise of her talents, alone.

May Sinclair presents in her recent novel, *The Belfry*, the story of a bounder, who, if there is anything awkward to do, promptly does it, who marries a girl of the class which never blunders visibly, and keeps her and her relations in a constant state of discomfort by his poor taste. In the end, however, the bounder brings his wife and her friends to a realization of something strong and fine in his character, something far bigger than his "bounding" propensities. Miss Sinclair's character delineation is masterly, and in Jimmy Jevons, the bounder, she presents a remarkably interesting hero, presents him in a manner inimitable.

The flood of new novels, plays, and war descriptions keeps pouring in, but one finds among them occasionally a book of quite another type. Of value to anyone interested in settlement work with children, or playgrounds, is the new book, *How to Know Your Child*, by Miriam Finn Scott. Its author worked for many years among children, and gives the results of her experience in careful, clear, and very readable exposition.

F. M. H.

RECEIVED FROM THE PUBLISHERS

How to Know Your Child, Miriam Finn Scott. Little, Brown Co., \$1.25.

EDITORIAL

"We'll sing 'till our last precious spring term is o'er"—so runs the song you will hear most frequently on the lips of the members of the senior class during the next two and a half months. Singing and spring term—they are inseparable; just as spring term and bacon-bats, spring term and trolley-cars, spring term and "the Field" are inseparable. In fact we may be said to have invented a new compound word "spring-term" for it has acquired a certain connotation all of its own. Spring-term means a whole series of things, all delightful. It means the campus lying green and silent in the early morning while the dawn creeps up over the haze-enveloped mountains. It means the kaleidoscopic stream of girls that pours out of chapel into the broad sunlight, breaking away into odd little parti-colored groups as they stroll up and down the broad tar walks. It means the busy afternoon activities at the "Field" or a lazy paddle on the shadowy mirror of Paradise. It means a long ramble through the woods on Sunday morning, when one deliberately cuts church and goes in search of violets and the hidden arbutus instead. It means the ever delectable bacon-bats with their smoky atmosphere and their familiar muddy coffee. And last, but not least, it means senior sings when the whole college gathers to do honor to the spirit of spring-term. They are splendid opportunities in which to promote good fellowship and an esprit de corps. One often comes away from a senior sing with a deeper sense of class spirit and college loyalty than one has been able to get out of all the preceding months from September through March.

What is the explanation for this? Surely there must be some reason besides that time worn one of "Spring!" The

senior class perhaps enjoys spring-term more than any of the others. Alumnæ tell us that the memory of their last spring-term is one of the happiest of their college budget of memories, and that perennially they grow homesick for "Hamp" in May. In this last quarter of my last year in College, I think I have discovered the reason why we seniors become so attached to our last spring-term. It is, because for most of us, our student activities are either over or at least considerably lessened and for the first time in our college lives we have time to do—I will not say all—but most of the things we have always wanted to do. So I cannot resist this chance to make one final appeal against an over-indulgence in the pleasant but time-consuming labor of student activities.

Some of you may remember that the first number of this magazine in the fall contained an editorial on the same subject. Today I am not writing merely a footless repetition of my former words. Then I was a theorist; today I am offering some heart-felt advice compounded from the experiences of many of the members of the present senior class. In brief it is this: "Over-activity is a dangerously exciting game, for which the price of playing is entirely out of proportion to the pleasure derived." It can no longer be excused on the old ground of necessity. The familiar excuse, "But there are only a few girls who are capable of doing this or managing that" no longer carries weight. With an enrollment which is increasing steadily each year, it stands to reason that there must be a proportionate increase in the number of "capable" students. There will be plenty of persons to fill all of the offices without imposing the burden of bearing two or three at once upon one girl.

After all, what is it that we remember best of the many things that make up our college days? Leaving aside our actual academic achievements, it is safe to wager that most of us would answer "The good times we had with our friends." Then why not store up as many of these as possible, for although it is trite, the old saying is true. "Our college days will never come again."

EDITOR'S TABLE

The Editor's Table needed spring cleaning—not that the snow had gone from the ground or the chill from the air, but nevertheless the time had come for a new editor and a whole winter of usefulness had rendered the table a distressful sight indeed. Therefore the old editor set to work and her task was a rueful one. Scraps of discarded ideas and dust of dilapidated fancies covered the table and its environment. The department scrap-basket was full and must soon overflow. In the dust under the furniture the editor found ideas that once had seemed to shine but now showed as commonplace as they really were. There was the idea about the value of a sense of humor, to have been embellished by many jokes soon found too tinsel-like to rest on such a solemn table. There was a shabby perverted idea gained when the editor had been working late o' nights, and written after a few hours of fasting. There was a dark idea on the war, and a silly one on the comfort of complacency. But why enumerate? Is there anything more dead than a dead idea? In comparison the coffin nail, advertised by Mr. Dickens, is throbbing with life. With a sigh the old editor shoved the ideas one and all into the department scrap-basket, and dusted the table so that it stood, all neat efficiency, to welcome into its capacious spaces the ideas of the next editor.

All this had taken time and the old editor—disconsolate with the thought “there is nothing new that is not olde”—walked over to the window of her office and opened it. A warm fresh breeze danced into the Office and hinted at a secret that made her lean far out over the sill and draw deep

breaths of sweet earth-scented air. She noticed that the snow was visible now only in certain places protected from the sun. She saw that in spots the glass looked almost green, and, across the lawn were deep muddy foot prints made by a wayfarer too hurried to use the wet tar walks. A little squirrel, flipping his tail, scampered to a tree nearby where the faintest tinge of green began to hint at the same secret of which the breeze was whispering. Nestled against a soft blue sky a few white clouds seemed to rest comfortably on their way from warmer regions. Suddenly against this blue and white flashed a bit of crimson. The first robin! And as the editor watched she heard a gay song she recognized. Yes! there perched the little songster on a bare branch, his head tipped back, his throat swelling, and he singing for joy of the secret. But what the other had whispered this little song sparrow loudly spread broadcast. Spring had come.

Slowly the editor turned to look at her dingy Office that the breeze was doing its best to freshen. She glanced at the ideas in the department scrap-basket.

"That is what they lacked," she said, "That is what most of us lack—the joyous enthusiasm the song sparrow knows and sings of merely because he is living and the world is new and good."

K. D. K.

The publication, by the University of California, of the "California Book of Undergraduate Verse"—needs new impetus to undergraduate writing, particularly in creative work. But in criticism also this book is of value in setting a standard for comparative work. According to its editor:

"This volume of undergraduate verse labors under the same difficulty which besets most other collections emanating from similar sources. It is hard for people who live in microcosm to strike the universal chord. And the undergraduate lives in a microcosm with a vengeance. Nevertheless, it seems to the editor that some of the poems do, however uncertainly, strike that chord"

The following is one of the shorter verses which might ap-

pear in an intercollegiate anthology of undergraduate work. The first, by Genevieve Taggard in the *Occident*, is one of a series of Hawaiian sonnets, suggesting in atmosphere and melody the exquisite lyrics of Adelaide Crapsey, but less unified and less morbid in thought and philosophy.

"Soft heaves the breathing lap where waters seep
Along the coral way. I hear the fall
And rise of leaping tides—the lazy drawl
Of tongued waters climbing on the steep.

The ripples whisper in their circling sweep
And edge along the willows near the wall.
The night is dumb with languor and the tall
White lilies near my door are caught in sleep.

Oh world, I watched you in your wild caprice,
Heart to your heart I lay, dust to your dust
And I have learned new fancies blown with gust

And gale. What is this sense of certain peace?
What peace is this that sees the future traced
Through windy turmoil, still stands quiet-faced?"

E. G.

AFTER COLLEGE

PERSONALS

Contributions to this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in next month's issue, and should be addressed to Eleanor Wild, 36 Green Street, Northampton, Massachusetts.

ENGAGEMENTS

- '11. Ruth Hess to Sigmund S. Albert, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania.
Margaret Townsend to Doctor Joseph P. O'Brien, of Albany, New York. The wedding will take place in May.
- '13. Alene Ayres to Alfred Henry Clarke.
Calla Clarke to Horace Farwell Ferry.
Ruth Gardiner to John Carpenter.
Catharine Tines Chopin to Charles Edwin Blake.
Blanche Sheffield to David West.
- '14. Ila Miller to Rev. George E. Bevans, of Elizabeth, New Jersey.
Elsie Tiebel to Eugene T. Abbot.
Harriet Wakelee to Henry A. Stringfellow, of Rochester, New York.
They expect to be married in the fall.
- ex*-'14. Dorothy Dewey to Dr. Francis G. Blake, resident physician at the Peter Bent Grigham Hospital, Boston.
- '15. Elizabeth Jennison to Robert Christy, of Montclair, New Jersey.
Marguerite Tweedy to James Douglas Biggs, Yale '14; Grand Junction, Colorado.

MARRIAGES

- '11. Katharine Wilbur to George Utter, January 17, 1916.
- '13. Florence Baker to Donald Defrees, December 18, 1915.
Avis Canfield to Philip Carleton Wentworth, September 20, 1915.
Florence Geddes to John Loomis, December 18, 1915.
Edna Jones to Homer Arey, November 27, 1915.
Helen Kempshall to Edgar Harriott Pinnea, March 10, 1916.

- '13. Frances Long to Douglas Hoeffcker, February 15, 1916.
 Margaret Nye to Malcolm Vail, March 4, 1916.
 Louise Weber to Gilbert Kilduff, October 12, 1915.
- ex-'14.* Marion Deings to Milton S. Williams, October 27, 1915. Address: 27W. 64th Street, New York City.
 Faye Morrison to Harry Wiborg Conarro, September 16, 1915. Address: 310 Hazel Street, Warren, Pennsylvania.
- ex-'15* Margaret Flemming Ward to Robert E. McCabe. Address: Dolgain, Charleston, West Virginia.

BIRTHS

- '11. To Mrs. Erwin, (Marguerite Butterfield), a son, John Spencer, October 31, 1914.
 To Mrs. Kingsley, (Gladys Mégie), a second son, David Gaines. born September 14, 1915.
 To Mrs. Lord, (Wynnifred Wheeler), a daughter, Phyllis, November 5, 1915.
 To Mrs. Pease, (Arline Brooks), a daughter, Margaret Garrigus, December 7, 1915.
- '13. To Mrs. Lee, (Eileen McMillan), a daughter, Elizabeth, August 1, 1915.
 To Mrs. Meech, (Rose Baldwin), a son, Charles Braddock, October 24, 1915.
- '14. To Mrs. John McLean, (Elizabeth Bancroft), a son, John Jr., February 21, 1916.

-
- '11. Eleanore Ide is doing secretary work.
 The address of Marion Lane (Miriam Levi) is 35 W. 38th Street, New York City.
 Edith Lobdell is busy composing and studying with Adolph Weidig. She is also teaching harmony and piano. During September and October she was in San Francisco.
 Grace Otteson McConnell is living at the U. S. Naval Station, Tutuila, Samoa. She and her husband went there last August and after a year will go to Manila.
 The address of Winnie Waid is 143 E. 7th Street, Plainfield, N. J.
 Katharine Whitney's address has been changed to 2412 Harriet Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn. She is Medical Artist at the University of Minnesota and has from two to six assistants in her office.
- '14. Elizabeth Boyer is at home. Address 31 S. Stenton Place, Atlantic City, New Jersey.

- '14. Genevieve Browne is teaching English and Elocution at Routt College, Jacksonville Illinois.
- Eleanor Halpin is at home. Address 177 Union Street, Montclair, New Jersey.
- Valborga Hokanson is at home. Address 18 Centennial Street, Plymouth, Mass.
- Kathlen Hosmer is teaching the college preparatory work at the Maine School for the Deaf, Portland, Maine.
- Katharine Knight's address has been changed to 1847 Asbury Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.
- Emma Mershan is teaching Arithmetic and History in Cranbury, New Jersey.
- Agnes Morgenthau is chairman of the Theatrical Committee of the Press and Publicity Council of the Empire State Campaign Committee for Woman's Suffrage.
- Florence Palsits is at home. Address: 1885 Morris Avenue, New York City.
- Agnes Remington is working for the New York A. I. C. P.
- ex-'14.* Helen Adams is a teacher of piano at the Maude Alma Mann School of Piano, Galesburg, Illinois.
- Ethel Badgley is at home. Address: 15 W. 4th Street, Dunkirk, New York.
- Grace Gridley is teaching sewing to working girls at a settlement house in Somerville, Mass.
- Mae Guerin expects to take her A. M. at Clark University this June.
- Caroline Higgins is at home. Address: 62 Oak Park, Youngstown, Ohio.
- Marion Whitley is a teacher of physical education.
- '15. Mary Lee Rockwell is studying Physical Education and Hygiene at Columbia.
- Christine Ruth is Docent in a Children's Museum. Address: 1368 President Street, Brooklyn, New York.
- Mary Semans is teaching English in the High School, Uniontown, Pennsylvania.
- Ruth Utley is teaching Mathematics in the Morrison High School. Address: To Mr. H. E. Burr, Morrison, Illinois.
- Amelia Wagner is teaching French and German in the Delaware Literary Institute, Franklin, New York.
- Jane Elizabeth Stone is Probation Officer in the Boston Juvenile Court Address: 9 Wales Street, Dorchester, Mass.
- Edith Waterman is Secretary at Rosemary Hall, Greenwich, Connecticut.

CALENDAR

April 8. Alumnæ Student Rally.

Open Meeting of the Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.

15. Meetings of the Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.

22. Division Dance.

29. Division Dance.

May 6. Meetings of the Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.

13. Division Dance.

17. Junior Promenade.

The
Smith College
Monthly

May - 1916

Owned and Published by the Senior Class

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THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

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MAY, 1916

No. 8

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BUSINESS MANAGER AND TREASURER

ELEANOR MAXMILLIA NICKEY

THE ALUMNAE BOOKSHOP

Honest Labor's Lovely Face

MARY AUGUSTA JORDAN

It has long been an academic commonplace that the life of a college is even more in its graduates than in its students. But for the first experimental readers of the history of women's colleges, this truth remained a commonplace for use at reunions of classes, and for verbal receptions of the "returned-ones" by the conventionally expressive Faculty. Many years ago, Frau Kapp declared that the hope of Smith College was in the Alumnæ, who, in the long run, would prove to be the surest critics and the best conductors of College spirit. Repeatedly, President Emeritus Seelye has called the graduates his joy and crown and rejoiced to see the influences of College life and teaching returned a hundred-fold in service to

the College through material gifts and help in counsel. From the opening of his administration, President Burton has recognized the importance of the alumnæ in all their established relations to the College, but still more, perhaps, he has discerned their undeveloped powers in the broadest life of the College. Most quietly, but most steadily, he has cultivated their acquaintance and in far-sighted friendship courted their intimacy for the undergraduates, the sub-freshmen and the citizens of Northampton. Their enterprise has been cordially judged in all fields where it has been shown, and no approach has been repulsed in jealousy or suspicion. The Smith College alumnæ are certainly elder sisters not "steps" for lo, these many years. This encouragement by President Burton has resulted in a closer and closer association of the College interests, until for directness and intensity, the bonds of "before" graduation and "after" are hardly distinguishable. The mere reminder of *The Quarterly* offices, the *Alumnae Association* rooms, and the coöperation of *The Faculty Bureau of Recommendation* with the keepers of alumnæ records will readily illustrate the point. The emphasis of the illustration needs to be measured by the shock of surprise it would carry to a graduate of twenty years' standing who had only read or heard of such changes in her Alma Mater. Academic business has undergone a change second only, and like in kind, to that of the familiar revolution in industry made by the use of power machinery. Academic business, seemingly, has come to stay. The undergraduates moved rapidly from fountain pens to typewriters; and now a fair proportion of them are learning stenography in the high school or in their leisure, "outside the minimum," to fit them for varied service, in and beyond their curriculum activities.

Changes of this sort are not likely to pass without the self-consciousness of the students themselves or to escape the notice of graduates, well known for their initiative and their business competence. It has been sometimes a matter of reproach that so much of the collegiate energy has gone into the organization of what stately old ministers of the gospel used to call "the beggarly elements." The furniture exchanges, the

sandwich industry, the cake and candy sales, the display of "fancy articles" on stated occasions have been as conspicuous by their presence as certain other types of collegiate expression have been by their absence.

Doubtless there is a time for all things, and patience must be the badge of all the academic tribe. The dreams that make life worth living to so many men and women work themselves slowly into the light of common day. There have been gatherings of two or three young women in the apple orchard, or on the crest of the terrace overlooking Paradise, when there was slow trickling speech of a time when there should center about the College many forms of healthful, and happy, and beautifying work. There should be a club house where groups of workers should find entertainment, and some, at least, of the characteristics of the kind of home made possible by the new expression of the brotherhood of all men and the sisterliness of all women. There has been talk of "exchanges" of a well established and constantly growing range and value. Of artistic processes in decoration and design, of sewing, weaving, planting, cleaning, mending, nursing, "companioning," printing—yes, they have even dreamed of a press to print the College publication and the learned dissertations of candidates for advanced degrees, of engravers to design illustrations for the undergraduate programs, papers, and magazines; of binders to make tidy old and dog-eared text-books and ragged bunches of notes, to bind and tool, in beautiful fashion, books from their own and other presses. They have even hoped to make a new and more beautiful and convenient type, possibly with the encouragement of the appropriate departments in the College, to invent a trustworthy and efficient pen and ink. To such bounds have these dreamers penetrated!

But the dreams have commonly ended with a sigh, a smile or a shrug, after the habit of the dreams in waking, working hours and the College world has gone on, a little better and a little more hopefully for the dreams. The *Alumnae Tea House*, in Northampton, and the Sophia Smith Memorial, in Hatfield, the Library in the *Women's University Club* in New York are the coming true of some of these dreams. Why not, the rest?

But not all visions have been of this beneficent and idealistic composition. There have been also visions of judgment when pictures of wilful waste and grim want were compared and relentless computations made of what might have been given to the poor if so much had not been charged at retail for the necessary lubricants for the intellectual machinery of the students. The spectre of economic principles done to death by overcharges and retail profits has disturbed the dogmatic slumber of more than a few painstaking students and graduate well wishers of the College.

In response to both tempers of experiment, some practical plans for exchanges of student furnishings, more or less extensive, or suggestions of "coöps" have from time to time been made. But all have had the fatal weakness of ideal or financial inadequacy. A great college cannot afford to make negligible experiments, or to succeed or fail in a petty way. There is capital needed in ideas and aspirations as well as in money. Both kinds are necessary. As the nobly friendly merchant said in Venice:

* * "I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this forward year,
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad."

The Alumnæ Bookshop is to be in the Southwick House, well within the no-hat range of the Smith College campus. It is incorporating with a capital of \$25,000, a Board of Directors: President, Mary Byers Smith 1909; Treasurer, Edith E. Rand 1899; Secretary and Managing Director, Marion E. Dodd 1906; Emma Hirsh 1905; John C. Hildt, Assistant Professor of History in Smith College. A still further protection is to be found in the Alumnæ Advisory Committee of Mrs. William H. Baldwin, Mrs. James Webb, Jr., and Miss Martha Wilson. There is also to be a Students' Advisory Committee supplementing the sager wisdom and more settled business principles of the Alumnæ Committee by their more intimate acquaintance with the needs, tastes, dangers, and temptations of the students. Some of the Alumnæ are already showing

their interest in the aim and methods of this new enterprise by taking blocks of a thousand dollars of the preferred stock. As far as the coöperative part of the plan is concerned, and it is, perhaps the least, it will follow, in the main, the methods used at Harvard. Membership tickets will be issued to students on payment of a membership fee. Holders of these tickets will pay the market price over the counter, but, at the close of the year, the record of the amount of each member's purchases will be consulted, and dividends paid according to the profits of the coöperative business, the Corporation itself guaranteeing a minimum. The Alumnae Advisory Committee of three will act as representatives of the student members, by contract with the managers.

But the projectors of this scheme hope for much more than to add another "good business" to those already prospering in Northampton, and among which they come, as any other firm would, offering good service and the "lovely face" that "honest labor" has. They hope to add much to the depth and range of the College interests in as many ways as they can address the attention of the students, the faculty and the public of Northampton. They wish to make their bookshop what some of the Edinburgh and London bookshops have been, what Taylor's in Washington was in the time of Webster, what Sydney Bridgman worked for in his time, a gathering place for books, and for the clash of ideas in kindly persons.

Acquaintance with processes of paper and bookmaking may be promoted by the talk of expert attendants, and the enthusiasm of those whose service as salesmen is only a small part of their connection with books and stationery may lead to admiration and intelligence, instead of to careless negligence in their use by students and others. In short, the Bookshop hopes to raise its conduct of its business to the level of any art, and to exhibit all the features of a model industry. There will be books to handle lovingly for their beauty, books to admire for their rarity and curious charm, books to save for, and books to covet nobly. And there shall go forth a strong smell of whole Russia, and a vision of ancient calf and pig skin, with now some worm-tracks, and again some rusty metal clasps. The

corners shall be respected, even when ragged and split, for what they have endured, and the dust shall be reverently lifted by a dustless duster. It is quite clear that many a friendship will be cemented there, and many a misunderstanding cleared away. These are the fruits of the spirit in a model Bookshop. And such we must do our part to bring to pass, before September next and thereafter.

SONNET

MADELEINE MCDOWELL GREENE

Life, I am frightened by your hidden face,
 Half-menace, and half-promise, which I see
 But dimly through a veil like filmy lace
 Woven of dreams and rosy mystery.
 Alluring by the charm of things unknown,
 You wait with all the sure repose of death,
 Too soon I'll meet your strange eyes with my own
 And know the heady fragrance of your breath.
 Perhaps you hide a sunny loveliness
 Serene with deep contentment, but I dread
 To find sharp furrows of unhappiness
 Marring a face from which young hope has fled.
 So, longing for the secret which you hide,
 I'm loathe to tear Time's misty veil aside.

IN MY CITY OF DREAMS

EUGÉNIE WALKER DE KALB

White and blue—
 Cloud and sky—
 Azure mist and smoke float by
 Pillared masses towering high
 Into white and blue.

Gold and black—
 Mosque and heath—
 Music gay, with tears beneath;
 And on the heath a funeral wreath:
 After gold, the black.

THE LITERARY HEART OF SWEET SIXTEEN

DOROTHY SPEARE

"Show Thy face, and all is bright," sang the tenor, but he did not raise his eyes devoutly to the top of the church, with the rest of the choir; he lowered them, and gazed into mine with deep, unfathomable blue orbs. I looked back, trembling under his gaze, as in that song where the girl is the man's harp, and "all too lightly" he draws from it her "fullest and deepest minstrelsy."

Mother did not appreciate the beauty of my thoughts, however. She nudged me sharply, whispering: "Sally Waters, you keep your eyes on the minister!" She is strangely unfeeling. How could any mortal wish to look upon Dr. Davies? His hair is neatly brushed up at each side, in two little black horns, and when he gives his sermon his dark eyes gleam maliciously at me as he pounds the pulpit strenuously, and shrieks in piercing tones about going to Hell.

However, I looked at him until the choir had finished the anthem, merely allaying mother's suspicions. But, although outwardly I was a decorous young girl of the fair age of sweet sixteen, her straight brown hair brushed back in a modish manner under a turban which no one would have guessed she had fashioned herself out of silk and tulle, her violet eyes with long lashes carefully developed by vaseline, inwardly I was a mass of primal, seething emotions.

Love had come to me. He was not a Van Astor, nor yet a college Lochinvar, as brother Jack thinks *he* is; in fact, my small and unsympathetic sister, whose finer feelings are as dross, had informed me that in private life Will Martin was a clerk in an unromantic leather store. In sooth, what cared I? Love soars above such trifles. From the first Sunday he had looked from the choir into my eyes with his beautiful orbs, and our souls met in this as it were casual interchange, it was Kismet. Now, never a Sunday went by but what I attended church.

We had not spoken—as yet. It was too soon—too soon. I felt a sweet, maidenly shyness, as did the bashful lass of sweet sixteen in the song. At home, I dreamt rosy dreams of the future, dreams full of the ecstasy of youth, like Garth in “The Rosary;” and when my love became too great to be kept silent, I wrote him letters. These letters I hoarded in my left-hand tiny bureau drawer, until one day when I should give them all to him, the lovelight shining in my eyes.

At length—and I speak those words with feeling!—Dr. Davies ended the sermon with a sweeping denunciation concerning everyone save Methodists, and the congregation swarmed out, with that dejected air which I think is always produced by long-winded ministers. I made my way dully, and with no heart for my work, to the Sunday School department, where in my brother’s absence I had to teach ten boisterously irrepressible little choir boys. Well I knew that base Harvard student’s ways! We live so near college that he had been pressed into service as a Sunday School instructor; but they were the worst boys in the school, very harrowing to the nerves, and he always telephoned me just before church that he had some important studying this morning, and so would I please be a queen and take his class? Full well he knew that never would I refuse to be a queen; and so I had all the tortures of the Inferno loosed upon me.

“I tried to impale them with frowns and searching questionings.

“George, can you tell me who succeeded Saul?”

Loney Skevinsky at this point fell upon Paul O’Brien—motive unknown—and a scuffling ensued, in which Loney tore off Paul’s paper collar and Paul kept a firm hold on Lonie’s false bosom, which was of celluloid and non-tearable. Crass details!

“Don’t pay any attention to ’em, Sally,” said Patrick Murphy, consolingly. “They’ll get sick of it after a while. Hey, quit *yer rough-housin,’ muckers!*”

This last was delivered in a piercing tone which went through the whole Junior department like a fine needle. Little heads bobbed up all over the room, and the principal, who is

indeed a grim and foreboding man, came over and pried them apart. . . .

I ask you plainly, what could one do? In the whole hour allotted for the imparting of the lesson, I did not have time for one question. Threats, punishments—all, were received were buoyant "I should bibbles!" from the little boys. . . .

I walked home in a mood of galling bitterness, which was not alleviated by seeing Jack home for Sunday dinner—evidently having finished his studying. Base deceiver that he is! But he had fain beware; his game is becoming senile and decrepit! One more Sunday thus, and the bent twig will snap!

Full of thoughts of this ilk, I glared malevolently at him across the fair white table. After cracking such puerile and pointless jokes as college "men" will, and laughing heartily while no one else did, his careless, debonair attention was fixed upon me.

"Oh! Sal—why so grumpy?" he asked—or words to that effect. I paid no attention, but soothed my wounded senses by a large helping of jelly. There is always jelly left, when naught else in the world stays by one. At the next few words, however, the jelly trickled down the front of my simply girlish dress, and I flaccidly held my spoon in rest. He had turned to mother and father, and was saying, with what he thinks is an irresistible twinkle:

"You know, people, I've found out a secret heart-throb of Sally's!"

The remark was received in silence, broken by my sister Kitty's acidulous voice: "*Secret!*"

"And it is productive, too!" he continued, a fiendish glee a-light in his eye. "We at last discover that our Sally is a genius!"

I remembered. And I can never eat currant jelly again without the poignant memory of my mad, ever-to-be regretted folly coming back to me. I had left a letter to Will on Jack's desk that morning, supposing he would not be out home, and that being the only isolated part of the house.

My worst fears were being realized. He took a familiar pink paper, which I had carefully soaked in violet water to

give the right touch of the essence of fresh violets, from his pocket. He opened it—oh, awful reality!—and said gaily: “Here we have a rare work of art. I spare you the harrowing whole, but I pause to point out that our Sally has all the true essentials of a modern romancer. At a glance, and in a few sketchy words, we know that he is tall, and of a beauty absolutely ‘Byronic,’ with a voice which ‘thrills the heart-strings of one’s soul.’ We get a vivid, almost impressionistic picture of his ‘blonde, adorably wavy hair’ and ‘inscrutable blue orbs.’ Not eyes, you understand—orbs—she clings to the æsthetic. Oh! yes—Sal—you had one amazin’ good line—‘my soul cries out to you, in the dark silence, and receives no answer.’ Pretty clever—what? Sally, will you let me take it for ‘comp’ over at college?”

“You know my answer,” replied I, in tones of scorching dignity. “You have violated all trust I ever retained for you. Give me that letter, Jack; and would that your Philistine eyes had never spied its contents!”

With an airy gesture full of presumptuousness, he flipped it across the table to me, exclaiming in mock concern:

“Why, Sally, darling! Surely the letter was intended for my eyes! I thought perhaps you wanted me to pass my opinion upon it.”

“You know full well,” I began indignantly, and was about to proceed after the manner of an outraged Cicero, when mother, who had been sitting ominously rigid for some time, added a little piquancy to the Sunday conversation by interpolating a few questions.

“Sarah,” she said, with that still, awful calm, “how long has this been going on?”

She believed him! She thought Will really wrote to me! My soul writhed in secret joy, and Kitty gave me an annihilating glare of envy.

“Mother,” I said, in deep, measured tones, with the look of one who has lived, “since the beginning of the world.”

“Old stuff, Sal!” counselled Jack; “*Antony* told that to *Cleo* some little time ago!”

“Now, Sara, *how long has this been going on?*”

I dropped my eyes, letting my long lashes dust my cheeks as I murmured, maidenly blushes suffusing my countenance: "Well—I—I—don't exactly know, mother."

"You bet you don't!" hissed Kitty, at my side. I stepped on her foot with my new high heel, and she became silent.

"What's this?" demanded father, arousing himself from the gentle abstraction into which family altercations are wont to plunge him; "Sally's taking up with some young cub?"

"I have known it!" intoned mother, with the majestic voice of a Nemesis. "There is nothing that passes me by! It is the blond tenor who sings in the choir!"

"*That* cheap skate!" exclaimed Jack, in well simulated disgust, "Sally, I should have thought that a girl of your hypercritical facilities would have hitched her wagon to a star!"

"I resent, but ignore, your debasing epithets," I replied, with the serenity of true martyrdom. "Mother, I make no secret of the great happiness that has come to me. I—*love*—William, as I have since time began, and I shall love him until the seas run dry. It is the inevitability of Nature."

The minute I had spoken, I knew I had done wrong. I had worked that phrase once too often. Just the other day, when mother came home to find me with artistically pinked cheeks and delicately pencilled eyebrows, I had told her that for the budding girl to wish to be beautiful was the inevitability of nature. And as, almost unconsciously, the phrase dropped again from my lips, I saw mother's rigidity soften, and she relaxed.

"Let us change the subject," she said, with sweet tact which filled me with a baffled rage, as it came just when I was enjoying myself to the full. "Kitty, what time did you get home last night?"

"Now mother!" she was beginning, "when you're at a dance with a real sporty fellow, you don't like to tell him that you still wear a bib and have to hit the downy trundle bed at 10 P. X."—

I arose and stole away from the table. Full well did I know the scene that would follow. Kitty is as granite, picked out with touches of adamant; and mother is set in her ways.

When the irresistible force (mother) meets the immovable body (Kitty) what happens? The answer is: father steps in! And I had no strength left to endure his forceful interventions.

I whiled away the afternoon, eating caramels and reading a novel about Lord Byron. Kitty went out walking with one of her microscopic "best fellows," who is just growing into his long trousers; father smoked, and read the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the Sunday paper; mother and Jack went for a ride in the car. Alone, for hours, in the little attic where I keep my kindred spirits, and where mother unearths and hides them at regular intervals, only to find them ferreted out again by me, I suffered with George Gordon.

I am the only soul who ever understood Lord Byron. Would that I could bridge across the ages, to tell him so! the twilight grew around me in my little attic, but I knew it not. Only when a stentorian voice from the lower regions hailed me, bidding me make ready for supper, did I come back with a cruel jolt into this world of clay. . . . Food is immaterial; or rather, I should say it was *too* material; of the earth, earthly. Byron hated to see a beautiful woman eat. . . . I partook sparingly of what was set before me, and, excused myself early. . . .

On ordinary occasions, it would be mother's joy to have me attend church Sunday night; on this occasion, I had my doubts. However, after a period of communion with my kindred spirits in the attic, I arranged myself as if I had hopes; Kitty, watching with a cynical eye.

As I descended the staircase, with all the young grace of a sixteen-year-old, a strange masculine voice in the den made itself perceptible to my sensitive ear. Mother came out in the hall to meet me and cast a cursory eye over my toilette. After the inevitability of nature, the other day, she is suspiciously vigilant.

"One of Jack's college friends has unexpectedly come out, dear," she whispered, with a honeyed smile;" and, as Jack has studying to do, we look to you to amuse him this evening."

"More of Jack's studying!" I exclaimed in quick hostility,

as the familiar phrases smote upon my ears. "Mother, if he did all the studying that he makes *me* suffer for, you would not be out so much money for tutoring!"

However, mother had moved away, as she is wont to do when I argue, turning a deaf ear to my expostulations; and I meekly followed her into the den. Well I knew Jack's ribald college friends!

With the boredom he always assumes when he has to make his adolescent sister known to his men-of-the-world friends, Jack rose and drawled out an introduction to "Bob Morris." I was sulky, and did not look at the trivial man, who was spoiling my chances (hazardous in the extreme, *before*) of getting to church. As always, mother interpolated her oar, and said sweetly:

"Now Jack must study, and, darling, you and Mr. Morris can go in the parlor."

Silently did I lead the way to that room, accompanied by Mr. Morris and his ribald laugh. I did not pull down the curtains. The girls across the street could at least see that once in a while I had a caller.

"Suppose you tell me your name," suggested he, suddenly, from behind me, as I was trying to find some Harvard music on the rack. "Miss is much too formal, and I can't call you 'darling,' as your mother did—yet!"

The challenge direct! Evidently he was one of those experienced flirts, whose polished converse one reads in novels! I whirled about and looked at him. . . . A Greek god was leaning against the door frame and smiling at me. . .divinely tall, and most divinely fair . . . His crisp brown locks waved away from his white temples, his black eyes danced with a quizzical glance, and his finely cut lips were parted in a masterful smile.

I lowered my eyes under his; something novel, something infinitely and extraordinarily precious, had entered upon my humdrum existence. "My name is Sally," I said, softly.

"Sally," he breathed, speaking each syllable as though it were music.

"Sally," I repeated, and turned to fumble for the music; my eyes were dazzled, and saw not.

"Oh—do you play the guitar?" he demanded suddenly, gravitating towards that old ancestral relic which I always insisted on keeping in the parlor by the rubber plant, it looked so romantic.

"No; but *you* do," replied I, astutely.

He was gloriously unretiring. In a trice we were seated upon the sofa, he affectionately clasping the guitar, and tuning up the ancient strings. I sat as one in a trance. New, wonderful worlds had swum into my ken.

At length, the Greek God struck a few experimental chords with a masterful hand, there turned to me. His eyes bent upon me with an inscrutable look, he sang tenderly, in a deep, compelling baritone:

"Of all the girls in every part
There's none so sweet as Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives down in our alley."

While blushes suffused my face, I closed my eyes in maidenly shyness. Unplumbed emotions in me danced to the surface; something too wonderful and glorious for utterance was singing inside me. I stole a glance at him from underneath my long, dusky lashes; he was feasting his eyes upon my face, and how I rejoiced that I had made diligent use of cold cream to preserve the soft contour of youth thereon! Then I opened my eyes and we gazed at each other . . . It was Kismet. . . .

Jack's head, stuck unceremoniously through the portières, rudely interrupted us at this point.

"Ah, there, Sal!" he hailed me, smiling sweetly; but I wotted well of the venom behind the smirk!" I forgot, when I shelved Bob on you, that you would probably be busy this evening."

"Busy this evening?" repeated I, all unguardedly, although his smoothly sympathetic face should have well warned me.

"Why, sure,—writing to *him*, you know—the *only* one—and all that since-the-beginning-of-the-world stuff."

He stopped idly drumming chords, and looked at me in anguished question. The suffering in his eyes was too unbear-

able, and I replied in dulcet tones, which told Jack there would be more of this anon.

"I'm sure I know not whereon you speak, brother dear. Your witty remarks anent a certain fictitious *him* are not worthy of a Harvard man. How is your studying progressing?"

At this pointed question he withdrew, not without some slangy remarks about nothing in particular, which I do not deign to repeat.

"Are you sure," said *he*, softly, "that you are not merely being adorably polite? Were you to be busy this evening?"

"Certainly not," I replied, with all the firm assurance of a sixteen-year-old; and we realized that my answer was weighty, and emblematical of many things, as our eyes met in a long gaze in which we knew each other as if it had been from the very beginning. His eyes spoke dumbly, and mine silently replied.

Then he resumed his song.

"She is the darling of my heart," he sang, and gazed into my eyes with deep, unfathomable black orbs. I looked back, trembling under his gaze as in that song where the girl is the man's harp, and "all too lightly" he draws from it "her fullest and deepest minstrelsy."

It was the inevitability of nature. . .

PAPILLON

EUGÉNIE WALKER DE KALB

Burst from your chrysalis
Green wingéd things;
Open and shut your glittering wings.

Spread them in sunshine
And furl them in shade;
(Bright as the emerald, dark as the jade.)

Gold are they glistening
Just for a day;
Winter will puff them, as gold dust, away.

VERSE ABOUT PEOPLE

MARGERY SWETT

On The High Seas

Here where the sea circles us
In monotonous, hard little ruffles,
Walled in by the glaring sky,
We share our last drop of water,
You and I.
It is better so,
—That when all hope is gone we both should go
Without too much comment or goodbying,
(As those do who find the dying
Hard, but very near and certain.)
But should the storm clouds draw their ragged curtain
Around this bowl of sea we seem to own,
And drive the waves around, below and over,
And make the wet planks of our rude raft groan,
Then should I, wave-sucked, numbed and cold,
See the skies slant, feel the boards slip, lose my hold—
—Not a struggle, not a cry
As I join the sunken dead,
—No fool lubber hand to clutch the shaky raft,
Just the same big hungry waves a-beating fore and aft,
And the same gusty storm of rain and sky,
As the leaden waters rush and part and close above my head.

*Astinus**

They, the young men bear the world upon their shoulders,
By the fire we old men sit,
—Outvie each other with strange stories,
Childish wisdom, senile wit.
Fresher minds and stronger sinews
Rebuild the temple that of old we started,
Bear the burdens, fight the battles
Now that we have turned light-hearted.
Theirs the worry, theirs the wisdom,
Passing power, censure, shame,
Theirs the restless toil and hurry,
Theirs the wounds and theirs the fame!
I have known these and remember,

*If one might invent one's myths to fit one's verses, I should say that Astinius was a great warrior and statesman who, when he had grown old, was offered as a reward for his services the renewal of his youth.

I, too, was young and wisely bold,
Bore the burdens, fought the battles,
Paid in pain and earned in gold.
Now to the fire I turn contented,
Glad that this last joy be granted
To those grown tired for men,
For I would rather be young with the old,
Than old with the young again.

Along an Inland Road

Along a sweet-hedged road,
Running inland from the sea,
He, my sailor sweetheart
Made shy love to me.
There where the goldfinch dived and darted
Out and in among the tender vine,
There where the songsparrow sang out joyous-hearted,
Away from the smell of the brine.
And then we came to the ocean,
At the end of the sweet-scented hedge,
And the love on his lips turned to silence,
For it seemed like a sacrilege.
With eyes full of dreams and longing
He looked at the ocean wide,
And I knew that he had forgotten
All but the sails and the tide.
And I saw that the love of my sailor
—The love that he had for the sea—
Would part us and wound us and kill us,
For 'twas more than his love was for me,
And greater and nobler and stronger
Than our poor love ever could be.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY WOMAN

MARION MARGARET BOYD

Martha Anne's heart beat tumultuously. It forced the blood in crimson waves, one moment dyeing her round cheeks crimson and, on the ebb, leaving them a pasty white similar to the hue of the blanched almond. It was not the heat of the summer day, though that was excessive, that was causing this feverish alternation in the cheeks of our heroine. Her healthy

six years took no account of the weather, save as it meant a descent into the realm of flannels in the month of November, and the grateful return to the bare-legged state during the spring months. No, it was not because the thermometer stood at eighty-eight degrees that Martha Anne's brow was moist with heads of perspiration, and that Martha Anne's fingers shook as she applied a large sugar cookie to the lower opening of her countenance. Earlier in the afternoon, she had played squat tag when the thermometer stood at ninety degrees, and was yet able to regulate the movements of her fingers. No, it must be stated at the start that the weather conditions in this story are a negligible factor. Martha Anne herself could easily have diagnosed her symptoms and she was painfully conscious of this fact. For the first time in her earthly existence, she was experiencing the pangs of self-consciousness. She sat on the lowest step of the Martin's back porch. On one side of her sat Phyllis Martin, clad in brown checked gingham. On the other sprawled Jeannette Dewey, her form enhanced by green checked gingham. From the position of these two bits of femininity can be deduced the location of Martha Anna in relation to that of her two companions. When the fact is mentioned that Martha Anne's mother had attired her small daughter in a blue checked apron, the symmetry of this little description is complete.

Phyllis and Jeannette were discussing matrimony and Martha Anne was listening. It was a subject upon which she had not spent many hours of meditation and therefore did not feel qualified to speak authoritatively. This somewhat broad subject had narrowed to its more introductory phase, engagements, and Phyllis, whose elder sister was to be married the following month, had just completed a lengthy dissertation on the wisdom, or lack of it, to be found in long engagements. She had spoken heatedly, and with ardor and vim, setting forth the arguments she had heard her sister and her friends discourse. Phyllis spoke with feeling on the advisability of a young wife's helping her husband in all matters. This she interpreted broadly to mean helping him to part his

hair straight, washing his neck, and all such things. Her sister had been engaged only six months, although Lee had proposed to her every year for perfect ages. Jeannette suggested that information be divulged as to when Lee's proposition had first been made known to Phyllis' sister. This necessitated a moment's thought, and a not-too-definite answer. Not having lived at the time Phyllis did not feel competent to give an accurate account of the month and day of the happening. But she knew at all events that it was sometime before her sister had reached the age of seven, for she had often heard her father tell her mother that the twentieth century woman in order to be perfectly sure of not dying a maiden lady must receive at least one proposal before she was seven. And, as if to prove the principle, he had cited her sister and even herself as examples. It was here that the crimson waves began to flow and ebb in the cheeks of Martha Anne. She had experienced great surprise at discovering that her chum and playmate had ever been involved in Romance, and she ignorant of it, and had been on the point of evidencing this consternation when she observed the calm and lack of perturbation with which Jeannette received the tidings. Thus it was that the eternal feminine in her rose to her protection.

Not receiving the response she had anticipated at this tempting bait, Phyllis proceeded to dangle the worm, so to speak, before the eyes of her companions. She took a large bite of a sugar cookie and proceeded.

"Um—d'I ever tell you about last summer at the sea-shore?"

Involuntarily the "No" rose to Martha Anne's lips. Phyllis thoughtfully masticated.

"Well, there isn't so much to tell," she began. "I wouldn't tell you anything only it won't matter anyway because I don't intend to marry him. He was a real nice boy. His father and mine knew each other in college. That's how we got acquainted. Well, we made forts and castles in the sand, and went in swimming and all that together, and I never thought anything of it of course. Then the day before we left we were in paddling together and our names were way up on the sand. I said I was going home the next day and he just said, 'Don't go. Marry me instead. Then we can play and make

palaces all the time.' Well, I guess that's about all. We don't even write any more. It's too hard writing I think, and besides I can't spell many words."

Martha Anne sat spellbound. It was just like a fancy story, where the Prince says to the Princess "Come jump on my black steed, and I'll take you to my palace where we'll be happy forever and ever." She regarded Phyllis in a new light. Her brown curls were bewitching, and she had heard grown-ups remark the queer half foreign slant of her eyes.

"Too bad," sighed Jeannette, "too bad he doesn't live in this town. Why there's a boy in this very town's proposed to me. Gives me sort of a queer feeling when I meet him on the street. Too bad your little sea-shore boy couldn't move here."

Martha Anne felt that her hour had come. Her heart seemed to cease beating altogether, and her breath caught with a queer rattle in her throat. She had felt that way once before when she lost her penny going to Sunday School, and had nothing to put in the plate when it was passed. There was a Golden Text somewhere about it she remembered, something about being weighed in the balance, and only ten ounces to the pound or something like that. Should she confess and henceforth be classed with the two Miss Perkins who lived in the old brick house and owned twelve cats? Silently she prayed for help, and it came.

"Martha Anne, Martha Anne, hurry right home and wash up for supper."

Never could trumpet of Gabriel sound more welcome in the ears of the blessed than did her mother's voice sound in Martha Anne's ears.

"Yes, mother, I'm coming," she cheerfully responded and with a "See you tomorrow" she had bounded across the fence into her own yard.

Thoughtfully she washed and changed her dress for supper, and as in a dream sat through that meal. Her favourite preserved peaches failed to illicit more than a feeble smile, and her brother's account of the afternoon baseball game, which usually sent the thrills racing up and down her spine awakened within her not the slightest shiver of delight. Of what use

now was joy of any kind? Sorrow was her allotted share of this world's goods—sorrow, and cats, and a voice that would grate shrilly and proclaim her old-maidenhood to the world. She sat on the front steps after supper, and a certain joyous misery crept upon her, as the soft twilight breezes wafted the faint odor of lilacs. Gently she declined to play hide and seek when Robert, from across the street, came over, as he always did, to get her to play in the game in the evening. She was tired, she said, and guessed she'd rather rest a while. Robert regarded her with rounding eyes. That Martha Anne should ever admit that she was tired was an unheard of thing. Why, she was almost as good as a fellow, wasn't a bit scary about climbing around in new houses, and was the only girl who'd slid down the big hill the winter before. But obedient to her wishes he went off and got the others together for a game. Her mother came out pretty soon.

"Tired tonight, girl-baby?" she asked.

"Humph, why not call her old-maid baby and be done with it," thought Martha Anne, as she remarked she guessed she'd go to bed.

Later in the evening mother remarked to father that she thought Martha Anne mustn't be feeling so very well, for she came running to supper at the first call and it always took three before she'd start, then after supper she hadn't gone out to play with the other children but had gone to bed early. She wondered if the heat could be affecting her. Martha Anne wasn't a delicate child, and had never been sick since her croup days. Father said he hoped her first year at school hadn't affected her, and that she wasn't planning to develop into any of the new infant prodigies, whose pictures were exhibited in the current magazines. None of the new woman business for him. He just wanted a healthy normal tomboy for a kid. Mother felt no fears of prodigious learning for her six-year-old offspring, but nevertheless could not assure herself that all was well to such a degree that she was prevented from going several times to Martha Anne's bedroom to see that she was sleeping well.

(To be continued)

SKETCHES

KITTY, KITTY!

MARTHA TRITCH

I hate 'em—cats. And I'm not talking in any figurative sense, either. I mean the real, four-legged, sure-enough little beasts, with their claws, and their bodies, all hair and nothing else, and their eyes that give you the creeps. You can be friends with a dog; you can throw him around, and give him a boot, if you feel like it, and he hangs about just the same. But you can't have any fun out of a cat; all the good they are is to be in the sun and make a noise like a darned tea-kettle.

I can't say I wasn't warned. It came the very first time Jim Cunningham took me around to see Kitty Jessup, but of course I'd have to disregard all forebodings—I always do. We had no sooner stepped on the porch than I saw the hammock give a wiggle, and a great, whopping, big tiger brute landed on the floor with all fours. He came and coiled himself about Cunningham's legs, purring like the dickens. Jim stooped and actually gave the arching thing a pat. I didn't see how he could stomach it; but I soon saw what he was up to. Jim's a deep one! I ignored the whole business.

Miss Jessup came out then, and we were introduced. I'd seen her the first week I'd come to Cambridge Springs—the day Cunningham, who was an old college mate of mine, had taken me to the golf club; I'd fallen for her on first sight. She's one of those blondey blondes with pink cheeks and blue eyes completely surrounded by lashes about a foot long,—a regular peach. I must say old Jim was pretty decent to trot me around when I asked him. I don't believe I'd have been so

generous if I'd been the one to have the pleasure of her acquaintance.

"Shall we sit out here? The porch is much pleasanter, I think," she said, sitting down in the hammock, with her little white shoe, tap, tapping the floor. I was in bliss and totally unprepared for the jolt when it came.

"You haven't met Jiggles, have you, Mr. Dennison! Why, how rude of me!"

I supposed Jiggles was a kid brother, and my heart sank like a lump of lead. I'd just gone through a course of agony with Helen Freeman's little imp brother before coming to Cambridge Springs, and I had been prayerfully hoping Kitty Jessup was an only child.

I looked about to see if he was in sight and murmured something to the effect that I'd be delighted, of course, but if he wasn't around, why, some other time—

She laughed, and looked at Jim, and he laughed back.

"Oh, but you must meet Jiggles right away. Come here, Jiggles. Kitty, kitty!"

The cat! I gave the hollowest groan that I could make inaudible.

"Oh, yes yes. I did see him. Nice cat," I said as quickly as possible.

She was in the act of picking the big, heavy beast up, and she sort of stopped, with him hanging in the air, scratching aimlessly about; and looked at me disappointedly.

"Don't you *like* cats, Mr. Dennison?"

I decided I'd have to lie without hesitation. "Indeed I do; I *love* 'em," I declared with as much warmth of passion as I could muster on such short notice. The worst of it was, I could see a little grin on one side of Cunningham's mouth. The old hypocrite! I could see now why he had stooped to pet Jiggles!

"Then you'll like Jiggles, I know. . . Him was 'a nicest kitten, him was! Shake hands with the gentleman, Jiggles!" She stuck out one of his paws, and there was nothing I could do but take it. I felt like a complete ass! Jiggles stretched out his claws in a most significant manner all the

time I held his paw, just as if to say: "See what I *could* do if I wanted to!" The minute he was free—and you can just bet I didn't prolong the tender clutch a second more than I had to,—he gave one spring and landed with four awful digs on Cunningham's knee, where he stayed the rest of the call. I'll say it was pretty white of Jim to keep the beast out of my way.

A week later I called on Kitty again; this time alone. The maid told me she was in the orchard, and that I was to go right around the house and join her there.

I followed the path until I came to a break in the hedge and a sort of wicket gate. (Tell the truth, I don't exactly know what a wicket gate is, but it sounds romantic and this looked it.) From here I had a view of the orchard, and as pretty a sight as you might see anywhere. Under a gnarled apple tree, stretched out gracefully on a long, comfortable-looking chair, dressed all in white, sat Miss Kitty Jessup. Jiggles, I was pleased to note, was nowhere in the picture.

She was as sweet as ever. I almost told her so, too; but I recollected myself in time, I'm thankful to say. It was too soon for any of those doings; and besides, it wouldn't have gone with her, I had a feeling. I was thoroughly pleased with the world as I sat there talking to her; nothing could mar my contentment. I swore that if twenty Jiggleses, all having the usual number of beastly lives, should come into view I'd never turn a hair.

But of course I didn't mean it—as I had reason to know when I got a sight of a little tiger fiend coming trotting along the grass at the gait of a dog, making a bee-line for us. It seemed to me I could hear his joyful purring fifty feet away.

I thought I'd show Kitty that Jiggles and I were bosom friends, and that I loved the little dear.

"Puss! Puss," I called, wiggling my fingers along the grass. "Nice pussy; pretty pussy." I didn't know what else to call him; I sort of shied at "Kitty;" so once started I kept up the "Pussy" business until I felt like an angel boy in a *Darling's Delight* story.

Jiggles was completely taken in. He bounded over to me

like a shot, rubbing his fur all over my hand. Kitty—the girl, I mean—sat there and beamed, and I felt repaid when I saw how she liked my tender attentions to Jiggles. I even went so far as to scratch his neck (I wish I had wrung it!) He stuck around, and my fingers seemed to go on sort of indefinitely, until he was idiotic with joy, and rolled over in the grass to express his delight.

“Take care! He sometimes gets so excited he—scratches!” Kitty warned; but it was over and done then, and I had a long, red gash down my hand, while Jiggles kept on purring. The beastly little cad!

“Oh, I’m so sorry!” Kitty exclaimed. “Jiggles, that wasn’t nice *at all*. Go away, sir! . . . Please—won’t you let me tie it up?” I hadn’t any particular objection, so I soon found myself bound ’round with a little handkerchief, rather blessing the accident, though I was still storing up vengeance on that curséd cat.

“It wasn’t anything,” I turned it off with a fine stoicism, boiling inside meanwhile.

“I’m so ashamed of Jiggles! He doesn’t *mean* anything, Mr. Dennison, I assure you. He just seems to get *drunk* with ecstasy, and he doesn’t know what he is doing. (Oh, Lord! It was just the old cat coming out, that’s what it was—but of course I couldn’t say it to her) She was so prettily apologetic that I couldn’t take my eyes off her.

“I’m sure of it,” I answered, heartily and jovially. “Don’t you worry a bit more about it, Miss Kitty.”

“Jim Cunningham gave him to me when I was in short skirts; I began to love him when he was a wee kitten—really, in spite of appearance, he has the sweetest disposition! Jim knew how I adored cats and he hunted the nicest one he could find for my birthday. He always does the dearest things for his friends, doesn’t he?”

And then, for half an hour, we talked nothing but Jim Cunningham—a good fellow, but not worth all that wasted time; I couldn’t seem to get the conversation steered, even though I must have been the one who was ass enough to start it in the first place. I told all about his college doings: how

he was voted the best all-'round fellow in the class; how he got into the scrape about the President's hat, and how the old boy let him off and laughed when Jim apologized; how he practically won the Princeton game; all that old stuff. I don't see what made me such a bore; I couldn't seem to talk of anything else. Kitty was a little peach to put up with my line of dope.

There we sat, comfortably enough, though I was wishing I could manage to think of something more interesting to say; but still, I wasn't exactly calling for help, because I could always sit and look at Kitty, no matter what we talked about. I had forgotten all about Jiggles.

Then all at once I noticed that Kitty had an abstracted look. She kept turning her head in every direction; I could see she wasn't paying any attention to what I was saying. "That darned cat again!" I groaned to myself, and stopped talking in the middle of a sentence. I knew it was no use to go on.

That brought her back. "Yes? You were saying—?" she murmured, looking up at the apple tree behind me. Suddenly she jumped up from her chair.

"Oh, Mr. Dennison; won't you forgive me, but Jiggles—" I knew it!

But I got up in a hurry, trying to look like a man who could cheerfully save her and hers from a man-eating tiger, if necessary. I think my biceps swelled; I know my chest expanded.

"Where is he?" I demanded in a gallant tone.

"There—in that tree! Oh! Jig—! There is a nest of little birds in the tree; and Jiggles— Come down, sir! Kitty, kitty, kitty!"

I looked up and saw the treacherous little beast lying with a long, low crouch along a limb. His tail, quivering at the end in nervous jumps, was going slowly back and forth; his yellow eyes were set in a fixed stare, craftily watching a little nest in the notch of the limb. He was not the least bit interested in his mistress' voice.

"Jiggles!" I didn't even have to try to make my voice stern.

His tail waved a bit faster; that was all the difference ap-

parent. Kitty screamed, then began to call, "Oh, Jiggles!" in such a grieved, how-could-you voice, that I couldn't stand it.

"Shoo! Scat, you devil!" I called, using both arms in emphasis "Shall I get a pole?"

"There isn't time . . . Oh—please, Mr. Dennison, won't you climb up and bring him down?"

Her pleading voice did it, though I knew all the time that my white flannels would never be the same again. I grabbed the two lowest limbs in my hands, and started up, the crotches of the blamed tree scratching me and gnawing me and pinching me viciously. I finally landed, stomach-down, on the limb below the noble Jiggles, and with one arm twined desperately around my under propping, I reached up the other one toward Jiggles, just as a hint to that gay old boy that I was on his trail and it was time to decamp. My hand wouldn't quite reach, worse luck, so I couldn't give his tail the pull I fully intended for it.

"Hey! Come off the job! Scat, you brute!" He turned his head with a flash, and his tail stopped moving, all but the very end. The devil! He looked as if the next minute he'd give a spring into my face, with particular emphasis on the eyes. I gave one more desperate heave, shot my arm up again, clutched some fur this trip, and—somehow, the next minute, there was no Jiggles on the limb above me.

Now, I can solemnly swear that I never intended to swing him off into space. I felt like boxing his bloomin' ears, I'll admit. I was not intending to carry him down, perhaps, as tenderly as a mother would her babe—I felt no inclination to be a mother to Jiggles. But to push him deliberately off the tree wasn't in my mind; I was as surprised as anybody when he toppled over the brink.

But tell it to the moon! You might have thought that I'd just committed a grand slaughter of a widow and her seven little innocent offsprings, when once I reached the foot of the tree. There stood Kitty, with her arms around the old demon of a cat, whose eyes darted curses and whose claws wildly dug her shoulder in an effort to get away. Her eyes were saying things, too; just about the same sentiments that Jiggles was

getting off, I should judge, from what I could see of them between flashes.

"Mr. Dennison! *I saw it all.* I never knew men could be so cruel! No, I won't listen; there *could* be no explanation."

I stood there like a big fool, trying to apologize to a girl who wouldn't look at me or listen to me. I didn't stay long; I saw it was all up with me, and I beat it.

At the gate I looked around. Kitty was trying to cuddle a cat whose only thought in life was to escape her embraces. I didn't envy her.

But in spite of all that happened, I'll confess that when Jim Cunningham slapped me on the back the other day and told me that he and Kitty were engaged, it was a blow I wasn't expecting. I felt like—the deuce for a minute or so, even though I realized instantly that she had only done it out of pique and to get even with me. However, I soon cheered up and could look philosophically at the whole mess; I could see that it would never have done.

So now, when I see her red tam o' shanter in Jim's car, or even when I go past the Jessup house evenings and hear the creak of the hammock, and see the red glow of a cigarette, I'm perfectly resigned.

I might have had to live with Jiggles!

CANDLES

MARGERY SWETT

Love, I light little candles,
Wound with silver and blue,
And ink my fairest feathered quill
To say goodnight to you.

* * * * *

Love, the two little candles
Are burning very low.
Burned up with doubt and anguish
Will our two loves end so?
Or will they light a path to heaven
Before they go?

SOME FUTILE SUBTERRANEAN QUESTIONINGS

MARIE EMILIE GILCHRIST

Wild furry folk that walk under the wood,
What of your cool earthy highways and byways?
What of your life in that strange neighborhood?
What of your timorous manners and shy ways?
Silky-soft Mole, are your tunnellings barred
To the field-mice that flee from the reapers of grain?
May you enter the hole where the woodchuck stands guard,
Or journey a piece through the Brown Rabbit Lane?
When the winter-time comes and the earth stiffens up,
Do you all go to sleep in some leaf-padded cavern,
After drinking a bumper of may-apple cup,
Brewed on the hearth of some underground tavern?
Cray-fish, whose chimneys are builded of clay—
Call you the little red foxes your brothers?
Do burrowing creatures know darkness from day;
And do you have air-holes so nobody smothers?
Who taught your moist little paws all their skill?
What are the songs that the earth-folk have sung?
Why should I pose you with questionings still,
Knowing no word of the underground tongue?

ON THE MARCH

CORA VIRGINIA HOWLAND

We are marching in the darkness
And the rain is in our face;
We are marching, marching, marching
At a heavy steady pace.
We are tired, but we'll be resting,
Resting till the cannon's roar,
And afterwards full many
Shall sleep to march no more.
Then with careful aim and steady hand
We'll shoot them one by one;
Shoot those other human soldiers
Marching towards us in the sun.
And if they should chance to hit us?
—Well, what difference does it make?
One dies but once; it's good to die
For home and country's sake.

REMINDER

HELEN DINGEE

Did you ever of a summer's evening, sit on a crowded veranda with the soft dusk all about and the air full of secret whisperings and laughing, murmured words, when suddenly, from somewhere far, far off, the lilting strains of *Il Trovatore* came to you through the night? Did you notice the change which came over each little group? Perhaps it was imagination which made you think that the grey-haired man beside you stiffened a little, and that the jewelled fingers of the lady opposite you, gripped more firmly the arm of her chair. The debutante on the top step smiled dreamily, in memory perhaps, of some dance a short time past, but the strong features of the big-game hunter at her side, sharpened a bit, and you wondered if he were remembering another summer night, like this and yet quite different.

After a while, some girl, or perhaps a garrulous old man, broke the silence with a laugh and during the story which surely followed, you watched the strange expressions fade from those still faces, wondering what untold stories lay behind the silent lips. For where can a gathering of men and women be found, for some of whom "*Il Trovatore*" does not wake a host of memories? And yet, usually, the suggestions which start us on a train of thought half-forgotten, differ widely. Sometimes, it is a stretch of wood-lined road, sometimes a childish voice calling, or again, the way a spray of honeysuckle waves across a gate, that stirs in us the awakening, sad or gay, of something only half remembered.

It is strange, indeed, this power that sights and sounds and even odors have to call back scenes we thought were gone forever, and many a time has it caused men and women to act in a manner still more strange. The story is told of a fugitive from justice, who, after evading the police for months, surrendered himself to the law and confessed his crime, merely because in a restaurant where he went to dine, a girl sang

"La Paloma" as his sweet-heart had, that night before he killed her. It is true that such episodes are very rare, but who has not spent many an interesting hour listening to tales which began with, "Why, that reminds me—"? I shall never forget certain cold winter mornings, in my grandmother's kitchen, where she hustled to and fro among her gleaming tins, patting, stirring and baking, all the while she charmed me with stories of what my father, aunts, and uncles used to do when they were young. Every nook and corner of the sunny room, every bush and tree in sight, held for her some reminder of a childish prank. Once, it was the dent on the table leg, that made her think of the time Uncle Bill whacked it with his shovel, in wrath because she would not let him go to the fair. Once, it was a tiny track in the snow beneath the window, that brought from her the story of Uncle Jim's first rabbit hunt. One time, when a little cutter went speeding by with a rosy-cheeked, fur-wrapped man and girl on the seat, she pressed her face close to the pane until they were quite out of sight, and when, noticing the half-wistful, half-smiling expression on her face, I asked what was the matter, she answered that, "it was nothing, she was just remembering,—that was all;" but as she turned away I saw that little laughing-sad look on her face again, and her eyes were wet.

I used to wonder why my mother could not bear to see white Easter-lilies, why Aunt Beck always seemed so happy in the month when the apple trees bloomed, why Uncle Bill hated the sound of cow-bells in the twilight, and why the sight of our old brick school-house always called from Dad a train of recollections. But now I know the reason for these things, for perhaps it is simply understanding. You see, when one becomes older and "nearly grown-up," as mother says, one begins to acquire a few reminders of one's own; not the kind you paste in books or hang over your mirror; but the real ones that come of themselves, whether you want them or not. For instance, there are doorsteps on this very street, which become peopled with childish figures as I pass, and if I go by softly in the dusk I sometimes hear them chattering together over the games I have forgotten. There are windows and corners

in our house that I never see without recalling some great family event. On my desk, I have a little book I like to finger sometimes, "just because," and there's a tune, a little mocking, laughing, tune, that never fails to set a string of memories to dancing. But last of all, there is a mossy rock, half-hidden among pink azaleas, where sometimes it is enough just to sit and be very, very, miserable, yet all the time enjoying it exceedingly.

So you see, now that I am old, quite old and 'most grown-up, I know why some folks love the "Humoresque," and why to some the breath of lilacs across a moonlit lawn, is stifling, while to others it is truly, the sweetest thing in the world.

THE DRIFTWOOD BOAT

RUTH RIPLEY

We three stood on the shore surrounded by a thick sea fog, so thick indeed that even our own feet looked unnatural and far away. The grass grew green and clear for a small radius around us, then, gradually melting, disappeared into the fog. Greyness everywhere. It almost seemed as though we three were the inhabitants of another world shut in by the grey fog wall. We could hear the lapping of the waves from out of the mist, and at intervals the moaning of a bell-bouy and the scream of a sea-gull. A rollicking wind, hung with salt and spray, blew straight from the world outside, crimsoning our cheeks, and jewelling our hair. It made us want to dance, and sing, and leap, and run, grow—and fly. Oh it was glorious!

Suddenly, in the fog, we saw a splash of red. As we looked, it grew larger and brighter and about it appeared other colours, a touch of green, a soft brown and a mass of grey. The colours were as delicate as pastels upon a grey background. Nearer they came and the red splash became the cap of a phantom boy, standing at the bow of a boat, paddling with a monstrous oar. The green took on shape and outline, we saw that it was the dress of a little girl sitting at the stern; and even the grey came to life showing itself to be

a great pile of driftwood, heaped in the middle of the boat. They seemed for all the world like fairy children made of painted sea fog. Slowly they drifted on until at last they became clear and round in colour and outline. We could see the wet in their hair, the red of their cheeks, and the sparkle in their eyes. Now the red hat was brilliant, the green dress dark, the driftwood round.

The boat was upon us, but so suddenly had it disentangled itself and shot out from the fog that we thought it, too, had come from another world.

"Hurrah!" we shouted as the keel grazed the shore. "Hurrah!" they shouted back.

SOUTH WINDS IN JANUARY

MARIE EMILIE GILCHRIST

Hark to the thunder of hoofs in the distance—
A far silver summons so hauntingly clear:
Jubilant outposts from kingdoms of summer
Raise the glad cry "'tis the turn of the year!"
Under the snows that lie wasted and withered,
Numb in the clasp of the frost-riven earth,
Drowsiest roots throb with quickening pulses;
Waxy white buds stir to tremulous birth.
Up through the trunk to the quivering tree-top
Rushes the sap in its sweetening course;
Bursting through bark that the cold has made brittle,
Swelling the buds with its burgeoning force.
Winter may quench all this joy with her snow-drifts,
Frost kill the venturous green with his sting.
Under the ground there are brave preparations—
Under the ground they are making the spring.

ABOUT COLLEGE

THE GIRL AND THE PROM MAN

ADELAIDE HERIOT ARMS

Once upon a time there was a girl. The girl was a Junior at Smith College. Smith College is the part of Northampton which accommodates 1700 feminine students who come there from all parts of the world to satisfy their longing for knowledge. The students live part of the time in buildings which contain sumptuous rooms, but most of the time they spend in a very large room which contains about two million books. When each girl has finished reading all the books, she commences. To commence means that all the books are finished; it also means that the student can begin to apply the books to the rest of the world.

The 1700 students are of the masses, but they are divided into four classes. The Junior class is the third class. It means Prom. Prom is an abbreviated form of promenade which, according to the dictionary, means "a walk for pleasure." It does not really mean that. The Junior who has read one-half of the million books and a little over finds that it means "man," derived from the fact that "no man" means no Prom.

With man, Prom means a garden party, a dance, and a bat. The garden party is not given in the plant-house. It is given under some apple trees on the campus. The campus is the ground in between the buildings. At the garden party, the men wear white trousers and coats, and no hats. The Juniors who have read part of the million books wear hats and white

dresses. The garden party is the most remunerative part of Prom, for men are hungry and buy a great deal of ice-cream and lemonade. They eat so much that there is always enough money to cover expenses and some left over to give to the poor. Then men have their pictures taken for nothing while they are eating the ice-cream. The poses are always very natural.

The dance begins at eight. The men and Juniors can dance until twelve. That is a very late hour, but it is allowed as a reward for going to bed at ten all the nights before and after.

The day after Prom, Juniors put on their rubber boots and rain-coats, the men put on their best suits, and they all drive off in the rain for a picnic lunch. This is the bat. When the bat is over Prom is over. The Juniors who have read part of the two million books resume their work at eight-fifty the next morning. The men return to their various duties and take two grains of rhinitis every hour. Rhinitis is good for colds.

This particular Junior at Smith College wanted to do just these particular things, and since you know just what these particular things are you know just how very much the girl longed to do them. But first of all the girl wanted to get a Prom man. She did not wish to have any of her friends lend her a man. She wished a man of her own for two days. A Prom man of one's own is difficult to obtain. The girl wrote to a friend at Harvard and asked him to the Junior Prom. The friend was grateful for the invitation. He was also a base-ball player. A base-ball game was scheduled for the very day of Prom. He was sorrier than he could tell that he could not come. The Junior then wrote to five men all at once. Two of the five roomed in the same house at college. Neither of them accepted. The other three lived in separate states. They were all delighted to come. They thanked the girl in three different ways. The girl was very much surprised. She was in a *trilemma*. By the process of elimination she decided to take the one who could dance well, and offered the two extra ones to two of her friends who didn't mind having men "gotten for" them. The girl was very happy. She bought her Prom

dress. She asked her family to give her Christmas presents which she could wear to Prom. She engaged a room at the Draper, and a table at Rose Tree Inn. She ordered a horse for the bat and a permit. The horse was just like most of the horses in Northampton. It was a ribbed horse. The permit permitted the man to drive the horse not less than two miles an hour. It permitted the girl to sit beside the man while he drove the horse. In February the man whom she had decided to take to Prom discovered that he had used up all his cuts. A cut is an absence which does not require illness to excuse it. When one takes too many cuts, one uses them up. The man had taken too many.

The girl was very sad. Before Easter vacation she got excused three days early. This means that she was very ill indeed. She had "nerves." She went on a trip to Bermuda. The trip was to cure her nerves. On the same boat there was a youth. The youth was very handsome. He could dance the fox-trot and the one-legged shad. He smiled very often at the Junior who had read half of the two million books. He carried her steamer rug for her. He brought her egg drinks every morning. He was the deck steward. The girl's mother forbade her to talk to him intimately. This grieved the girl very much.

When they returned from Bermuda the same youth was on the boat. He had the same smile. The smile grieved the girl, because it was intimate. It also grieved her mother.

Three days before the boat landed, a romance began. A romance is having real things happen the way things happen in books. The girl discovered that the deck steward was a Harvard student. His name was Astorbilt. He had gone to Bermuda as a deck steward for the experience. He told the girl this in a note. She read the note by moonlight. Moonlight is romantic. The girl fell in love, which means that she lost her heart. She did not treat the youth intimately. She treated him with reserve. She was accustomed to obey her mother. The youth was not reserved. He wished to be intimate. If he had not told the girl that he loved her, she might have disobeyed her mother. She knew that he loved her. Therefore she snubbed him.

One day the wind blew very hard. It blew the girl's hat off. It was a Panama hat. It was very becoming to her. She felt very sad as she watched it blow away.

The youth watched it, too. He thought, "The girl does not love me, but I will save her hat. It is a good hat. It is hers." He jumped into the ocean and swam after the hat. He rescued it from a shark. The shark was very angry. He bit off the youth's coat. The youth swam back safely. He gave the girl her hat. It was very wet. So was the youth. So were the girl's eyes. She thanked him. She was not reserved. She kissed him. He was very happy. He explained to the girl's mother. The girl's mother explained to her friends on deck. The girl explained about how she felt when she saw the shark swallow his coat.

* * * * *

Prom was over. It was moonlight again. The youth sat on the banks of the Connecticut. The girl sat beside him. They were very silent. When there is a mutual desire to have the other say something, the silence is strained. When there is a mutual feeling about the moon, the silence is not-strained. The silence between the youth and the girl was not-strained. It continued unconstrainedly for a long time. At last the youth sighed. It was a sigh of hope. "Will you promenade with me all my life?" he asked.

The girl who had read half the million books *and* the dictionary said, "Yes."

"It is an ill wind which blows nobody good," said the man when he was beginning to say, "Good night." The girl laughed,—but she shuddered when she thought of the shark.

THE REMEDY

DOROTHY ROSE

I.

While my lessons I've tried to be learning,
For the Prom time my heart has been yearning,—
The gay time of dinners and dances
When music blends in with romances.
But now that it's here I am worried
And nervous and flustered and hurried,
I wonder if Jim will remember
The things that he said last September.
I hope he will still think me witty,
And tell me again I look pretty,
For my gown is a filmy creation,
—I ought to arouse a sensation!
This evening I 'most feel like weeping,
'Stead of talking I ought to be sleeping,
So trouble and care I'll not borrow.
Oh, Jim, you are coming tomorrow!

II.

The music has stopped, now let's wander
To that quiet, forsaken nook yonder.
So you think I look well in this dress?
That's nice of you I must confess.
Now to smile and be gay you implore me
But I tell you these promenades bore me,
I think I shall take a position
As helper in some foreign mission,
To the deserts perhaps I'll be carried.
You what! Oh, you're going to be married!
Well, really, this is a surprise
And I thank you for putting me wise,
Dear Jim, as I've always told mother,
You seem to be more like a brother.
Oh, where is my handkerchief, where?
I am catching a cold in this air,
My eyes? and you think they are wet?
You're wrong Jim, I tell you, and yet—
Oh, my dear, you meant me? I'm enraged.
You say, what is that?—we're engaged!
Not so close, dear, it scratched—that old pin.

You're not taking it off? What a sin.
 And you're going to pin it on me!
 I'm the happiest girl that could be.
 I guess college proms do not bore me,
 With the thought of this evening before me
 I'll take up my work with a vim
 And you shall be proud of me, Jim!

A PROM ERROR

ELEANOR EVEREST WILD

I spent a good deal of time and thought in obtaining him. Having observed in former years the criticism that each man is subject to, especially at Garden Party, I realized that, in some way, I must get a direct descendant of a Greek god to accompany me through the experiences of Prom. Such remarks as, "Isn't he terrible? The one in a gray suit with a purple tie. Look at those large floppy ears. How could she ask him?" had made a deep impresson upon me. "No man that I invite shall be criticised in that way," I thought. So I spent the preceding summer in earnest efforts. None of the men of my acquaintance would do at all. The man I ought to ask was two inches too short, another was poorly proportioned, and so on. Assuredly it must be someone I had yet to meet. So I went out of my way to meet new men. Through each introduction I would make a mental synopsis of the stranger's good points. I worked out a system as follows:

Good height,	2 pts.
Good proportion,	3 pts.
Good features,	1 pt.
Good coloring,	1 pt.
Well-dressed,	1 pt.
Good poise,	2 pts.

The last item included an air of distinction tempered with a certain ease and self-assurance so essential. I could have no blushing, stuttering man. Upon this scale of ten many good men were passed by. If they had good height and good proportion they were sure to have some maladjustment of facial

expression. One splendidly built man had a nervous twitch of the eye which caused him to fail by one point. It was extremely hard to get men to fulfill the first point, that of height, for I am a very tall girl. In spite of constant discouragement I found a specimen to whom I could give a good round ten. I was delighted. It was a little trying to ask him since he had shown me little or no attention, but I did so and he surprised me by accepting. Throughout that dangerous two weeks just before Prom, when refusals come thick and fast, and every mail is a terror, I was serene.

Wednesday, at precisely three o'clock, I descended the stair. Never have I felt a prouder moment than the one which showed me my Prom man, sitting on the piazza, amid a bower of apple blossoms and lilacs. The breeze was a mixture of perfume scented flowers and cigarette smoke from a cigarette gently dangling from his lips. I could see many faces peering from behind curtains as I triumphantly lead him off to the dance at Chapin House.

From this climax the action drops. I soon found that my partner was making an impression. An immense number of my acquaintances showed an unnatural desire for me to become acquainted with their escorts. At times I would lose my man entirely, only discovering him three or four dances later. Late in the afternoon I captured him and dragged him away. The evening was a continuance of the afternoon. The following day, matters were worse. I was thoughtfully placed in the back seat of the machine while the carefully-obtained Prom man was asked to sit in front. The other girls took turns sitting in the front seat. Bitterly, I said to myself, "Who asked this man up here? Who is paying for him? Who spent three summer months discovering him?" When the time came for parting I was allowed to say goodbye, and tell him I had enjoyed having him up here, though I didn't mean it.

And so it was over! If only we could have Prom again, so as to profit by the former mistakes. I should ask a plain man, of sullen expression, externally forbidding, but one whom I could keep tethered to my side at least one quarter of the time.

LAMENTATION DE JEUNE FILLE

(On receiving the announcement of a recent exhibit)

SARA BACHE-WIIG

Why did I buy in Portland, Maine, a wardrobe all complete?
By waiting till today I could have stood with the élite
Who show chapeaux au printemps with a touch of vivacite,
And something of insouciance in the shoes upon their feet.

But as it is I'm doomed to miss the comaraderie
Belonging to the chosen few with original lingerie,
Who wear their piquant blouses with conscious coquetterie,
And call their dinner dresses their frocks après midi.

Ah! not for me the certainty that all which I possess
Of garments, large and small, breathe forth l'esprit de la jeunesse!
I sigh with vain regrets, and longings I cannot express
To have those fine French words descriptive of the way I dress!

DEDICATED TO THE MUSE OF FREE VERSE

HESTER ROSALYN HOFFMAN

A shiver, a chill,
An instinctive shudder,—
The contact of cold metal with warm flesh—
A hair-pin slid down my back!

PUBLIC OPINION

ELSIE GARRETSON FINCH

Are you the girl who wrote her name,
Upon the grind room wall? Oh shame!
Who, paper-baskets quite ignoring,
Threw scraps upon the note room flooring?
Are you the one who shocked a crowd,
By using accents rough and loud?
Who clumped out rudely from a lecture?
It was you, also, I conjecture,
Disgraced her college, self, and class,
By walking boldly on the grass.
Well if I were not sure you knew it,
I'd tell you that you *shouldn't do it!*

REVIEWS

"Singing Fires of Erin" by Eleanor Rogers Cox recalls in a measure the work of William Butler Yeats and "Fiona McLeod." This resemblance is, perhaps, chiefly in their chosen field of Celtic legend, for Miss Cox's book possesses qualities which render it very different from the work of either of her predecessors. She seems less ready to hover on the outskirts of the tradition, and more eager to plunge into the midst of the forgotten days of the "gods and fighting men."

"Singing Fires of Erin" consists of two parts: "Singing Fire" and the "Hosting of Heroes" of which the former is, on the whole, the better, showing more examples than the latter of the author's command of her subject, and her power of expressing it in her verse.

Miss Cox, in this book, is sensitive to the true glamor and mystery of Irish legend; the dauntless spirit of Cuchulain, dying with the "hero-light" still playing about his forehead: the beauty of Emer, the faithful wife; of Deirdre of the white hands and all the host of fair, dim queens and valiant warriors. The pathos, tragedy, longing, and the matchless beauty of these myths has entered into the powerful verse until it is, in reality, "singing fire."

In "Finovar Dead" we see before us "Finovar of the Fair Eyelids," daughter of the warrior queen Maeve whom Miss Cox describes as a "white rose 'mid a hedge of spears."

"Down the dark ways, down the dim ways, down the ways unknown,
Finovar, beloved of princes, lo, she goes alone!
She whose face a rose of flame shone where the sword blades crossed,
She whose love, a windy flame led where death's whirlpools tossed.* * *
Poppies, poppies, scarlet poppies for her brow and breast,
Shall not Death himself come kneeling to receive this guest?"

Even if we do not know that Maeve offered her daughter as a wage of battle to the princes and that, through her Cuchu-

lain fought with Ferdiad his friend and slew him at the ford, the poem possesses powerful melody and living color which has a strong appeal. Different from this is the description of Angus Og when going to seek the Swan-Maiden.

“Rose red o’er the glimmering marshes,
 Rose red o’er the darkling lake
 Lo! the face of the Dawn out flashes
 From the faery Moon’s grey wake
 And I, through the reeds, elf-haunted
 The road to my true love take.”

To show the skill with which by the use of different metres Miss Cox expresses an entirely different phase of the same subject, we quote from the “Song of Emer” describing the coming of Cuchulain.

“In the red of the windy dawn
 Through the honey-sweet, dew-bright clover
 Over mount, over mead, over lawn
 He is coming, my lord, my lover.
 * * * * * *

“And bright as his sun-bright sword
 When it leaps to the foeman’s slaying
 Is the light on the head of my lord
 Is the light on his gold hair playing.”

How different is the coming of the valiant warrior from that of the poet and dreamer. Miss Cox has mastered the Celtic magic and woven it into a fairy tissue where all may read. The heroes rise again and the fair queens; the “gods and fighting men.”

Nevertheless this book must naturally have a greater appeal for those who before, have known and loved the heroes of the Gael; and the field of those who can fully appreciate it, is limited.

Perhaps we could do no better in concluding than to quote the passage describing the death of Cuchulain, the “shield of Ulster” and its most valiant hero.

“And radiant round his brow yet the hero-flame is gleaming
 And firm yet his footstep upon the bloody sod
 As with sword uplifted toward the day’s last beaming,
 Forth goes the spirit of Cuchulain unto God.”

C. C. W.

A book of interest to every college woman is *The Bloom of Youth*, by Dorothy Foster Gilman. This book contains an earnest effort to correct some misunderstandings in regard to Radcliffe College. It is an attempt to secure it just appreciation and proper recognition especially in Boston, and is a general discussion of the whole subject of higher education for women, its meaning and its importance.

In the growth and development of Leslie Wyman, a daughter on the mother's side of an old Boston family, and heir to manifold traditions and restrictions, we have exemplified the best of college influence for broadening and deepening a life. Leslie refuses to be led by her mother's shallow ideal to become a society "bud," and be put upon the "marriage market," and instead, through the influence of a radical young Socialist, Henry Evans, she decides to go to Radcliffe. Through the storm of maternal disapproval and the calm of indifference, despite the scorn of a brother at Harvard, Leslie makes her fight for self-realization bravely and well. She learns that her first ideas of socialism and democracy, imbibed from Evans, will not stand the cool judgement of her class in Economics, and gradually her analytical intelligence brings her safely through a trying period of doubt into a sympathetic, broad view of life, and the love of a true man.

One of the most interesting and enlightening of the many books on war topics, and questions relating to our national life as a whole, is a collection of nine essays under the title of

Counter-Currents, by Agnes Repplier. These essays are written in a style forceful and strong, sympathetic, yet full of poignant satire, and are of convincing character. They are preëminently reasonable, and show a clear insight into tangled problems.

The first of the series on "The Cost of Modern Sentiment," and the danger into which we as a people are blindly walking, is illustrated by such passages as, "If we value our safety, we must forever bear in mind that sentiment is subjective, and a personal thing. However exalted and however ardent, it cannot be accepted as a scale for justice, or as a test for truth."

Speaking of "Our Loss of Nerve," the author says, "This

loss of nerve, this 'weakening of faith in normal human resistance,' means the disintegration of citizenship," and again, "Perhaps the illuminating principles of religion, the ennobling spirit of patriotism, the uncompromising standards of morality, may do more to stiffen our powers of resistance than lectures on 'Life as a Fine Art,' or papers on 'The Significance of Play,' and 'Amusement as a Factor in Man's Spiritual Uplift'."

The unreasonable attitude taken by women, feminists and pacifists, in regard to war and the alleged failure of Christianity are dealt with in "Women and War," and "War and Christianity." Miss Repplier makes a strong appeal to women to distinguish between aggressive and defensive warfare, and to be more ready to lend intelligent understanding than to offer reproaches and claims of "moral superiority."

M. G.

The MONTHLY acknowledges the receipt of the following:

The Bloom of Youth, \$1.25. Small, Maynard & Company.

Counter-Currents, \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin Co.*

Singing Fires of Erin, \$1.00. John Lane Company.

* Courtesy of Bridgman & Lyman.

EDITORIAL

The room is very still, the chairs at the long table are empty; before me are rows of book-shelves, over in the corner are fresh cream-colored covers, marked Smith College Monthly, January 1915. Then there are faded numbers marked June 1909, and, last of all come the dull red volumes containing the most venerable ancestors of the Monthly family. There is a large stuffed owl seated upon the top shelf. He is distinctly austere, he eyes me, as if to say, "Ah, yes—here it is spring again, and I shall have a new brood of editors to supervise." . . . I must make friends with him. "What shall I say to them?" . . . I inquire, "I suppose that I must admonish concerning rubbers and tardiness and quiet-in-the-Library—but to tell the truth I am just a trifle timid, and afraid to do so." Imagine my surprise and delight to hear my feathered friend respond, in measured accents.—"Your fear, my child is well-grounded, admonish in October, now it is spring, I long to spread my poor dusty wings, and to fly through the moist night to a certain forest patch beyond the farthest hill, but, alas, I cannot do so, (and he has heaved a heavy sigh) but, as I remarked, spring is upon us; let us make a few remarks concerning it." "O, *no*," I contradict in horror, "not spring. Think of all that has already been said! you cannot, O, you cannot expect me to go into an editorial rhapsody—it is asking too much. Let Cowper exult in "glassy streams and alders quivering in the breeze," let Gray sigh for the "Happy hills and pleasing shade, "where once my careless childhood stray'd," let the dying Falstaff "babble o'green fields"—but it is better for such as I to remain prosaic." "Silence," answers my beakèd brother, "I am old, I have known experience, I am

slightly moth-eaten, and I can assure you that spring is not entirely an affair of shy flowers and soft zephyrs—with a mellifluous nightingale or so, there is—for example—the ecstasy of spring-house-cleaning. Gently rest the tip of your fountain pen upon a clean sheet of paper, if possible be out of doors, if rainy—sit at your desk—with a pot of lilies-of-the-valley at your elbow, and then watch your pen most carefully—it will write.”

And so now I have left the empty room and I am obeying instructions. Spring house cleaning. The phrase recalls certain images. Then the good house-frau causes the storm windows to be removed, and flings the doors open wide, and then of course all sorts of things wander in,—great deal of air and sun, for one thing, and a little breeze—which has been playing since dawn “down in the reeds by the river.” Next, with a great rattle of keys the housewife opens the doors of the linen press and the cellar. She ascends to the attic and bustles about, amid an odd confusion of cobwebs and old furniture, some of the latter she decides to discard, some can be mended and used again, and there is some which she dusts very carefully indeed, and then lays away in its corner. She even dares to enter into the dim sanctity of the front-parlor, she pulls up the shades, rearranges the Bible and the family album and then, just for a treat, allows Sally-Elizabeth to play a bit of a tune upon the ancient piano. Then weary—but strangely satisfied—the seats herself on the old rocker, near the window, and listens with a drowsy sort of content to the dear and comical noises of the street as they drift in. The syncopation of a distant hurdy-gurdy. The whistling of the paper boy as he strolls past.

And now, perhaps because we all of us have something of this instinct of the housewife in us, or perhaps because the ritual of spring house-cleaning is essentially of New England, we are in our own way, undergoing a sort of academic house cleaning. We find that our collective and individual mind is somewhat cluttered up, we come upon prejudices that need to be dusted and laid aside, and whimsicalities that need mending. Have we perchance a stifled and shut-in feeling, are we a bit

weary of being cozy? Has the discussion of the fireside seemed trivial and wearisome all of a sudden, and do we long to court the open air? It is true that if we open the doors wide enough other sounds will enter besides the droll ones, this spring the paper boy may not be whistling—he may be reading the head lines instead,—and the Hurdy-gurdy might perchance be playing the “Marseillaise,” but it is good that we should hear these things also. And now my pen is moving slowly. I am thinking of my friend the owl, and pitying him because he cannot fly to his topmost pine tree branch, but must stay indoors, does the fact that he is an owl offer any compensation to him, I wonder? I believe that he is afraid of becoming “narrowly academic,” it is one of the weaknesses of owls.

EDITOR'S TABLE

If we remember our Burke at all it is to recall a pointed quotation which begins :

"Ye Gods annihilate both space and time."

Gradually have we come to know something of the awful significance of that first line. Truly there is always space, for a vacuum is empty space, and that which is not a vacuum is space filled.

Time is, however, the element of which we are more constantly conscious. It is a curious thing, and like space and like ourselves, it is ever with us. It is continually passing, yet abides in three tenses, the two always in relation to the one, for the past precedes, and the future will follow, the present. This is the customary viewpoint and one which brings about a curious effect of living each day in the eternity of one's lifetime. In evidence of this is the fact that, after reaching the fifth birthday, one usually begins and continues to "live in the past." Likewise no one, except the most unruly pessimist, fails to live always in the future. Hope and Memory are thus the handmaidens of the present. And indeed no matter what the circumstances of our life have been, we look back invariably with regret to past conditions or events and as unceasingly do we look forward to "a better day." Imagine if you can, a present without memory and without hope. Bare indeed would such "time" be.

Yet most of us would grant that the now is of preëminent importance if not of interest to us. We would not, if we could, retrace our steps. "No," we say, "I should not want to live it all over again—unless I knew what I know now," which is nonsense pure and simple. If you knew what you know now it would be the now-you who would be living in the now-time. You would no longer be experiencing, you would be rehears-

ing. So in regard to the future. Confronted with a choice in the matter one would regret exceedingly to relinquish a present struggle even for the immediate fulfillment of what seems a joy-bringing aim. The goal is, after all, desirable only in proportion as it is difficult of attainment.

It is agreed then that we wish to live today. We do not wish the hands of our clock to jump backwards, nor do we wish them to skip promiscuously forward. Our little hour, attended by all that has gone before and all which is to come, may eke itself out.

This living in the past and in the future seems very desirable—to look back to the “carefree” stage in your development when grown-ups wisely shook their heads and said, “You do not believe it, but this is the happiest time of your life. WE KNOW.” Of course you did not believe. You weren’t expected to. You longed to grow up and “do as you pleased.” Now you do enjoy largely that opportunity of “free choice.” This is the future of which you dreamed. And you are not satisfied. It is right that you are not, for it is your discontent which drives you on. The future beckons you to something bigger and better—or more comfortable. But if the future of your childhood dreams has become your today—to-day will surely fade into the past of your tomorrow. If when you were ten you hopefully said, “When I go to College, I will—,” when you are thirty and forty and fifty and to the very close of your life you will fondly reiterate, “When I was at College, I was—,I did—.” The past was, the future will become, the present. We are wont to recognize this truth. But most of us are forgetful of the fact that today was once tomorrow, and that it certainly will fade into a yesterday. Therefore it would seem an experiment worth trying to shift our point of view and instead of always looking backwards and forwards, longingly, to time that is gone or has not yet come, instead, to remember for a while that the present is that same better time we dreamed of when it was our future, and that it *is* the pleasant memories we shall carry throughout life—the happy past of our tomorrow.

E. C. G.

During the College year there are usually half a dozen books which one after another run the gamut of general—and audible—approval. Frequently this popularity is engendered by the lecture of a poet or of an author whose work is being widely discussed in the world outside; occasionally classroom discussion will set the ball rolling, or, like Topsy, it has “jus’ growed.”

Whatever the cause, and in spite of the fact that those who feel themselves really literary look with scorn on these waves of public fancy,—even to the point of remarking, as one girl did, that she “*never* read what everyone else was reading,” the fact remains that there is a great deal of understanding gained in reading just such a book. Though the general criticism may never go farther than “Did you read ‘such and such?’”—“Isn’t it *darling*?” the process of growing familiar with an author makes for deep appreciation and understanding.

The “Collected Poems” of Rupert Brooke is one of the volumes which has been of the popular list this year, and in the volume “The Great Lover” has been one of the most beloved poems. In view of this fact those who are fond of Mr. Brooke will be interested in a letter in *The Nassau Literary Monthly* entitled “The Last Remains of Edward Moore Gresham” and a poem, “The Great Hater,” written by Mr. Gresham about 1893, to which “The Great Lover” is very similar.

“Imagist Poetry” in *The D’Youville Magazine* is a well-thought out, and sympathetically written essay, although the conclusions reached by the author seem rather obvious.

On the same subject is “The Externalists” in *The Harvard Advocate*, in which the analysis of the merits of *vers libre* is original, keen, and essentially fair.

The Yale Literary Magazine in the March number prints a poem, “The Breaking Point” by S. V. Benét. Mr. Benét has already published a book of poems and is a contributor to current magazines; it seems almost unnecessary to say that his work is superior in imagination and expression to any other to be found in the month’s *Exchanges*.

L. M. B.

AFTER COLLEGE

PERSONALS

Contributions to this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in next month's issue, and should be addressed to Martha Tritch, Northrop House, Northampton, Massachusetts.

ENGAGEMENTS

- '07. Catherine Allison to George A. Underwood, of the French faculty of Smith College.
- '10. Henrietta Sperry to Walter F. Ripperger, of New York. Her address is 210 Madison Avenue, New York.
- '14. Helen Gaylord to Ralph V Tiffany, of Winsted, Connecticut.
Grace Newkirk to Robert Trimble, of Patterson, New Jersey.
- ex-*'14. Marion Whitley to Ward J. Parks, of Newton Center, Massachusetts.
- '15. Margaret Carey to Delaplaine Hall.
Ellen Fertig to Miller Cross.
Marguerite Tweedy to James Douglas Biggs, of Grand Junction, Colorado.

MARRIAGES

- '07. Helen Chapin Moodey to Wilson T. Moog, March 25, 1916. Address: 32 Round Hill, Northampton, Massachusetts.
- '10. Frederica Buckley to Harry Spencer, September 29, 1915. Address: 643 West 171 Street, New York.
Juanita Field to Walter A. Wells. Address: 1206 East 37 Street, Kansas City, Missouri.
Florence Fuller to Frederick S. Kedney, February 3, 1916.
- '11. Doris Patterson to Dr. Walter Adams Bradford, March 14, 1916.
Carolyn Woolley to Edgar T. Glass.
- '13. Anna Hepburn to Stoddard Lane.
Margaret F. Nye, to Malcolm D. Vail, March 4, 1916.

- '14. Adèle Coddington to Lewis R. Thibault. Address: Riverbank, Beverly, New Jersey.

Esther Cutter to Charles C. Baldwin, February 12, 1916.

Adine Hall to J. C. Stolz.

Dorothy Schofield to Blasdel Shapleigh, September 15, 1915. Address: 5542 Waterman Avenue, St. Louis.

Myrrl Stanley to H. Ackley Sage, December 31, 1915. Address: 64 Main Street, Middletown, Connecticut.

Beatrice Wentworth to Lieutenant Frederic W. Boye, Fifth U. S. Cavalry, February 26, 1916. Address: Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

- '15. M. Jeannette Mack to Frederick S. Breed. Address: 220 S. Thayer Street, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Margaret Whitman Shaw to Lieutenant Herman Beukema, March 18, 1916.

ex-'15. Marion Pierce to Harry H. Williams.

ex-'17. Madeleine McDowell to Harold Chase Greene, April 15, 1916. Address: Pondfield Road, Bronxville, New York.

Frances Pauline Tuteur to William M. Crilly, Jr., Amherst, 1914, April 15, 1916. Address: 1415 Hyde Park Boulevard, Chicago.

BIRTHS

- '14. To Mrs. W. J. Ehrichs (Ida Holcomb), a son, William, October 4, 1915.

- '14. Ora Belden is teaching English in the High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

Margaret Bloom is doing social work in Chicago.

Helen Clark is doing office work in the Chamber of Commerce, Providence, Rhode Island.

Josephine Douglas is clinic secretary in the Throat Room of the Out-Patient Department of the Massachusetts General Hospital, three mornings a week.

Helen Fisk is a statistician with the N. Y. C. O. S.

Margaret Groves is secretary of the New York Smith Club.

Julia Hamblett is in the office of the White Company, Cleveland.

Esther Harney is doing specials and interviews, and assisting on the Woman's page of the Lynn Telegram.

Margaret Hodges is working with the A. C. in Salem, Massachusetts.

Rosamond Holmes is doing Y. W. C. A. work.

Marjorie Jones is assistant in the financial library of the National City Bank of New York.

- '14. Leila Noland is secretary to Dr. C. R. L. Putnam, of New York. She is studying Chemistry at the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Florence Palsits is at home, teaching music. Elizabeth Pearson is taking a business course at the Northampton Business College. Marie Pierce is assistant secretary at the Knox School, Tarrytown, New York. Gertrude Purves is assistant primary teacher in a private school in Princeton, New Jersey. Mildred Riley is secretary to Professor A. E. Stene, of the Extension Department of the Rhode Island State College, Kingston, Rhode Island. Dorothy Rose is taking the general normal course at the State Normal School, Buffalo, New York. Martha Sims is teaching History and French in the High School, Warrenton, Georgia. Ruth Smith is substituting in the schools in and around Danielson, Connecticut. Margaret Spahr is teaching Mathematics and first year Latin at the Lady Jane School, Binghamton, New York. Mary Welch is teaching in the Evening High School, Holyoke, Massachusetts. Ruth Willis is teaching English, History, and Physics in the High School, Gorham, New Hampshire. Helen Worstell is a special teacher for the blind in the DeWitt Clinton High School, New York. Ellen Wyeth is teaching in the High School department of Miss West's School, St. Joseph, Missouri.
- '15. Etta Boynton is teaching French and English in the High School at Avon, Massachusetts. Pauline Bray is taking a secretarial course at the Hickey Shorthand School in Boston. Mildred Brewer is teaching English and History in the High School at South Hadley, Massachusetts. Anne Bridgers has been studying at the Henry Jewett School of Acting. Blanche Brotherton is teaching Latin in the Elmhurst School, Connerville, Indiana. Dorothy Carmen is doing laboratory work in Bacteriology. Margaret Carey is teaching English and History at Ivy Hall, Bridgewater, New Jersey. Betty Collins is studying general design at the Art Institute, Chicago.

- '15. Laura Cunningham is studying English at Columbia.
Ellen Davis is studying for an M. A. at the University of Maine.
Mary Rosamond Dempsey is teaching English and History in the High School, Millbury, Massachusetts.
Edna Dolbeer has moved to 318 East Central Avenue, Moorestown, New Jersey.
Edith Foster is taking a course at the Pratt Secretarial School.
Mary Louise Garrett is doing secretarial work in the President's office, Margaret College, Versaille, Kentucky.
Helen Greenwood is teaching general Science in the West Junior High School, Salt Lake City.
Marguerite Kennedy is teaching in Hartford, Connecticut.
Elka Lewi is studying dramatic art and coaching dramatics at a settlement house.
Ruth Pearse is taking a business course.
Jennette Sargent is teaching at Miss Winsor's School in Boston.
Mrs. Sihler (Dorothy Cooke) has moved to 612 Cornelia Street, Chicago.
Katherine Vermilye is Editorial Assistant in the Charles E. Merrill Publishing Company, 432 Fourth Avenue, New York.
Emily Wadsworth is studying at Columbia. Address: 418 West 118 Street, New York.
Hyla Watters is teaching Physiology, Botany, General History, and Christian Ethics in Atlanta University.
Louise Wood is serving as a Voluntary Assistant at the Psychopathic Hospital, Boston.
- ex-'15.* Katherine Kingsley is Director of Physical Education at Westover School, Middlebury, Connecticut.

CALENDAR

May 6. Division Dance.

10. Gillett House Tea.

Northrop House Tea.

Morris House Reception.

13. Greek Play.

17. Junior Promenade.

20. Division D Play.

24. Field Day.

Concert.

27. Meetings of Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.

30. Memorial Day.

31. Open Meeting of the Clef Club.

The
Smith College
Monthly

June = 1916

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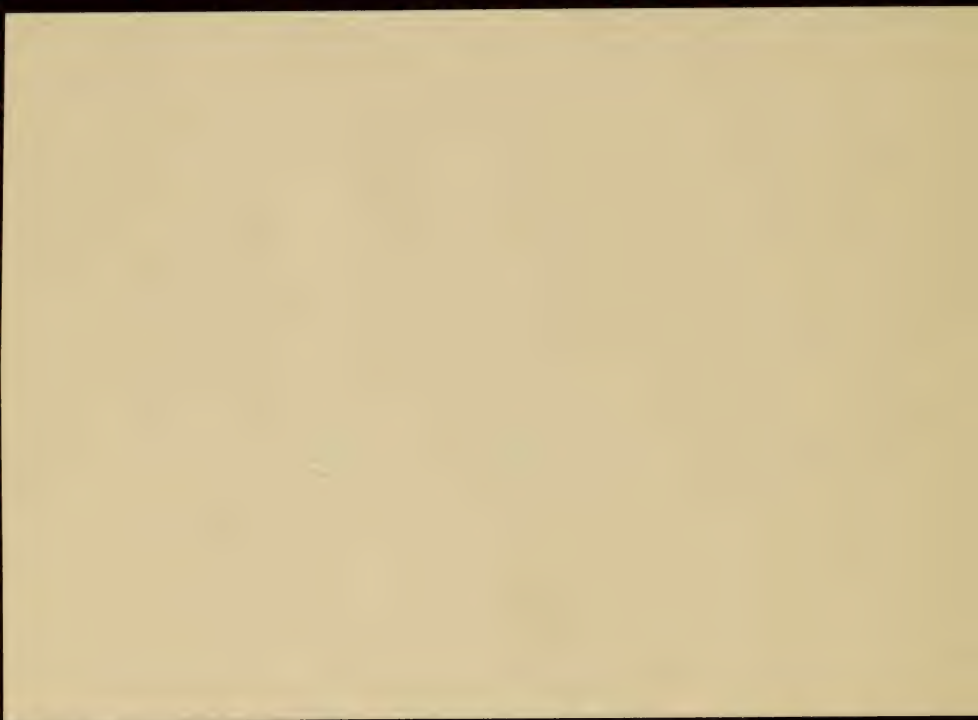
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The Editors regret to announce that in accordance with the rule of the Faculty regarding failure to hand in a course card at the required hour, Mary Virginia Duncombe 1917 has been forced to resign the position of Editor-in-chief.

Subscribers are requested to notify the Business Manager as soon as possible if they wish their subscription *discontinued*. Otherwise they will receive the Monthly for the year 1916-1917.



THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

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JUNE, 1916

No. 9

EDITORS:

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CHESTERTON, THE NOVELIST OF HIMSELF

HELEN PALMER BROWNING

Gilbert Keith Chesterton has been for several years one of the most interesting figures in the modern literary world. Opinions concerning him have ranged from hysterical opposition to fervent approval. It is easy to be carried away by the virility of his style, the rush and sparkle of his words, to such an extent that one forgets to look for the thought behind it all; and even when one looks it is not always by any means easy to comprehend what one finds there. For Mr. Chesterton is the novelist of himself, and as such, his work could be little less than chaotic. His intellect is an unweeded garden, a fact

which indeed gives it the advantage of being a garden instead of a table of literary weights and measures, but which at the same time renders it liable to occasional productions of mad essays in mental confusion. He writes like a journalist with his eye on the clock and on his theme at the same time. One of the most difficult things to find in a hurry is one's real opinion—real opinions are always being mislaid, so that a grab for them at the last moment before the presses close is liable to bring to light many things in which the writer himself has no real interest. In Mr. Chesterton, it exposes little half-thoughts, quarter-thoughts, intellectual rufflings of the mind caused by the sight of a door-knob, or a house-fly, or by the repetition three times of the word "Cosmos" or "Modern Woman" or "All Mankind." Yet Mr. Chesterton possesses a first-rate philosophical intelligence, excellent literary insight and feeling. He is one of the strongest and sanest thinkers alive. His mind is alert, keen, quick to see salient points and swift to define them. He thinks for himself, and he possesses the gift of fresh and entertaining statement. His remarks are interesting, original, paradoxical, and sometimes brilliant, exasperating at times, but in spite of this, fascinating. What he would not do if he could is to say the last word—his mission is to keep the ball rolling and he does it with great good humour and high spirits, and in a most diverting fashion.

Mr. Chesterton's views of life are exceedingly interesting. They seem to be due in large measure to the fact that he looks at life as into a mirror, the result being that his own image dominates whatever else may appear within the mirror picture. His real self rises through and above his theme, no matter what that theme may be, and compels similar treatment even of the most dissimilar subjects.

Let us suppose for a moment that Mr. Chesterton did keep his real self subordinated to his theme. What would be the result? In the first place, we should find the style of expression altered and adapted to suit the needs of each individual situation or character. Then these situations and characters would in themselves be individualized, no two would be alike except by express intent, and each would be suitable to the

whole scheme of the plot and of the character portrayal. Finally, the plots themselves would be variously handled and given treatment in accord with the peculiar nature of each. What do we find, however; when we come to examine the work of Chesterton? Here is no variety of treatment, here no correspondence of style to contents, of situations and characters to the innate necessity of things themselves.

Mr. Chesterton's inevitable treatment consists of satire, paradox, and a general habit of startling statement. The form of his writing is unconnected with any inner law of restraint that might impose its governance everywhere and work itself out in related harmony of expression; but arises rather from the surrender to a particular emotion, without thought of subordinating that emotion to a central scheme. This lack of rhythm produces a rapid-fire succession of disconnected happenings that is extremely disconcerting. True originality he does not possess, but he certainly does possess an original manner of restating old truths so as to give them a new flavor, to present them from an entirely new angle. It is characteristic of the Chestertonian style that time and space swell or shrink according to the needs of literary emphasis. And never upon any subject will he miss a chance to be funny. His work has indeed the merits and defects of his intuitional, subjective, thoroughly individualistic method; it is extremely clever and brilliant and beyond all this it is deeply suggestive and illuminating. The exaggeration, the audacities and occasional evident desire to astonish the natives, the eagerness of his argument all repeat themselves throughout Chesterton's writing. His style is always laconic, expressed largely in words of one syllable, with stunning clarity and pungent terseness and concreteness. Taken in moderate doses, he is bound to delight; but even cleverness, constantly indulged, wearies the mind and the monotonous saneness of Mr. Chesterton's variety loses its interest and charm in too continuous perusal.

Mr. Chesterton's non-suppression of himself appears in the lack of that appropriateness to the situation which characterizes the work of the great novelists. It makes no difference what may be the emotion of the moment, that interest must

be expressed with the same straining toward cleverness and the same exaggeration. If he happens upon a stray thought which seems to him to be good material for unusual development, straightway that thought is developed regardless of the neglected plot. And his fondness for slipping off small verbal tricks on even the most solemn occasions will bear no restraint whether of time, place or circumstance. The incorrigible Gilbert is as thoroughly amused by his own cleverness as any small boy by a top of his own construction; and he never lets his work, in the shape of plot development, interfere with his play.

The Chesterton characters are never by any chance real people. On the contrary, they are expressions of Mr. Chesterton, each one infatuated with one idea and each a well-drawn picture of its author's views upon the subject in hand. Their creator never by any oversight forgets himself or lets them behave like natural human beings; they say and do, but never think or really exist. They are like the characters in a Scrove well-made play, the round of their public existence is all arranged for them according to a time-honored plan, and if they should by any chance happen to get beyond bounds, the whole carefully devised ending would be spoiled. But Mr. Chesterton's characters never even threaten to get beyond bounds; they are too thoroughly at home in his own brain processes. To be sure they are of a quite different brand from the heroes of our modern novels, but it is never to be forgotten that the brain in which they exist is also of quite a different type from those which create other modern heroes.

As for the situations in which the characters find themselves, needless to say they are of a bizarre and extraordinary kind, ingenious beyond brief description. They are mainly symbolic, tending to bring out the general nature of Chesterton's ideas; and though as a rule the simplest explanation of them would seem to be pure insanity, they always resolve finally into the homely philosophy of our old friend, the author.

Mr. Chesterton's looking-glass view of life has its advantages as well as its drawbacks. One of its results is, that it has made him preëminent in the field of clever writing. Self-

consciousness is necessary for the gentle art of making epigrams, in which Chesterton excells. Cleverness, the ability to be "intellectually always on the spot," depends for its very being upon absolute, unwavering self-consciousness. It is fundamentally serious in that it always works toward a conscious end, and in this deliberate aim it deprives itself of the possibility of either depths of thought or heights of inspiration. Chesterton has been unusually successful in phrasing the commonplace. He has succeeded in momentarily delighting a large number of people, just as might an effective cartoon, a success which in the journalistic life is of immense importance; people who read his novels day by day are not seeking counsel but company, and very good company they find him.

Mr. Chesterton's theories stand out upon all occasions. "Back, back to the good old times!" he cries, "What has the modern spirit amounted to, anyway. Let us purify our politics and our private life by a return to religion and to nature, whose expression we may find in the wonder of our commonest things." This call to religion he vociferates quite unaffectedly and with gusto, not because the religion is true, but because he finds religion and humility good for his particular soul and body. "If Christianity makes a man happy while his legs are being eaten by a lion, might it not make me happy while my legs are still attached to me and walking down the street?" His glorification of the common-place extends also to the common man. "When our civilization wants a library to be catalogued, or a solar system discovered, or any trifle of that kind, it uses up its specialists. But when it wants anything done which is really serious, it collects twelve of the ordinary men standing round. The same thing is done, if I remember rightly by the Founder of Christianity. Our attitude toward life," he continues, "can be better expressed in terms of criticism or approval." At heart, Chesterton is a mystic and intuitionist for whom neither the rationalism of the Puritans nor the rationalism of present-day scientists and philosophers has charm. There is more wisdom than was intended in the criticism that Chesterton devotes himself to the things that men naturally do without.

The nature of a writer must of necessity appear more or less in his work; we expect to stumble upon it hidden in little nooks and peering out at us under the cloak of some character. But in the work of this author it does more than peep slyly out, it boldly confronts us, and when we would see the character itself, behold! there is none, and we find the omnipresent Mr. Chesterton grinning satirically at us from under the cap of Adam Wayne or the wild Scotchman or his friendly enemy, the little London editor.

The Chestertonian "mind distinguishes between life and literature;" he "can see with one eye that a dream is inspiring, bewitching, or sublime, and with the other eye that after all it is only a dream." He never loses himself because "his consciousness is always perfect"—he is "the reporter of the state of his own mind at short intervals, of the somewhat hasty entries in the diary of his thought." His habit of unusual expression is constantly commented upon by the critics. "One has scarcely grown accustomed to the flare and sputter of his arc-light of paradox with its effects of intense light and shade and the unnatural shadows stalking by the side of prosaic facts, when he is asked to wander serenely under the mellow light of the sun of wisdom." In the words of the poet—

"He gravely argues No is Yes,
He shows that joy is deep distress.

He tells you soap is made from cheese,
And any well-known truth you please
He proves with most consummate ease
Confoundedly comfortable."

Mr. Chesterton always feels an overmastering interest in argument and is all eagerness and enthusiasm upon whichever side he finds himself. He is always aggressive, he "strikes at a platitude as of it were a serpent and fights paradox with paradox." According to one critic, he suffers from "extravagance of imagery, some violence of compassion, some kind of debauch of cleverness. His cocksureness recalls Matthew Arnold at his worst; his brilliancy, G. Bernard Shaw at his best, but without the sardonic twist; his strenuousness has a touch of Wilhelm II or Theodore Roosevelt; his whimsicality

recalls that of Lewis Carroll. He has no taint of William Watson's agnosticism, though he is equally indignant over what he believes to be Great Britain's departure from ethical ideals in her foreign policy. He is not deft over science and utilitarianism like H. G. Wells but is quite as much concerned over the well-being of Britons. While we smart under the lash of his satire and cringe under the blows of his irony, we know that at heart he is a believer in his kind, and a humorist who also is a moralist."

"'Modern' is often in no wise a chronological term" with Mr. Chesterton, "but an expletive expression of strong personal dislike. He is obviously fooling with a verbal telescope and describing things as seen by him from either end: he plainly loves his little whirl with large matters, his bird's-eye views of infinity, and assumes that it will not be mistaken for actuality." His attack upon all things "modern" is characterized by one critic as "a homesickness for 1830;" he proclaims his romanticism by flaunting his literary unconventionality in the face of the public, and by indulging to the full his delight in the strange sights and experiences which life has to offer. The wonder of common things constantly impresses him, he seems to rejoice in the hardest and most matter-of-fact condition as a challenge to his ingenuity to discover romance. He "never wearies of attacking the superstitions of the modern 'practical' man. He would have no difficulty in proving that a poet or a pillar saint is a practical hard-headed man, and that a politician or 'captain of industry' is a dreamer hopelessly cut off from the realities of life. Mr. Chesterton's premises are perfectly simple and ought to be familiar. If any reader has lost for the moment the key to his argument he may find it again by turning to the New Testament, for the source of a large part of Mr. Chesterton's incongruities is quite obviously his Christian faith." And he "believes that much of contemporary art, literature and politics is defective because religion has ceased to be a vital thing in life." "As a Christian he fights against secular materialistic Socialism, which grows apace on the continent; as journalist he pillories the reaction of English democracy toward the despotism of a 'stong man' régime."

Not only in the opinion of the critics but also in Mr. Chesterton's work it is easy to see how far his looking-glass portrait of life dominates in all his writing. He "is so certain that truth has an obverse, forgotten side that he plans to present this so often in the form of paradox as to make what is hidden plain." He says, "Not only did I and do I believe these utterances to be true, but I never will be happy until they are vulgar. . . The truly spiritual democrat feels a certain exhilaration in using a paradox." He challenges our deeper thought with such expressions as "Simplicity is more mysterious than complexity." "The basis of all optimism is the doctrine of original sin." "Civilization is potentially the defeat of man." Similarly our author is fond of clearing up those "meaningless phrases that cling to the mind and hamper it;" he reduces "survival of the fittest" to "going on toward going on," and he ridicules government by the wise few by chuckling, "as if they could be picked out by their pantaloons." Mr. Chesterton's interest in purely verbal fireworks is evidenced by his constant recourse to "novel and quite admirable artistic forms." His test of true originality may serve to illustrate his general mode of attack. "There is one very valid test by which we may separate genuine, if perverse or unbalanced, originality and revolt from mere impudent innovation and bluff. The man who really thinks he has an idea will always try to explain that idea. The charlatan who has no idea will always confine himself to explaining that it is much too subtle to be explained. The first idea may be hard to interpret; it may really be very difficult to explain to ordinary people. But because the man is trying to express it, it is most probable that there is something in it, after all. The honest man is he who is always trying to utter the unutterable, to describe the indescribable; but the quack lives not by plunging into mystery, but by refusing to come out of it."

Mr. Chesterton protests against the modern spirit, "this period is even fuller" than the Dickens period "of good things, but it is occupied in asking what is the good of good things." He continues, "I can say abnormal things in modern ways. It is the normal things that I am not allowed to say," though the

"decent, discontented citizen" does not desire the privilege of indecency. In the "Ballad of the White Horse" he says of the men of the present:

"Not with the humor of hunters
Or savage skilled in war,
- But ordering all things with dead words,
Strings shall they make of beasts and birds
And wheels of wind and star."

His satire of the modern is seen in his attacks on the political parties and their policies, on the "ponderous omnipotence" of the police and the law courts. Judge Basil Grant says, "Daily there passed before me tanting, passionate problems, the stringency of which I had to pretend to relieve by silly imprisonment or silly damages, while I knew all the time by the light of my living common sense, that they would have been far better relieved by a kiss or a threshing or a few words of explanation, or a duel, or a tour in the West Highlands."

Concerning religion, Mr. Chesterton says, "Being good is an adventure far more violent and daring than sailing around the world." Mr. Kipling is not more violently primitive than he in the attempt to express a simple faith simply. Chesterton continues, "The other main factory of heroes besides a revolution is a religion. It has often been said very truly that religion is the thing that makes the ordinary man feel extraordinary; it is an equally important truth that religion is the thing that makes the extraordinary man feel ordinary. Certain moderns . . . permit any writer to emphasize dogmas. If a man be the wildest Christian, they smell 'cant'; but he can be a raving windmill of pessimism and they call it 'temperament.' If the moralist paints a wild picture of immorality, they doubt its truth, they say that devils are not so black as they are painted. But if a pessimist paints a wild picture of melancholy, they accept the whole horrible psychology, and they never ask if devils are as blue as they are painted." "The optimist is a better reformer than the pessimist and the man who believes life to be excellent is the man who alters it most. It seems a paradox, yet the reason of it is very plain. The pessimist can be enraged at evil, but only

the optimist can be surprised at it. He must have the faculty of a violent and virgin astonishment. It is not enough that he should think injustice distressing; he must think injustice absurd, an anomaly in existence, a matter less for tears than for a shattering laughter. On the other hand, the pessimists at the end of the century could hardly curse even the blackest thing, for they could hardly see it against its black and eternal background."

"Pessimism is now patently, as it always was essentially, more commonplace than piety. Profanity is now more than an affectation, it is a convention. The curse against God is Exercise I in the primer of minor poetry, the pessimist is commonly spoken of as the man in revolt. He is not. Firstly, because it requires some cheerfulness to continue in revolt, and secondly, because pessimism appeals to the weaker side of everybody, and the pessimist therefore drives as roaring a trade as the publican. The person who is really in revolt is the optimist, who generally lives and dies in a desperate and suicidal effort to persuade all the other people how good they are."

"Once poetry and politics were equally religious and were great. Now they have been lopped from the tree, only to rot on the ground or wither in the air. For the tree from which these fruits and flowers have been cut is that which our Northern forefathers worship, the "Life-Tree, Lgisdsil, whose branches take hold on heaven and whose fruit is the stars." Mr. Chesterton bases his faith upon instinctive loyalty to the world; "God divided us from Himself that between these separate selves love might be."

Concerning the mystery of the commonplace, Chesterton says, "Why should a man be thought a sort of idiot because he feels the mystery and peril of existence itself? Suppose it is we who are the idiots because we are not afraid of devils in the dark?" His "appetite for the color and poetry of London," one side of this delight in common mysteries, finds expression in numerous places. "The author of 'Hymns on the Hill' (Adam Wayne in the "Napoleon of Nothing Hill") thinks it a great compliment to the immortal whirlwind to be compared

to a hackney coach. He surely is the real admirer of London." And this same author is Mr. Chesterton himself. "That notion that civilization isn't poetical is a civilized delusion. Wait till you've really lost yourself in nature, among the devilish woodlands and the cruel flowers. Then you'll know that there's no star like the red star of man that he lights on his own hearth-stone, no river like the red river of man, the good red wine—"

"To talk on the top of a hill is superb but to talk on the top of a flying hill (omnibus) is a fairy tale. The vast blank space of North London was flying by; the very pace gave us a sense of its immensity and its meanness. It was, as it were, a base infinitude, a squalid eternity, and we felt the real horror of the poor parts of London, the horror that is so totally missed and misrepresented by the sensational novelists who depict it as being a matter of narrow streets, filthy houses, criminals and maniacs, and dens of vice. In a narrow street, in a den of vice, you do not expect civilization, you do not expect order. But the horror of this was the fact that there was civilization, that there was order, but that civilization only showed its morbidity and order only its monotony."

Mr. Chesterton's value in the future will, however, be small. Mankind is swayed and steadied by the great half, the thinkers whose hearts are larger than their heads. Mr. Chesterton's importance lies in antagonizing or in captivating us, it matters little which, by ideas that carry us on to hours of constructive contemplation. "Grab an argument and come on" is his advice and he certainly succeeds in making every man follow it. His work is to keep minds alive and active, not to propound new ideas or philosophies, but to make the average newspaper-reader think. "When the intellectual world has finally become, as it constantly tends more and more to become, a hippodrome, his essays will be recognized as very creditable acrobatic performances."

THE REVOLT OF MARY BUTTERWORTH

MARIE LUISE VON HORN

When Elisha Butterworth came into the house one Saturday evening late in July, he felt an indefinable air of difference about the place. On the surface everything seemed just as usual: there was Mother bustling about the kitchen in her haste to have the beans and brownbread on the table, ready for her sons who would be in from the haying-field at any moment. Mary Butterworth, or "Mother," as she was always called, was a small woman, thin and delicate looking, yet with a certain contradictory force of nervous energy about her. Her once-blue eyes had faded into a neutral tint which toned well with her scant grey hair. Fifty New England winters had given her very skin a greyish hue, making a curious but not unpleasing harmony. As she bent over the stove, its rising heat caused a faint flush on her cheeks, and seemed to give her eyes an unwonted brightness. She looked quickly up when her husband entered.

"Well, Mother, did I startle you? The boys'll be right along, I guess. They had t'stop 'n' cover up the ricks. Looks like we might git a shower tonight."

"Jus' a shower? T'won't be a whole spell o' rain, will it?" asked Mary, with unusual eagerness.

"No, I guess not," replied Elisha, "but what are you so concerned about? We'll git the hayin' out o' the way all right."

"I didn't mean the hayin'," said Mary, slowly, "I was jus' thinkin'."

Elisha looked at her wonderingly. He had been an unusually tall man; in fact he was still of more than average height although bowed by the hard work of many years. His face was mild and oxlike, relieved of its otherwise purely phlegmatic cast by a certain shrewdness in his deep-set eyes. Not keenly sensitive to feminine vagaries, he had nevertheless caught a strange note in Mary's voice.

"What was you thinkin' 'bout, Mother?" he asked. "Anythin' happened?"

Mary looked up, startled, but answered quietly, "Nothin' much."

"What is it, then?" pursued Elisha. "'Tain't like you to keep things to yourself that way."

"I wasn't meanin' to keep anythin' back, 'Lish," answered Mary. "'Twas jus' this—I got a letter 's afternoon."

Here she paused to let the news make due impression, for letters were not frequent in Bennetville.

"Well, nobody ain't dead, air they?" asked Elisha, half jocosely, half anxiously.

"Not exac'ly," responded Mary quickly, "at leas' there is, but that ain't the point. The letter's from Mattie Saunders, Mattie Berry that was, you know. Well, Saunders, he died las' winter, you remember, an' lef' her with a right smart bit o' prop'ty, I guess. None o' their children lived an' she mus' be kind o' lonesome. 'Tain't the same over there to Saunder's Corners as 'twas here, an' I guess she'd come back, only she's gettin' along in years same's we all are, an' it seems too much of an undertakin.' But I'm not gettin' to the point. Here, 'Lish, read it for yourself,—no, I'll read it to you. Jus' reach me my glasses, will you? They're there on the shelf behind the clock."

Elisha groped about for a moment, then handed the glasses to his wife. With fumbling fingers she pushed back a stray wisp of hair, adjusted the steel bows, and began to read from the letter which she had taken out of her apron pocket.

"I told you the first part," she said, "now listen to this. Mattie writes, 'I want you should come and pay me a visit, to stay a month if you can, but a fortnight at any rate. It will be real pleasant to have you here, so as we can talk over old times, and besides, the change will do you good.'"

"The change," repeated Mary to herself with a wistful note in her voice. Then she broke off suddenly, and with a quick, nervous laugh, continued, "O' course I ain't goin,' but—"

"Ain't goin'?" repeated Elisha. "Why ain't you goin'? You can jus's well's not. Don't you *want* to go?"

There was good-natured surprise in his tone, but it changed to utter astonishment at the outburst his words called forth.

"*Want to?* Don't I *want to?* 'Lish Butterworth, do you know I ain't had a holiday sence I was married? I ain't be'n away from Bennetville except when we went to Dover the summer before Seth was born, an' we wouldn't ha' gone then only I had to have baby-clo'es an' I'd hurt my hand so's I couldn' make 'em myself. Then there was the county fair, but that wasn't much. Why, I ain't even been on the steam-cars but once sence I was married! An' now Mattie Saunders invites me to come an' visit her where I wouldn't have nothin' to do but set 'n rest, an' you stan' there an' ask me don't I *want to?*"

Mary was half crying in her passionate earnestness, and she kept twisting and untwisting her hands nervously. Elisha, with a troubled expression on his face, patted her clumsily but gently on the shoulder.

"Why, Mamie," he said, kindly, "I ain't seen you take on so sence I don' know when. 'Tain't like you to talk like that."

"I know it ain't," said Mary, a little calmer now, "An' it's wicked o' me, 'Lish. You ain't had a holiday any mor'n me, an' I ain't any right to say sech things. O' course I shouldn't think o' goin', but it seemed kind o' pleasant to think of a change."

In spite of her self-accusation, there was an ill-concealed wistfulness in Mary's voice.

"I don't know what I was thinkin' of to go on talkin' that way," she went on, taking off her glasses and turning to the stove again. "Here comes the boys now, an' their supper might ha' be'n spoiled all along o' my foolishness."

It was easy to see whom "the boys" took after. Seth, the eldest was the "spit an' image" of his father, as Elisha had had been in his youth—"Six-foot three in my stockin'-feet," he told his tall son with pride. David and Daniel, the twins, were strapping great lads as well, with their father's bovine qualities unleavened by his shrewdness. Physically, the youngest son, Nathan, also resembled his father, but temperamentally he had inherited his mother's nervous energy, which seemed in him to take the form of a vibrating force. They were all "good boys" and of them their parents were reason-

ably proud. To their little mother in particular, their very size seemed an additional point in their favour. They certainly did look absurdly large and she absurdly small as they all grouped around the kitchen table.

Conversation is never fluent at a New England supper-table, but to-night an unusual silence seemed to prevail. When the beans and brownbread had disappeared, and the apple-sauce was well under way, Elisha remarked almost drawlingly,—

"Well, boys, I guess you didn't know your Mother's goin' to have a little holiday. She's thinkin' o' makin' a visit to Saunder's Corners."

Holiday! The word seemed to cast a spell over the family. Mary looked up quickly and began,—

"Now, Lish—" but Daniel broke in,—“Mother goin' for a holiday! Why she ain't be'n away from here sence I c'n remember, c'n you, Dave?"

"No, she ain't, an' that's jus' why she's goin' now," replied Elisha, sternly. "Your Mother ain't so young's she useter be, an' she works jus' 's hard. I guess she c'n take a month off 'thout it's hurtin' anybody."

"'Twas only two weeks, anyway, 'Lish," faltered Mary, timidly, "but I told you I warn't goin'."

"Yes you are, Mother," put in Nathan. "You know 't will do you a sight o' good. We c'n git 'long jus' 's well if not better without you. Can't we Dad. Can't we boys?"

"Well, I should say so," responded Seth, rallying promptly now that the first shock was over. "If five great hulkin' critters like us can't git along for a couple o' weeks without a little mite of a woman like you, why they ain't much 'count."

"An' what's more," continued Nathan, "we'll start right in now an' do up the dishes jus' 'to show you. Then you c'n be gettin' your things together so's you c'n start to-morrow. Dad c'n drive you to the Junction jus' 's well 's not. Come on, boys, get busy!"

"That's all right, Nate, that's a fine idee," said Elisha, then turning to his wife, "Now, Mother, go'n get your things ready. The old valise in the storeroom 'll be jus' the thing. You, Dave, go'n fetch it."

Mary hadn't time to think, much less to protest. She was hustled out of the kitchen and before she realized it, was in her bedroom actually getting her few little belongings together. They hardly filled the bulging old valise, so she sought something to prevent their slipping about. A wild idea seized her as her glance fell upon a patchwork pillow of intricate design and painstaking workmanship. It was not quite finished; she had intended to have it done by Christmas, for needlework came less deftly from her stiffening fingers than it used to do. It had been destined for the minister's wife, but she would take it to Mattie! The novelty of making a handsome present at a perfectly unreasonable time, in addition to the glamour of going away almost overpowered her and her eyes filled with tears.

When she came back to the kitchen, the dishes were all washed and set away, with surprising neatness and dexterity for so many pairs of hands—and such hands!

"The chores are all done, Mother, so there ain't nothin' for you to do," said Elisha as Mary entered. You'd better go back upstairs an' get to bed, for you've got a long trip ahead o' you to-morrow."

"No, I can't go to bed jus' yet awhile," said Mary. "There's a lot o' things I want to tell you before I go away—that is, if I'm really goin'. Be you *sure* you c'n get along without me, 'Lish?" she asked, half dreading, half hoping for a negative reply.

"If you're goin'! Why *y'air* goin'?" returned Elisha. "It's all settled now, so you ain't got any more to say about it! As for gettin' 'long without you, don't you worry. I reckon we'n the farm'll be here when you get back."

"Well, if you really mean it, 'Lish,—but there was several things I calc'lated to tell y'all before I left. You're wearin' your reg'lar clo'es now, o' course, but you'll find your Sunday ones in the press in the spare-room, an' your boiled shirts is in there too, in the bottom drawer of the commode. Don't use the reg'lar tin tub nex' Sat'd'y night 'cause there's a leak startin' in it, but take the biggest wooden one instead. You know where all the food is kep' so I don't have to tell you any-

thin' about that. I guess there ain't much more that I think of now."

Here Mary paused and knit her brows, then went on,

"O, yes, I knew there was somethin' I forgot, if the cat has her kittens while I'm away, I want you shouldn't drown 'em. I 'low to pick out two o' the likeliest, for I promised Mis' Sparrow the choice of 'em, an' I'm thinkin' o' keepin' one myself, 'specially if any be ginger-coloured like the old cat. I don't think o' anythin' more right now."

"Well, Mother," said Elisha, good-humouredly, "if that's all there be to tell us, why you'd better be gettin' to bed. Trust us to look out for the cookin', an' I guess the washin' an' mendin' 'll look out for themselves."

"Mendin'! Good Gracious, I never thought o' tha!" exclaimed Mary, in a worried tone. "Dear knows you can't darn your own socks, an' you ain't got enough to last you till I get back. I ain't goin' to be gone for long, but it's long enough for you to have your socks wore into holes. I don't feel 's if I ought to go after all, 'Lish."

"No more talk 'bout not goin' Mother," put in Nathan, "an' no more worryin'. We ain't worryin' none, so why do you? You'd better get along to bed same's Dad told you, so's you c'n get a good sleep. Good-night, Mother."

"Good-night, Nate. Good-night, 'Lish," said Mary, turning to leave the room, when to her surprise, Elisha leaned over and kissed her awkwardly, almost sheepishly.

"I'll be 'long soon 's I smoke another pipe. Good-night, Mamie."

The shower which Elisha had predicted had come, and had settled into a steady drizzle which not only dampened the atmosphere, but seemed as well to cast a dull haze over the glamour of Mary's going away. She arose and prepared breakfast as usual, but the prospect of her trip seemed less attractive, less exciting, than it had the night before.

"'T seems kind o' too bad," she thought ruefully, "that it had to be a nasty day the first time I be'n away in years. Still," brightening a little, "'t ain't rainin' so very hard, an'

'Lish c'n put the top up so's my bonnet won't get spoiled. 'T won't hurt my cape, anyway."

The rain increased before breakfast was over, and with it Mary's spirits sank accordingly. Elisha felt in his slow way that she was not so enthusiastic as she had been the evening before, and he sought to cheer her a little.

"Well, boys," he said, chuckling, "I guess we'll up an' show your mother that we don't need her 'round here. What's one little woman to us five men?"

To his surprise, his words had the opposite effect, for Mary said, tremulously,

"Now, 'Lish, you're only jokin'. You know you couldn't run the house 'thout me. I'm half a mind not to go after all—it's a mean day, an' Mattie don't expec' me so soon, anyhow."

"None o' that, Mother, you're goin,' an' you're goin' right now. The goin' 'll be bad, so we've got to start prompt, or you'll miss the train. Get on your things, an' don't stop to argify."

Elisha prevented further protest by half pushing his wife from the room. The boys had meanwhile harnessed the old mare to the covered carryall, and now drove around to the door. When Mary had seen the old valise stowed safely under the seat, and had climbed in herself, Nathan handed her a small paper package.

"Here, Mother; here's a parcel o' doughnuts an' a mite o' cheese I fixed for you in case you wanted a snack on the cars."

Her eyes filled at the unexpected attention, but she simply said,

"Thank you, Nate. 'Twas real good o' you."

"Gidap," bawled Elisha to the mare, and off they started.

During the drive to the Junction Mary was silent. She wanted to go, and yet she did not. It was too late to turn about now, so she leaned back and folded her hands, hands idle for the first time in years.

"Now, don't worry, Mother," bade Elisha as he put Mary on the train. "The conductor'll tell you when to change cars all right. Have a good rest, an' send us a postal in case you decide to stay more'n the two weeks," for Mary had been firm

in her determination to remain but for a fortnight. "Pay my compliments to Mattie. Good-bye, Mother," he called as the train pulled out.

That night when Elisha got back to the house, things seemed out of balance, and they were worse at supper. Elisha could cook. He had prepared the meals for two or three weeks at the times when the various children had been born, but there had always been another woman in the house to help, and Mary had been near to answer questions. That was many years ago, and Elisha felt somehow out of place as he tried to prepare the supper. It was not inedible, for Mary's doughnuts and apple sauce were there to eke out the meal, should the decidedly burned flavour of the warmed-over beans prove distasteful.

"'T ain't very cheerful weather," volunteered Seth, after a gloomy silence.

"Right, 't ain't," was Elisha's contribution to the conversation.

"Let's not wash up," proposed David, pushing back his chair. "I say so, too," chimed in Daniel, but Nathan answered,

"No, we'd better do 'em up: Ma always does. If we all get at 'em 't won't take long."

And so, grumbling, the twins fell to; for the burden of the work was theirs, Seth and Elisha having gone to the barn to do the evening chores there. A silent evening followed the silent supper. Finally Daniel said,

"Guess I'll go to bed. Comin', Dave?"

"Yup," said Dave, "Good-night."

"Good-night," returned the others. "Well, we might's well be goin' up ourselves," and with a final interchange of gruff good-nights, the Butterworths filed up the narrow stairs.

"Good day to finish pitchin'," was Elisha's greeting as the boys tramped down the next morning. "Better start right arter breakfast. I'm goin' over to Cutter's to see 'bout hirin' a couple more hands so's we c'n get the upper mowin' finished. This crop's got to be put under cover right lively, for I mistrust we'll hev steady rain' bout the end o' the week."

"All right," answered Seth in none too good a humor, caused by the underdone porridge and the overdone ham. As soon as the meal was over they went out, leaving the dishes in the sink. After but a hasty bite of whatever cold food they could find at noon, they came in ravenously hungry at suppertime—but supper was not ready. A thinly veiled mood of ill-temper hung over the boys; Elisha himself was not jovial. Nathan had volunteered to prepare the meal and was doing his best to produce flapjacks to go with the cold meat. The resulting rounds of scorched flannel were far from appetizing and served to increase the dissatisfaction.

"Try it yourself, then," snapped Nathan as the grumbling became more pointed. So Seth tried his hand. His specimens presented little or no improvement, for although brown or burned on the outside, they were liquid within. No one offered to wash the dishes or even to clear the table that night, and after a few taciturn remarks the none too pleasant family went to bed.

Another similar day had worn their tempers perilously near the breaking point. By evening every dish in the house was dirty, the beds unmade, and a general air of disorder and disorder prevailed. No one would do anything; everyone blamed everyone else for not doing something. The disagreeable silence which followed the unpalatable supper was broken only by Daniel's defiant playing on a crazy harmonica.

"Hush up your noise, Dan. Can't you see I'm tryin' to read?" snarled Seth, who was picking out the jokes in last week's Sunday Supplement.

"If you don't like it, you c'n set in the shed," rejoined Daniel in an ugly tone.

"See here, you young cub, if you sass your elders an' betters that way, you're goin' to get somethin' you don't expect an' you're goin' to get it mighty quick!"

"Huh," grunted Daniel, derisively, "like to see you try it!"

"You would, would you? Well, keep watchin', yelled Seth, jumping for Daniel, who, ducking sidewise out of his chair, slid it between himself and his angry brother.

"Seth! Dan'l! Quit this minute!" cried a voice.

Both stood as if frozen—it was their mother!

"Why, how'd you get here?" stammered Daniel, looking cowed and sheepish. Seth, too, astonished to look anything but blank, said nothing.

"Never you mind how I got here! I guess it's mighty lucky I come when I did. An' you, 'Lish, 'lowin' your sons to get into a fight right before your face an' eyes, an' you not sayin' 'Boo'."

"They c'n take care o' themselves, I reckon," faltered Elisha, too startled to defend himself.

"Yes, you c'n all take care o' yourselves—that's what you tol' me before I lef'—an' a pretty way you've done it! Lan' sakes, look at this kitchen! I never saw such a place outside of the pigpen. Get out o' my way, you great big good-for-nothin's an' I'll show you!"

And show them she did. The little woman fairly flew about the kitchen, scraping, stacking, washing the dishes, dusting and sweeping. In about two hours she had restored something of its wonted neatness to the kitchen. It was two hours of wonderment to Elisha and the boys, for Mary rushed about, pushing them out of her way like so many flies, replying to no questions, volunteering no remarks herself. Nathan, meanwhile, had sneaked upstairs to make the beds lest his mother should discover that shortcoming in the masculine housekeeping. When he slipped in again, his mother was just putting away the broom. Then, with a tired sigh, she sank back into her old rocker, and began to remove her bonnet which she had neglected all this time in her flurry.

"Why don't you set down?" queried Mary, pleasantly of Elisha, who was still standing by the door, gaping awkwardly about.

"I—I thought you was mad," he stammered.

Mary smiled placidly. "Well, I guess I was a mite mad when I come in an' found such a rumpus, after expectin' to give you all such a nice surprise, but I guess I kind o' worked it off now."

"But ain't you goin' to tell us how you get here? We thought you wasn't comin' for a couple o' weeks. Mattie ain't sick, is she?"

"Mattie's all right enough," answered Mary. I jus' came. I rode up with Steve Weatherbee—he was to the Junction with his team, haulin' a crate o' melons for Atkinses boardin'-house. I walked up from there, an' I lef' my valise, so one o' you boys had better get it first thing in the mornin'."

"But you ain't told us *why* you came back, Mother," said Nathan, "I thought you was goin' for a change."

"Change?" repeated Mary, complacently, "I guess I don't need such a sight after all. But 'twas this way. I got there all right, an' Mattie was full pleased to see me, an' I will say for my part that 'twas real kind o' nice to see her again. But then yesterday there wa'n't nothin' to do but set around,—she keeps help, you know, an' it didn't sem nat'ral, somehow. Then last night I thinks to myself 'Lan' sakes, I forgot to tell 'em where their flannels is in case we have a cold spell.' Thinks I 'They're way up in the attic where they'll never find 'em if they need 'em.' An' then—"

"What? You don't mean you gave your visit an' came home jus' for *that*?" interrupted Elisha, in astonishment.

Mary gave a happy little laugh.

"Well, I guess the real reason was that I was kind o' lonesome, an' I jus' wanted to."

"I snum!" said Elisha.

FROM THE CLIFF

MARIE LUISE VON HORN

Far off
A cloud-bank
Hanging low.
The sea grey-blue
With choppy foam-tipped waves.
Over it wheeling
A blue-grey gull
Alone.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY WOMAN

CHAPTER II.

MARION MARGARET BOYD

Martha Anne's mother was not the only one who was alarmed at the strange behavior of the afore-mentioned maiden. The across-the-street-boy, Robert, pondered long upon the listlessness of his erstwhile lively playmate; and when even the offer of a spin of his new top on the way to school the following morning failed to arouse her, he determined to keep his eyes upon her more steadfastly even than usual. He noticed that she didn't whisper all day, or throw any notes to her particular chums, Phyllis and Jeannette. Indeed, she seemed rather to avoid their company, and never so much as even glanced in their direction. All this was very puzzling and tended toward the hypothesis that a feud had arisen; only Martha Anne wasn't a feudy kind of person and was far too kind to quarrel seriously, or to hurt anyone's feelings. Robert observed too, that Martha Anne stayed in to help erase blackboards at recess, a thing which in her normal condition she loathed doing and which he had been in the custom of doing for her after her sums were put on the board; that she ran home at noon with never so much as a look at the other children, and that she was nearly late in the afternoon session, arriving breathless at her seat just as the last bell was ringing. Being seated opposite her in the next row, he had opportunity to observe her angelic concentration during the afternoon and her resigned resistance to all forms of temptation as presented by himself. Finally, however, when his resourcefulness had been taxed nearly to the bursting point, he offered his last card, a long strip of black licorice, which he knew was dear to the heart of Martha Anne at all times and seasons. This proved too telling a move for her stoic reserve to resist. She promptly reached for it, promptly received it, promptly bit off a generous quantity, and was promptly called on by teacher to spell "catch." In endeavoring to perform this feat her pecu-

liarity of enunciation was detected, the cause thereof deposited in the waste-paper basket and the name of the culprit put upon the list of the stay-after-schools (which list had long since been headed by Robert's name.) This episode having taken place shortly before the final bell, Martha Anne was a model of virtue until that period, spelling not only "catch" but numerous other equally difficult and trying combinations of letters.

The "teachers pets" having departed, the bad ones were given sentences to copy twenty-five times on sheets of nicely ruled paper. Such unusual sentiments as "The boy lost his ball," "The girl has a new doll," having been given out, teacher bestowed upon Martha Anne a frown coupled with the remark that she should have for her sentence "The lady did not marry." Martha Anne gasped, then seizing her pencil endeavored to render legibly twenty-five times the little tragedy which she felt would some-day make a fitting inscription for her tombstone.

"The lady did not marry," a slight mistiness around the eyes.

"The lady did not marry," one large tear sliding down Martha Anne's cheek.

"The lady did not marry," two large splashes on the clean white paper.

"The lady did not—" and now Martha Anne's head was laid upon her arms and her shoulders were shaking. Teacher hastened toward her, assured that her charge was ill, and that soon an epidemic of measles or of mumps would be breaking out in the school. To teacher's inquiries only a confused mumble of "No'm, not sick, feel fine" was audible, and Martha Anne was bundled into the cloak room to explain the cause of her tearful state. Teacher thus being absented from her watchful care over the "bad ones", these small demons seized the opportunity thus afforded to enjoy the outer air and tip-toed one by one from the school-room. Only Robert remained, still painfully tracing the words "The boy lost his ball." It was through no high sense of honour that he thus lingered when escape was offered. He wanted to know what was the

matter with Martha Anne. That she could give vent to tears was simply the culmination of a series of incidents which to his mind were absolutely inexplicable. Having had previous experience he knew that if there were ought in the human mind, teacher could draw it out, and he was waiting to hear Martha Anne drawn out. He felt it his due. He had been cruelly maltreated by that young lady for the past twenty-four hours and he did more for her than for any girl he knew, even risked teasing by the other boys sometimes, just because she was such a good fellow and a regular pal.

Martha Anne at first did nothing but sob and gulp. It was unpleasant to listen to and Robert put his fingers into his ears, then hastily withdrew them fearing to miss something.

"No'm, no'm," he heard Martha Anne choking, "I feel all right. It's just thoughts."

After teacher's kind inquiries as to the nature of the thoughts and after a perfect deluge on the part of Martha Anne, the nature of the thoughts began to be divulged. But teacher must first promise never to reveal a word, for Martha Anne would assuredly die if any one were to know the secret. At this point, Robert commenced to feel himself a trifle uncomfortable but what followed was so shocking that he forgot his momentary discomfiture. All the conversation of the previous day was recounted by Martha Anne with numerous repetitions of the prerequisites of the twentieth century woman who was to be sure to die wedded, i. e. that she should have at least one proposal before she was seven.

"And oh dear, oh dear," wailed Martha Anne, "I'll be seven next week. Next week's my birthday and I've never, never had a proposal, and I don't want to be a Miss Perkins and keep twelve old cats."

For some moments her grief was unabated as teacher endeavored to offer solace by recounting the joys of single blessedness, and when this was unavailing by disdainfully discrediting the fact that all women were proposed to before the age of seven years, and upon Martha Anne's incredulously dismissing this supposition, by pointing out the fact that Martha Anne had still a few days grace. This stanchd the

bitter flow of tears for a moment, but as Martha Anne recalled how quickly the hours were flying her paroxysm renewed itself.

It was at this point that Robert, feeling how superfluous a factor he was in this life tragedy crept on tiptoe out of the door whence others had gone before him. Once outside he drew a deep breath. How different an aspect did the world present viewed in this new sombre reflection of Martha Anne's woe. If only there were something he could do to help, and suddenly his heart gave a great bound as he realized his duty. It would be a sacrifice, how bitter, only he could tell. It would mean spending his week's allowance, five cents, sending Martha Anne flowers and candy, for that was what engaged young men did. It would mean being gayed by all the boys and having to lick them all in turn, but it would mean for Martha Anne an emancipation from all trouble, a right to face the world with head up and eyes bright, with the old gladness and the added assurance of a life unlike the Miss Perkins, the real twentieth century woman. It would be a sacrifice, but he would do that much for Martha Anne.

Thoughtfully he sat under the sycamore tree and spun his new top. Then tactfully, he strolled to the corner, where he lingered until the coming of Martha Anne. At her approach he hastily sped around the corner a short distance, and at her arrival at the particular corner he appeared to be nonchalantly strolling from the corner drug store. Her eyes were a bit red but he apparently took no notice of this fact, challenging her at once to a top-spinning contest which he confidently boasted himself certain of winning. Whether it was that Martha Anne saw the futility of her competing with such certain success, or whether the mist had not yet rolled away from before her eyes, certain it is that she refused this offer of diversion and several others of a like nature, until Robert's ingenuity was sorely taxed and he was at the point of feeling himself at a loose end. Then he made the startling discovery that now was the moment to alleviate Martha Anne's woe in a more tangible way and to bid farewell forever to his happy carefree youth.

"Martha Anne," he gulped "Martha Anne," and tied a double knot in his top string, "Martha Anne, sometimes—sometime when I'm an ice-man or a conductor or something—we—we'll get married then, won't we?"

Every spark of intelligence fled from Martha Anne's countenance, and she grasped Robert's shoulder in a vise-like grip.

"You mean, Robert Kelley," she sputtered, you mean this is a proposal?"

"Yes, Martha Anne," half wept that young gentleman "that's what it is."

Martha Anne regarded him radiantly. "Why Robert" she said, "I'm glad you feel that way, awfully glad, but—but I don't believe in long engagements do you?"

"Just's you say, Martha Anne," responded Robert. He tried to look as though he were swallowing a bitter pill of Fate, but the corners of his mouth felt as though they were attached to the waving branches of the trees.

"I'm sorry Robert" Martha Anne was saying. "Thanks awfully for asking me though. Don't you want to come in and have some chocolate cake? Mama said I could have a piece when school was out."

Never was manna received in a more devout and thankful frame of mind than was the chocolate cake by Robert and Martha Anne. Florist's bills were still a thing of the future, and the twentieth century woman had been saved.

SKETCHES

SUMMER EVENING

HELEN WHITMAN

The tender witchery of the summer night
Holds us in thrall, sweetheart;—so let it be;
The heavens curving high in jeweled might,
The far-off, sonorous murmur of the sea,
The music of the pines,—the mystery
Of shrouded sound, of fragrance undefined,
And more than all, of love's deep harmony,—
The purest ecstasies of life combined
As by a wondrous spell, and in this hour confined.

PASTURAGE

MARIE EMILIE GILCHRIST

Someday I am going to own an acre or so of rocky pasturage on the side of a hill in the Berkshires, and it will be high enough to let me see the other hills ranging into the distance in greens and grays and purples, and low enough so that nearby hills will shelter me from winds. There will be a brook going through it, and a few trees scattered about. A ragged pine, and a clump of silver birches near the brook, and a beech with low-hung branches; perhaps a maple or an elm, and a shag-barked hickory, that will turn to gold in October. I shall clear away a few boulders—just enough to give a space about fifteen feet square where I'll have a small shack put up with a fireplace in it. You see with all this castle-building I am quite practical; I do not propose to build it myself as I

would like to do. There will be only one room and I shall live there with Blarney, the Irish Setter, springs and falls.

I shall withdraw to this hermitage when I find that my relations with humanity are becoming strained (that's usually about the middle of April, pussy-willow and ground-pine time) and stay until the white violets and bluets and arbutus tucked in between the lichened rocks have blossomed, and the cowslips by the brook have yielded their yellow-gold. I shall watch my brook swell to a miniature torrent and then settle down to a silvery singing thing. I may even count the days that it takes for the fiddle-necked ferns to uncurl, and no one shall see the dog-wood and shad-blow dust the nearest hills with white sooner than I. When the silver birches re-feather the slopes with glad light green, I shall have time to rejoice in each rounded tuft of leaves against the sombre pines; and I shall know my hills at dawn and at dusk—when the spring rains are hanging veils of mystery before them, and when the air is so clear that the morning sun shows range upon range of blue pinnacles as I climb to the highest corner of my pasture-lot.

And then when spring is no longer a sprite and a hoyden, but an obvious and sophisticated young lady, I shall lock up my cabin and return in the sweetest of tempers to my rested family, with whom I shall remain till I notice a frosty tang in the early mornings and see the first buds on the golden-rod. Then I shall go back to my pasture, to find purple morning-glories twisted about the dusty mullein stalks, and Queen-Anne's lace starring the rank grasses. When I walk up the slope, a little tired with my journey but very glad to be at home again, the rounded silken globes of the dandelions will break as I brush past and drift away in drowsy feathers. A squirrel will probably leap chattering from the roof of the cabin into the beech-tree as I rattle the key in the lock. Blarney will chase a phantom wood-chuck into the hole at the foot of the hickory and then drink deep at the brook, now a subdued and tinkling thread of water crowded with mint. And after we have eaten, we shall sit in our door-way and watch the pageant of night as it comes in to a quaint, piping

ditty, and fire-flies will flash into trembling light among the birches.

The next day, perhaps, I shall find books—Matthew Arnold and Bliss Carman and Emily Dickinson on the mantel-shelf, and take them out under the pine, but I shall probably not read them at that, but be content to watch the patterns of blue and white and green which the bending branches make against the sky, until Blarney disturbs me by teasing the squirrel, or hunger drives me to the cabin. The books are best for rainy days anyhow.

Golden-rod and asters will muffle my gray old rocks now, and the hills will show different notes of scarlet and yellow and russet every day, while the farthest ones will be almost hidden by the purple hazes of autumn. Perhaps I shall find a family of fringed gentians among my birches, or on the opposite hills when Blarney and I take an all-day ramble with the cabin-key safe in my pocket; and the boulder fence enclosing my homestead will flaunt crimson woodbine and bitter-sweet in the sun. I shall harvest hickory nuts and winter-green berries for the squirrel, and see that my wood-pile is well stocked with pine-cones and bark for kindling.

Only when the frost lays my asters low, and when the gold of my hickory is squandered for a rustling carpet shall I say good-bye to the hills, and snap a leash upon the collar of the reluctant and wrigglesome Blarney. Too well do we know, he and I, the tug of the leash.

NIRVANA

MARIE LUISE VON HORN

A flame,
A puff of wind,
The light is gone.
So life,
So death. And then—
Oblivion.

THE REGENERATION OF HILDA

MARION MARGARET BOYD

Hilda had always been a susceptible child. By this I do not mean the gentle reader to infer that she fell an easy prey to all those contagious diseases which some bachelor doctors affirm every child should experience before the adult state is reached. No, her susceptibilities were not physical. Rather were they mental, and many hours had been spent by me in meditation upon the moral stability of my eldest offspring. She changed rapidly. I had studied dual personalities with great interest in my college days, but it was with ever increasing amazement that I regarded her, not merely two-fold, but eighty, ninety and even one hundred fold personality. The slightest incident seemed to influence Hilda's entire attitude toward our otherwise peaceful home, and I was never quite certain whether at the beginning of each day the parental roof was to be regarded in the light of a holy convent or a bandit's loathsome lair. My child was a human chameleon.

It was an unfortunate coincidence that brought Aunt Jane's visit at the same time of Hilda's first visit to the moving pictures. I had many times prided myself on the success with which I had achieved Hilda's absence, during her ten abnormal years, from the picture palaces of Georgetown. Judging from the effect produced upon her by all hired posters which met her ever watchful eyes, I had contrived, by wiles which rivalled those of the famous Mr. Odysseus, to keep her from stepping within the portals, which I felt sure must contain at least two thousand more possibilities which Hilda's fertile imagination would alter to suit her changing needs. But when Marguerite Carew's birthday garden party was spoiled by a thunder storm, which came just after all the children had arrived at the Carew home, Fate and Mrs. Carew provided a novel entertainment over which I had no control. Her spring house cleaning having been just completed, Mrs. Carew did

not relish the thought of having her careful work undone, and so bethought her of that modern curse of morals, stage and eyesight, the moving picture show, or more specifically in this case the Georgetown Majestic "Home of the pipe-organ" and refuge of town loafers. Thither by limousine she transported the flower of childhood of our native village. There was not time to call up the doting parents of ten wriggling children, so Mrs. Carew, quite convincingly, assured herself that what she would allow her Marguerite to do would of course be quite acceptable to the parents of the other members of the birthday party.

So I sat placidly at home chatting to Aunt Jane who had just arrived for a week-end visit on her way East, and I fondly pictured my darling as playing "hide the thimble" or "pussy wants a corner" in the charming Carew home. The surprise therefore was complete when at a quarter to six I saw Hilda emerge from a well packed limousine and glide sinuously up the walk. I glanced at Hilda's father, meaning to warn him that a new era had set in, but he was engaged in exhibiting his new electric light appliances to Aunt Jane. Elizabeth ran to open the front door. Having attained only to the age of six she was as yet more easily prevented from enjoying the social whirl than was her older sister, but she was being ably trained by Hilda against the hour of her *début*. I heard Elizabeth's excited questionings and then the low, well modulated replies of Hilda and I groaned inwardly. Her conception of herself upon leaving home earlier in the day had been as that of Hiawatha and her interpretation of that gentleman had been anything but well modulated. A moment later she was gliding into the room, and the languorous look of her half opened eyes held me spell-bound. Tom, more obtuse to these delicate changes, was bidding her come meet her Aunt Jane, who had not seen her since she was a baby; and Aunt Jane, looking like a Greek statue of the archaic period, was holding out her arms to Hilda. Half paralysed, I watched my eldest slide across the floor, wondering what her devilish fancy could conjure up to take the place of the conventional kiss. I watched her grasp the outstretched arms of Aunt Jane, saw her allow herself to

be drawn nearer and nearer until Aunt Jane's thin lips were nearly upon her own, then saw her toss her head with a graceful tilt backward, regard Aunt Jane with a mocking siren-like gaze and with a rippling laugh run out of the room and up the stairs.

Without another glance at the what-I-felt-to-be outraged Aunt Jane, I withdrew. "She was Tom's aunt, anyway," I argued, "and Hilda was his child. I was only his wife. What if I did happen to be the mother of Hilda. It was through no fault of mine she had evolved into a thousand natured abnormality. My family, for generations back, had been sedate, sensible people, and one of Tom's ancestors had been a sea-captain. Since I had taken the risk of marrying into such a family he could do the explaining." I felt a little wild at the thought of Aunt Jane's unshaken ideas of what a child should be and at her never-failing reminiscence, "In *my* time, children were taught how to behave." I stood for a moment on the stair landing, calming myself and endeavoring to get into a gently sympathetic understanding frame of mind. Having come as near to this as possible, I proceeded in search of my eldest. I found her ostensibly washing her face, but in reality engaged mainly in lowering and raising her eye-lids before the mirror and flashing herself brilliant smiles of many-sized crooked teeth. Overlooking these theatricals I inquired concerning the birthday party.

"Mother, it was wonderful," she began at once. "It showed me a new world. We went to the moving pictures. Why have I never gone before? I do not know."

Eight from twenty-one I mentally subtracted. For thirteen years more I shall offer the guiding hand. But Hilda was proceeding.

"It was Carmen. Why, I don't know, for there weren't any street-cars in it. But there was a beautiful lady. Geraldine Farrar, I think the name was. She looked—she looked, I think, a little bit like me."

Momentarily I thought of having Elizabeth and Hilda dine in the nursery. But no, that would never do. Aunt Jane had especially wanted to see the darlings at dinner, so the

ordeal must somehow be lived through. It surpassed what my wildest imaginings would have been, had I had time to have any. Hilda practised eye-lid exercises during the soup course. Between bites of steak flashing smiles were in order. During the salad course an open flirtation with her father was instituted, and by the time the maple mousse was served, the infection had passed to baby Elizabeth, who dimpled and coquetted at Aunt Jane in an outrageous fashion. Conversation grew less and less, and by the end of the meal all attention was concentrated on the facial acrobatics of our offspring. Tom was puzzled, but he was enjoying it. I suppose he felt somewhat the way I did the first time Hilda said "Mama." But Aunt Jane was thoroughly disapproving. I could see her thin lips set firmer and firmer and the wrinkles around her mouth grow deeper and deeper, and when after the evening meal she presented Hilda with Volume I of the Elsie books, it was more with the air of administering a moral spank than of bestowing a tangible blessing.

With the heart of a suffering martyr, I supervised the bedtime preparations, my senses suffering a momentary relaxation as I thought of Carmen à la Geraldine Farrar and Elsie Dinsmore disporting themselves in one another's company. Then I descended to hear Aunt Jane's views on the rearing of children. The following day being Saturday, the back yard was given an all morning's rehearsal of Hilda's accomplishments in her new line, but another rainstorm in the afternoon opened an opportunity for a line of attack on Elsie Dinsmore's charms. The relief occasioned by Carmen's absence made me somewhat oblivious to the exceedingly long time Hilda spent in reading in the nursery, and imparting this new story to Elizabeth. At dinner I noticed her unusual silence and came to a realization of the fact that she had spent longer than was wise in reading and had missed her usual amount of exercise. She seemed tired as she climbed into bed and very thoughtful, and asked for Aunt Jane to come and kiss her goodnight. I heard her thanking her aunt in a subdued and gentle fashion for her new book.

"Elsie was a lovely girl, wasn't she?" she murmured. "Do you think that perhaps she was a little bit like me?"

Aunt Jane smiled triumphantly as we went down stairs. I suppose she thought she had saved a soul from perdition and would some day be wearing a star labelled "Little Hilda" in her crown.

It took but one brief half hour for the results of her half-day's reading to be made manifest. Aunt Jane was knitting and Tom and I were peacefully reading, when at the end of that length of time I heard a soft stealthy patter of little feet and heard the voices of my two cherubs rise in clear trebles. From the sound, I judged them to be situated on the stair landing in what posture I could well imagine from the nature of their remarks.

"O dear God," shouted Hilda and Elizabeth in unison and at the top of their lungs, "Oh dear God, our father is a wicked man. Hear our prayer and make him good. He plays the piano every Sunday and most generally the victrola. And oh Lord, only bad, wicked sinners do that, and we're afraid our papa will go to Hell when he dies. We are Hilda and Elizabeth praying here and we pray thee to bless our dear, dear Aunt Jane."

A smile of benign happiness radiated from Aunt Jane's countenance as the little feet pattered back up the stairs. My face felt hard and frozen as I made every effort to control my risibles. Once, long ago, I had looked into an Elsie book. I saw Tom clutching his chair and felt that he was about to deliver an oration that would congeal all the joy in Aunt Jane's heart and lead her to second the prayers of my angelically-minded daughters. By a sign system I have devised for such occasions, I was able to transport my husband to the pantry before my extreme outbreak had occurred. There I regaled him with my interpretation of the past two day's episodes, and there he exploded about having missionaries as daughters and about his being the first goat cannibal.

The rest of the evening passed pleasantly enough, with Aunt Jane smiling softly to herself at intervals. And Tom, when before going to bed, he had tiptoed into the nursery and procured the Elsie book to place it carefully on the top shelf of the closet, thought the little episode had ended.

Sunday dawned bright and fair and with it rose my children with moral halos wound about their heads. Hilda hummed "Onward Christian Soldiers" at the breakfast table and spoke often of the joys of Sunday School and church, for which same joys her fertile imagination had often before conjured up the most hopeful substitutions. Since Tom and I had planned a trip to look at a suburb lot in the morning, Aunt Jane expressed the deepest satisfaction at being able to escort the children to church. They started out sweetly enough, but when I saw the attitude of sanctity with which they returned, I breathed a sigh of relief that Aunt Jane was leaving in the morning. After an afternoon of reading aloud of Bible stories and an evening of hearing interminable prayers, I fairly longed for the return of Carmen.

Aunt Jane left Monday, amid the tears of Hilda. The latter confided to me that Aunt Jane had such a lovely face—like a nun's, but it was queer that she'd taken the Elsie book off with her, after she'd given it to her, too. But never, never would she forget the beautiful lesson it had taught her. I did not correct Hilda. I like children to work things out for themselves, even though they do make mistakes occasionally. So Monday passed in lamentations for the departed, Tuesday was made diverting by Bible dramatics and New Testament tableaux. Wednesday, the Beatitudes had to be learned, and Thursday was the Sunday School picnic. The pace was beginning to tell on Elizabeth's tender years, and I could see that her nature did not take kindly to overdoses of religion, especially when she rose Thursday with an estatic squeak at the thought of the day's fun. But Hilda silenced her.

"I do not think we should care so much about having a good time. Think of the poor!" she primly remarked.

However, she cheered up a bit when I spoke of the many poor who would attend the Sunday School picnic and of the ample opportunity there would be for doing good and making the poor children have fun. She became enthusiastic, in fact, and made a systematic plan for doling out happiness to those about her.

"First I'll smile at all the children and then I'll say, 'Come

all you poor little children and ride on the merry-go-round.' I'll shake all the pennies out of my bank and buy merry-go-round tickets for them. Then I'll stand and watch and know the joy of giving, that the minister preached about in church Sunday."

It took me all the way to the picnic grounds to convince Hilda that the better way would be for her to invite a few children to go with her, and not act as though she were presenting them with the only happy moments of their existences. It was only by references to the Bible that I was able to make my point clear, but I was ably abetted by Elizabeth, who had always been loathe to give up riding upon a merry-go-round horse.

Finally, however, the picnic grounds were reached. I saw Elizabeth and Hilda surrounded by a ragged, eager little crew making for the merry-go-round, and I was set upon by the ladies to help in the squeezing of lemons for the liquid refreshment of all the enrolled members of the Congregational Sunday School. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed and still I did not see the angelic countenance of my ethereal eldest, or hear the excited squeals of her more human sister. How long were merry-go-round rides anyway, I wondered and how many pennies had Hilda saved in that small china pig bank of her's. Finally, I started in search and soon I had reached the merry-go-round. There what a vision met my eyes! This was no Saint Elizabeth dispersing bread to the poor, no Saint Francis feeding his sparrows. The sugary sweetness, the folded-hand meekness of Hilda was no more, and in its place I saw a wide-eyed tangled-haired little girl rising in the stirrups of a merry-go-round horse to the tune of the Merry Widow waltzes, and with infinite hazard to her young life, snatching silver rings from a pole as she swung past. She grabbed one as the merry-go-round came to a standstill and waved it triumphantly at me.

"See, mother," she called in her best tom-boy voice, "every-time you can grab a silver ring you get a free ride. I've gotten one for Elizabeth and me five times now."

The merry-go-round swung off again and I had only time to

shout, "Only three rides more and you must come to luncheon." My sainted daughter was again catching at silver rings. I wished Aunt Jane might have stayed until today.

"It was a beautiful picnic," sighed Hilda as I tucked her into bed that night. I guess the poor children didn't like to ride on the merry-go-round as much as I did after all. They didn't any of them get any silver rings and I got eight. But I'm not sorry I took Susy Perkins. Next Saturday is the grocers' picnic and Susy Jenkins papa has a free ticket to all the things, and Susy said if I could go we'd ride on the merry-go-round all day long. Oh, please, please may I go, mother?"

This was not Carmen, this was not Elsie Dinsmore. This was just plain normal little girl, and silently I blessed the inventor of the merry-go-round.

THREE POEMS

MARIE EMILIE GILCHHRIST

The Influence of the Modern Drama Movement

Line after line of blue and purple hills
Like settings for some great immortal stage,
Where to an orchestra of winds and rills
The seasons play with life, each act an age.

My Country

Hills that forests love to climb to pinnacles remote, serene:
Heights adream of deathless things where shrill earth-noises cease:
Pine-swept windless hollow, spaces folding in their cool ravines
Tranquil little brooks that sing a green sequestered peace.

To the Furthest Summit

Far, so far,
Where the snow-drifts are,
And the wind comes fresh from the coolest star:
High, so high,
In the April sky,
Are you loyal to Winter when Spring comes by?

ABOUT COLLEGE

ON STUDENT ACTIVITIES

ADELAIDE HERIOT ARMS

I was consulting President Burton concerning certain established rules.

"Why," I asked, "should Seniors have to study? Surely you must realize that a Senior is naturally too busy with her regular college activities to meet the ever increasing demands of the Faculty."

The President regarded me with approval. "How good of you to avail me of such an excellent suggestion," he said. "I have been much disturbed for some time because the Senior Class seemed so unbalanced, and now I realize that it is the undue pressure of academic duties. With all possible clearness and emphasis I shall enforce a rule that the academic duties of Seniors shall be lightened."

"Thank you," said I, replacing the tassel on my councilor cap to its proper angle. "I have also been delegated to ask for hot toast at breakfast,—in fact it seems to me that an electric toaster on each table might afford the most satisfactory solution of the problem."

The President stared at me with an expression of one who has been enlightened. "My dear Student," he cried, "this is a most excellent idea which in no analysis have I dreamed of! I thank you."

I smiled generously and waived his gratitude.

Leaving College Hall, I met the Dean. She smiled affably and asked me if I could spare "a few minutes of my precious time" to walk with her. I assured her of my appreciation of her kindness but was obliged to decline because I had a pressing date with Miss Eastman.

At four o'clock I hurried to the Students' Building to see how Dramatics rehearsal was progressing. You see I had written a play and it had proved so much better than any of Shakespeare's that the whole class had voted for it in prefer-

ence. This kept me very busy for I found that I was the only one whom Mr. Young wanted for the leading part, and also I alone could coach the cast in the proper interpretation of characters.

At five I went to a class meeting, where I urged the adoption of cap and gown. The class finally voted for it unanimously simply because I looked so well in mine.

At six I donned an evening dress and hurried to the basketball banquet. This was very jolly, my only regret being that I had to hurry away early, for as President of S. C. A. C. W. I felt it my duty to be there on time.

At eight I ran into the Alpha meeting to apologize for not being able to preside. I came away with a feeling that the society was a bit "peevish" at my seeming neglect, but I comforted myself by hoping that, in time, they would appreciate how very much more important my other duties were.

I longed to go home to my pretty room at the Inn but was busy till nearly ten, singing with Orangemen. (I should hate to have those who consider me intellectual know this, but really Orangemen had come to be my favorite club!)

When I finally did reach my room and after I had arranged the flowers which I found there from various Sophomore admirers, I had to read over the manuscripts for the *Monthly*. I must admit that though I was extremely proud to be Editor-in-chief, I often found the work very hard.

Tonight the work seemed unusually long and it was past mid-night when I began to undress. As I gazed at myself in the mirror, I realized that the necklace which I had on was very becoming. It was also interesting for it was made entirely of club pins. You see I belonged to all the clubs in College and it had been so hard to keep track of the pins that I had finally concluded to have them strung together. The necklace was about two feet around and looked quite oriental. I could not help thinking, as I viewed its beauty, how very nice it was to have achieved so many honors. Then almost without realizing it, I began to sing very softly to myself, "How nice it is to have achieved, how nice it is to have achieved," and then I began to vary it a little and sang, "How nice to

achieve, how nice to achieve," until a most peculiar thing interrupted me. For a whole chorus of question marks came out of the mirror and sang, so loudly that they quite drowned me out; "It *would* be so nice to achieve, it *would* be so nice to achieve, it *would* be so nice to achieve!" They were so very rude that I feared they might become dangerous. I clutched at my necklace—it was gone! and I awoke to find that I had been dreaming, and the dream was the dream that I had dreamed all my Freshman year.

I am a Senior now and wear my one pin, my class pin, in a ring!

VERSE

HAZEL WYETH

Red Tape

Red tape is the life of the office:
They've tied up everything tight;
They've wound up rules *and* exceptions,
From the tank to the ten o'clock light.
You unwind several yards to cut classes,
To dance or to ride, spring or fall;
But to miss 'fore or after vacations
You have to unwind the whole ball.

Well, Why Not?

To slide or not to slide—
Three cheers, he did.
'Twas worth the quarter:
President Burton slid.

Free Verse

I am a fire-aide.
Do you know what a fire-aide should do?
She should put the buckets by the stairway
And tell the rest which stairs to use each time.
Do you know how I know which stairs to use?
By the time I've put my bucket by the stairway
The rest have all gone down. I follow them.
I am a fire-aide.

THE FEMININE VOTE

ELSIE GREEN

The Girl sank wearily into a back row seat at the class meeting. On one side of her, Class Spirit relaxed its forceful hold and heaved a sigh of relief. On the other, College Spirit was keeping its eyes open with difficulty.

"There," sighed College Spirit.

"There," echoed Class Spirit.

"Yes, there!" said the Girl, viciously. "I hope you feel better now that you've got me here."

"Not at all," they answered. "It was your duty to come"—
"for the sake of the class, *your* class," added Class Spirit,
"and for the college as well," amended College Spirit.

"But I hate elections," said the Girl. "I don't know any of the pepole—"

A gentle snore from College Spirit and the sight of Class Spirit conferring with the presiding officer made her realize she was talking to no purpose.

"Oh dear," she thought, "I can't go home. I'd have to trample all over College Spirit, that voluminous old creature. Anyhow I'm tired. It's a nice list of nominees. Wouldn't it be exciting to have a tug-of-war between the half of the class that is nominated and the half that is not nominated? As long as I have to vote, I might as well vote for Zabriskie. I feel very sorry for anyone at the far end of the alphabet. Either they always get called on in class or else they never do until the day when the faculty suddenly flattens out on them. Or again I might vote for the Smith girl with the string of initials, L. P. K. R. It's probably Louise but it might be Lavinia Priscilla Kenilworth Rothenberg Smith.

"Fair Smith, our praise to thee we render," murmured College Spirit, sleepily.

"Well, I've put her down," said the Girl, crossly. So she had as well as several others. She shuffled the ballots she had writ-

ten, picked one at random, and reaching over benevolent College Spirit, handed it to the teller.

In a few minutes a new list was read off. It was somewhat shorter.

"We'll now have discussion of these candidates," said the presiding officer, "if any of you wish to say something for the person for whom you are voting."

And the Girl couldn't remember for whom she had voted.

"Madame President," came a sudden voice and the Girl looked in its direction just in time to see Class Spirit prod the speaker. "I'd like to speak for Adelaide Martin. She is a girl with a great deal of executive ability. She's simply wonderful at managing people. She is awfully tactful and she has lots of poise. Her dramatic ability is above the average and she sings remarkably well. I think she'd be just splendid to work with," she finished breathlessly and sat down.

"Madame President, I'd like to speak for Lois Rabinsky. She managed our house play and we all simply loved her—she's very athletic—awfully good at making things move—she's musical, too, and acts very well."

"Surprising," said the Girl.

"Madame President," came another voice from Class Spirit's direction, "I want to say something for Nellie Ross. She isn't very well known in the class but she has remarkable depth of character and sincerity. She's very talented along executive lines, and she is the most tactful girl I know. She is a little older than most of us but it only gives her added poise and dignity. She is also athletic and has decided Dramatic talent."

"But I don't want to know any of this," wailed the Girl as the speaker sat down. "They're all just alike according to their friends. I want to know if any of them never fought with her roommate, or if any of them makes dreadful puns, or if anyone of them is good looking at all times of the day."

She listened no more, contenting herself with punching College Spirit occasionally.

"Votes, please," said the teller, and the Girl absent-mindedly handed her a slip with "Executive Poise" written on it.

The next list was short. It had only three names. She did not listen to the eulogies heaped on the heads of the survivors. She scribbled their names on various ballots, wondered idly which had poise, and which avoirdupois, and finally heard the list reduced to two names.

Again she went through the process of voting, writing both names and putting in one of them.

"It is a tie vote," announced the President.

The next time the Girl put in the other ballot because she hadn't any more paper.

"Mary Fielding 101. Ida Thayer 99," read the President when the votes were counted.

"Mary Fielding, here's to you," voices all around the Girl began to sing. She felt a poke from Class Spirit and joined in.

"I'd like to know what good it did," she grumbled, as she entered her room later. Class Spirit was worn to a frazzle but muttered slowly, "Did your duty as member of your class."

"And as member of your college," added College Spirit.

But the girl couldn't remember which name was on the last ballot.

TOPS

MARION MARGARET BOYD

Each time I pull the string my top
Gives first a skip and then a hop,
And then the next thing I know—Flop!
It's skipping off without a stop,
And going 'round and 'round so fast
I wonder how its breath can last.

In lands across the sea, they say,
Are men that spin in this same way;
The sultan keeps them just for play
And gets them out 'most every day.
My top that spins is just of wood,—
I'd have a man-top if I could.

REVIEWS

There are so many war books on the market now dealing with every field and phase of the subject, that it is impossible to read them all, and difficult to select from the confusion those of the highest value. But among the books dealing with personal war experiences "The First Hundred Thousand" cannot but rank high, interesting, instructive and noticeably well written as it is.

Ian Hay, already known as an author of some repute, is now fully revealed as Captain Ian Hay Birth of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. In a series of sketches, already published separately in "Blackwood's Magazine," he tells of the training of some of the Scottish recruits in the first hundred thousand of Kitchener's army and of their experiences during active service in the French trenches.

Here in America we are apt to go to one of two extremes in our attitude toward the Great War. We either become calloused to the horror, the suffering, and the death, or regard the war with effusive sentimentality and hold simple tales of duty well done to be stories of supreme heroism. Mr. Hay's book is in the highest degree commendable for its sanity, in that he strikes the perfect medium between those two extremes. Just as it is love of home and dear ones, and a sense of duty to the best in themselves that hold men at the dull grind of their business in time of peace, so now it is duty and that larger love of home embodied in the one word *patriotism* that have made it right and fitting that men should look upon war as their new business of life and bear suffering and hardships unquestioningly as a part of that business. There is nothing heroic, according to Mr. Hay, in the fact that one month a cer-

tain man's job was to dig in a coal mine while in the next he had to dig trenches under heavy gun fire and within range of German rifles. The latter occupation had become just as truly his job and was to be regarded as such.

This is the point of view, and all this and a great deal more is given the reader in the feeling of personality and of individuality which is brought out in the humorous sketches, the serious accounts, the glorified commonplace of character which Mr. Hay embodies in his book of personal experiences in the Great War.

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!"

And here we have our opportunity in Rupert Brooke's "Letters from America." The book is interesting for both its contents and its author, the young English poet whose death at the Dardanelles has been widely lamented as a great loss to English poetry, and whose poems have already been reviewed in these pages.

This book presents his fleeting impressions of America; that is, of the United States and Canada. In many places what he has to say of us arouses our indignation and antagonism; in others, surprise and amusement, with here and there a thrill of pride; but his comments are invariably fresh and individual, his point of view definitely his own.

The chapters particularly entertaining to us in the United States are naturally those about our own country: New York, Boston and Harvard, and perhaps Niagara Falls. The letter on Samoa also is interesting, both as an impression of the place and for its account of the English and Germans living there. The last chapter is clearly auto-biographical.

We are sure that if Rupert Brooke were alive there is much that he might have changed and some that he might have omitted, yet we are glad that that fact did not prevent the publishers from giving us this one book more from his pen. It gives us another flashing, illuminating glimpse into the life of one of the most romantic of modern figures.

M. N. J.

One of the most interesting of the war stories which have come to our notice is that of Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews,* the author of "The Perfect Tribute." It is the story of a wealthy, high-spirited young American who cannot endure being a passive on-looker in the presence of injustice. He goes to Belgium to fight in her defense, and there amid the horrors of battle certain truths are ineffaceably branded upon his soul. A man is a man, whatever his class, learns Philip Landicutt, through his friendship with Lefty, the little cockney chauffeur. He learns, too, that a German soldier may be a generous and noble man. And in the terrible fires of battle he comes face to face with the greatest truth of all—there *is* a God. And so Philip Landicutt, fighting in the cause of justice as he sees it, comes into his spiritual inheritance. There appears in the story a young and beautiful Belgian girl—but the book is short, and can be read for oneself in an hour.

Of late we hear much rather tardy discussion of spiritual preparedness. Of great interest in this connection is the new anthology, "The Spirit of Man," compiled by England's poet laureate. The basic theme of the collection is that spirituality is the foundation of human life, and that man's most fitting task is that of bringing the material aspects of the world into subjection to the spirit. The ordinary diversions of the mind from care are now of no avail, says Mr. Bridges. From the sorrow of these days, too terrible to face continually, we must turn to our poets and philosophers for the faith and hope to endure. For this purpose the maker of this timely book has selected from various sources old and new, expressions of various moods, but all, when read in context, bodying forth the central theme. It is a book to live with, to return to day after day, to make a part of oneself.

F. M. H.

The *Monthly* acknowledges the receipt of: The Spirit of Man, An Anthology, Robert Bridges. Longmans Green & Co., Publishers.

**The Three Things*, Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. Little, Brown & Co. Courtesy of Bridgman and Lyman.

EDITORIAL

"Town and Gown" is a phrase which to the collective mind of Smith connotes little, save possibly recollections of having at some time taken English History. This lack of significance is most gratifying to those who have elsewhere suffered much from proximity to a college campus, and arouses in them a desire for an explanation of such a condition; for they perceive that it argues a radical change in the traditional attitude of any social community toward the college in its midst. The college, on the other hand, is strangely oblivious of its significance. For a brief period of years or months we have lived in Northampton to our great personal satisfaction, and perhaps have never realized that the situation might have been quite different. Students who have given it a passing thought are ready with a simple and all-too-readily accepted explanation: "Well, I'd like to know what Northampton would do without the college? Of course they're good to us." They blandly declare. "They need us. Everybody knows that the building of the College raised the value of Elm Street property, and that half the stores wouldn't be here if we weren't. The President himself said that without the financial aid from the college girls the municipal Theatre experiment would have been a failure. And then, too, think of all that the College does for the town in giving so many free lectures and concerts in the John M. Greene Hall." We are complacently sure of our improving influence upon our municipal environment, and so the innocent gaiety of college life is seldom interrupted by contemplation, and the humility of the learner perishes. Northampton is regarded as a mere background for the glori-

ous splendor of College Hall and the altruistic influences radiating therefrom.

To many of us, the community beyond the compact precincts of the Campus is a convenience for our leisure hours—a place where we may, if recently blessed with an allowance, enjoy “screen favorites,” college ices, and certain opportunities for enlarging our wardrobe along the lines indicated by the most recent collegiate whim. The town to us includes also the Station platform, which at certain seasons of the year we appropriate. Occasionally, to be sure, our interest in philanthropy—or shall we call it novelty?—has led us to collect about us a group of small urchins and conduct them to the “movies,” thereby producing within our hearts a pleasing warmth of virtuous feeling. Under the pressure of academic duties we may even have inspected the jail or alms-house, and there are those among us who have attended a sitting of the Hampshire County Court.

Visitors from afar who have heard much of New England’s “exclusiveness” and her tendency to over-emphasize social restrictions find themselves mystified in the attempt to explain a phenomenon of the highways and by-ways of Northampton very common during the winter months; every conceivable form of what one might call “commercial transportation” crowded with girls who quite obviously have no connection with the purpose for which the vehicle is making its rounds, but who appropriate it at will and are received by the driver with remarkable good humor. Naturally, the visitor is puzzled. Such a sight does not fit into the usually accepted conception of a New England community.

The geniality on the part of the people of Northampton which it indicates pervades also the distinctly social aspect of the community life. It is not adequately explained by the financial power of the students—a piteously meagre force at this time of year—or even by that laudable interest in the modern drama which so nobly prompts us to monopolize the twenty-five-cent seats at the Academy of Music. The large number of us who have from time to time been received into the homes of Northampton have found in them an atmosphere not of

mere resigned toleration and Christian forbearance but of genuine welcome and gracious interest. Since it is impossible for us to make even the conventional return for such hospitality, it is not strange that it is so wofully simple a matter for us gradually to fail to appreciate the spirit with which Northampton surrounds us and to recognize that it is our privilege to offer at least some slight recognition of what we enjoy.

So genuine and all-pervasive is the hospitable spirit of the homes of Northampton that it is readily perceived and expressed by those of all races. Many of us from every class in college have frequently come in contact with this extension spirit. Under its influence we have been brought to an appreciation of a simply-expressed hospitality which combines with the charm of Oriental entertainment and exquisite courtesy the spirit of affectionate interest in the college—a spirit caught from the American citizens of Northampton.

For such experiences we can offer no adequate return. With the coming of vacation we necessarily turn our attention away from Northampton to widely-scattered communities. It will be easy for us to forget the atmosphere that we have left behind, and Northampton will know little about us. If, however, we are sincerely eager to express our appreciation, we may do so to some degree in our relations with "the stranger that is within our gates" during the summer months. To the guests in our homes, we may offer hospitality in the gracious spirit which welcomed us to Northampton. We may imitate the attitude of the community in which our Alma Mater and her neighbors have with such kindly interest watched our development through these years of work and play.

EDITOR'S TABLE

Every now and then someone goes mad in despair. He despairs of finding or inventing a perpetual motion. To eliminate or to overcome friction has been his ambition. But it seems that this goal is never to be reached, for, although physicists may theorize about the conservation of energy, we know that always there is dissipation. The force put in is in excess, be it ever so slight, of the work accomplished. Out of the waste of our own earth, waste in matter and in energy, a new world might well be made and kept a-going, if the extraneous could only be conserved—if the waste might be no longer wasted.

For most of us, summer, in relation to winter, is extraneous. It is likely to constitute the friction of our working, living year. Too often it fails to serve its own avowed end. It very frequently blocks other ends than its own. I have said that it is prone to frustrate its own purposes, by which I mean that it may be a season of recreation which does not recreate, a vacation in which there is no release. It ought assuredly to wipe cobwebs from our minds; to take softness from our muscles, weariness from our hearts, disillusionment from our souls. These are its own rightful ends in its own peculiar province. But how about those things toward which we have striven during the past nine months? Are we to place after them a dash and a parenthesis "(to be resumed at some future date)"? Such conduct seems very much like that of a child tired of the toys of today. Again to draw our analogy from mechanics, when in any kind of a machine we "let the old cat die out," it is with a certainty that initial energy is going to

cost twice as dearly as mere maintenance. Therefore it does seem both plausible and wise, that we go right on reading, writing, *thinking*, during the summer months.

Just when we had been led to believe conclusively that a man may be known invariably by the company he keeps, lo and behold, several preachers come to us and sternly, assertively declare: "Tell me what a man does with his leisure and I will tell you what kind of a man he is."

If summer spells for us leisure, then we may profitably bear in mind the fact that leisure is time in which one's real purpose may be furthered, minus all the pressure, rush and worry of the work-a-day season.

E. C. G.

During two month's experience in reading magazines from other colleges, the *Exchange* has spent many odd moments in considering the very evident fact that the verse is far better than the fiction. The stories can claim the greater originality of idea, but the imagination and workmanship of the poetry assumes easy precedence. Not being able to arrive at a satisfactory reason, either in the form of a profound truth, a glittering generality, or a rational, natural explanation, the *Exchange* laid its problem before an editor of an eminent undergraduate literary publication, who immediately gave the following sagacious interpretation. The cause assigned was the fact that frequently poetry expresses emotion primarily. Therefore it is within the power of youth to express it comprehendingly for, says Emerson, "It is a fact often observed that men have written good verse under the inspiration of passion, who cannot write well under any other circumstances." Moreover—the editorial personage continued, authoritatively—it is to be observed how many of the great poets were writing their best work at an early age. On the other hand, fiction, requiring complete control of the situation, a knowledge of life, and a mastery of the technic, its writers are between thirty and forty before they produce equally good work. The *Exchange* was impressed and assented with solemnity.

The paradox to these observations is that there is an unusu-

al amount of superior story-writing in the current issues, also several attempts at dramatic writing.

In *The Fordham Monthly* is a powerful, beautifully handled one-act play, *Absolution*. The theme is not unusual; the story requires a good deal of exposition, which is, however, written clearly and naturally. The play has the quality of continuous suspense, working up step by step to a climax tragic in the moment but purifying and cleansing in its external aspect.

Lend Me Your Ears in *The Vassar Miscellany*, the tale of an amusing deed of two *enfants terribles*, and *Esther's Children*, the study of a sordid, commonplace, tragic life in *The Harvard Advocate* are entirely different from one another but each is characterized by subordination to its author's purpose and by the equitable proportion of the incidents.

One unusual story of a kind commonly unpopular but touched with the universal quality of the genius of the writer in its theme is *Working It Out* in *The Yale Literary Magazine*.

Although *Exchange* editors do not expect to be read, the *Exchange* in *The Georgetown Journal* is very much worth reading as an example of interesting, informal criticism. The most enjoyable characteristic of the Editor, aside from the fact that he really criticizes, is the quiet humour with which he writes, refusing to take others or himself too seriously.

It is to be noted that several magazines, have published Shakespeare numbers—a praiseworthy effort. *The Vassar Miscellany*, one of this category, has an especially interesting number.

L. M. B.

AFTER COLLEGE

PERSONALS

Contributions to this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be addressed to Martha Tritch, Northrop House, Northampton, Massachusetts.

ENGAGEMENTS

'11. Lois Cunningham to Fred Easton Hetherington. Mr. Hetherington is graduate of the University of Toronto and a practicing barrister at St. Catherine's, Ontario.

Emilie Heffron to Dr. Warren Richards Sisson, of Baltimore, Maryland.

Mildred Lange to John Fairbanks Davies.

'14. Charlotte Graves to Raymond Witherspoon Cross, Amherst 1913.

ex-'14. Priscilla Phelan to Arthur E. Johnson, of Cleveland, Ohio.

MARRIAGES

'09. Gertrude Bussard to F. Stephen McCarthy. Address: 7 Glenada Place, Brooklyn, New York.

Gertrude Schwarz to Ogden T. McClurg, March 6, 1916. Address: 999 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

'10. Marcia Beebe to Henry C. Flannery. Address: 2416 Blaisdell Avenue, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

'11. Ellen D. Burke to Henry De Witt Smith, April 3, 1916. Address: Kennecott, Alaska, where Mr. Smith is Assistant Manager of the Kennecott Copper Mines.

Ada Gifford to Samuel Thompson Hansburgh, of Hoosick Falls, New York, April 15, 1916.

Kate Gilbert to Arvin Lewis Rice, June 23, 1915.

Isabel Harder to Peter Ten Eyck Gebhard, May 11, 1916.

Ruth Hess to Sigmund S. Albert, February 17, 1916.

- '11. Doris Patterson to Dr. Walter Adams Bradford, March 14, 1916.
Marie Southard to William Leavitt Stoddard, May 1, 1916.
Margaret Townsend to Dr. Joseph P. O'Brien, of Albany, New York,
May 6, 1916. Address: 232 Lark Street, Albany, New York.
Caroline Wooley to Edgar Toll Glass, February 19, 1916.
- '12. Ada Carson to Morton S. Robbins. Address: 44 Simmons Avenue,
Brockton, Massachusetts.
Helen Forbes to Preston G. Orwig. Address 4629 Baltimore Avenue,
Philadelphia.
- '14. Rachel Hoge to Cyrus Ford, March 6, 1916. Address: 2047 East
90 Street, Cleveland, Ohio.
Lois Gould to Philip Weeks Robinson, April 25, 1916. Address: 11
Park Avenue, Ware, Massachusetts.
Janet Weil to Herbert Bluethenthal, April 4, 1916. Address: Wil-
mington, North Carolina.

BIRTHS

- '11. To Mrs. Black (Louise Fielder), a son, Fielder, February 27, 1916.
To Mrs. Boynton, (Maron Butler), a daughter, March 18, 1916.
To Mrs. Currier, (Alice Thompson), a daughter, Constance Wickers,
May 7, 1916.
To Mrs. George, (Katharine Ames), a daughter, Eleanor Ames,
April 28, 1916.
To Mrs. Hartog, (Florence Plant), a daughter, Emma Elizabeth,
December 26, 1915.
To Mrs. Johnson, (Ilma Sessions), a daughter, Jane Patchin, April
4, 1916.
To Mrs. Kennedy, (Agnes Heintz), a son, John Hopkins, March 13,
1916.
To Mrs. Moseley, (Mary Rice), a second son, William Rice, July
1915.
To Mrs. Pinkham, (Ruth Griffith), a son, Charles Hacker 2nd, April
1, 1916.
To Mrs. Woodberry, (Amy Smith), a second daughter, Marjorie,
March 26, 1916.
- ex*-'14. To Mrs. Bishop, (Mildred Wright), a son Harold Rogers, March
15, 1916.

CALENDAR

June 5-14. Final Examinations.

14. Meetings of the Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.

15-17. Senior Dramatics: "Much Ado About Nothing."

18. Baccalaureate Sunday.

19. Ivy Day Exercises.

20. Commencement.





